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ART. I.—*Inaugural Address before the British Association.*
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IF any proof were wanted of the anti-Christian sentiments and tendencies of contemporary scientists, and the neglect of the higher branches of a thorough education, the general ignorance of the simplest elements of religion, and the fearful intellectual abasement, we might almost say intellectual imbecility, of the leaders of the age, we might find it in the fact that such an address as this by Professor Tyndall could be delivered before an association of professedly scientific men, and when published should produce a profound impression, and be received with no little favor by public opinion. The address, aside from a certain pomp of diction, an emphasis, and an air of superiority and assurance with which Englishmen usually conceal their ignorance and poverty of thought, has nothing remarkable about it. It contains nothing new or striking, and tells us nothing that we have not heard in substance over and over again, *ad nauseam*, from our very boyhood. We discover in it a passable rhetorician, but no logician, no thinker, no scholar, nor even an ordinarily well-informed gentleman, outside of certain of the special sciences, which he may have cultivated with more or less success. In regard to the subjects treated in this address, whatever he knows or thinks he knows, he has picked up at third or fourth hand; and in reality he knows simply nothing, not

even that he knows nothing of them, and only makes a fool of himself in the eyes of all who have studied them and really do know something of them. Yet John Tyndall is a great man, one of the demigods of the scientific world in this nineteenth century, the inventor of a smoke respirator!

Before proceeding to any particular examination of this very pretentious, but really flimsy, Address itself, whose tinsel the public mistake for solid gold, we wish to call attention to an unwarrantable assumption with regard to the religious history of mankind, on which the author and his infidel brother-scientists base their theorizing on religion and theology. This assumption is, that the gross heathen superstitions were the earliest forms with which the religious sentiment clothed itself; and that the history of the developments, changes, and modifications these superstitions undergo from nation to nation and from age to age, presents the complete religious history of the race. Deprive them of this assumption, and all their theorizing on the subject of religion falls to the ground. Yet for this assumption there is not only not one particle of historical proof, but the direct and positive testimony of history to the contrary. History shows us the human race in possession of a pure and holy religion, the worship of the one living and true God, Creator of heaven and earth, before a single trace of any of these heathen superstitions is discoverable. These superstitions are one and all of them fruits of the great Gentile apostasy from the primitive and true religion; and their developments, changes, and modifications are due to the efforts of men and nations who have lost the true system of the universe, and find themselves without clothing or shelter in this wintry world, to construct out of their reminiscences and their own "inner consciousness" some sort of covering for their nakedness, and some sort of protection from the winter's blast, just as we see individuals and nations that have apostatized from Christ and protested against the Papacy, now doing. Having forsaken the Fountain of Living Waters they are fain "to hew out cisterns for themselves, broken cisterns that will hold no water." The origin, developments, and changes of the heathen superstitions may be read in the origin, developments, and changes of your modern Protestant sects. The world outside of the Church traverses a circle, and ever and anon comes round to its starting-point,

as does the poor lad who has lost his head in the woods. There is progress only in the Church; only in her does a man recover his lost head, and find his way home.

Not only do our scientists take the history of the heathen superstitions for the history of religion, but they take the theology, to which they oppose their scientific deductions or inductions, from Protestant theologians. The only class of scientists we have any acquaintance with, who give any indications even of the most superficial knowledge of Christian theology, are the Positivists; and they speak of it, as of Christianity itself, with less disrespect than do the other classes of infidel scientists. There is little in Protestant theology that we can ourselves respect; and there can be no greater mistake, although it may recognize some fragments of Christian truth, than to confound it with Christian theology. Protestant theologians are floundering about to find truth as were the heathen philosophers, and are equally untrustworthy as guides, or as interpreters of the cosmos and religion. Even a victory of the scientists over Protestant theology would count for nothing with us. Professor Tyndall may batter away as much as he pleases against the Anglican Bishop Butler, for whom we have not and never had the least respect. We only pray the professor not to mistake the Anglican bishop for a Catholic theologian. His much praised "Analogy" is at best only a retort of the Deist's silly objection, that Christian faith asserts incomprehensible mysteries: and the retort proves nothing. When the scientist wishes to attack Christianity, he should take an authentic statement of it, and aim his blows at the very heart of the Christian system, not at its mere accessories. Christianity is a whole and must be refuted as a whole, that is, in its principles, if refuted at all. Protestantism is not a whole, is only a jumble of fragments.

But in turning to the Address itself, we are struck with its vagueness, indecision, and emptiness. It lacks method, distinctness of aim, and explicitness of doctrine. The orator seems to have a good deal of fight in him, but is not quite certain as to his enemy, or at what head he is to strike. He appears to be dealing fearful blows at some formidable, but invisible, foe; yet whether against a real foe or only a spectre of his own 'fancy, is more than we can determine. What he wants we know not, and what obstacles he en-

counters, or imagines he encounters, we see not; only this is certain, that he nowhere in his Address speaks as a scientist, in the proper sense of the term; but from beginning to end he is out of the field of science and in that of philosophy or theology, both of which he professes to despise, and of both of which he is as innocent of knowing anything as the child not yet born. He who opposes or tries to make away with philosophy and theology, is as much in their province as he who defends them. He treats of religion who seeks to overthrow it, no less than he who labors to vindicate it.

The Address defies analysis. It has no unity, no principle, no thesis, which it labors to develop, elucidate, and defend; and it proves nothing but the orator's ignorance, arrogance, and hostility to religion. It sets forth no scientific truth, but simply reproduces as science—and does not understand that—the old exploded theory of materialism, as taught by the heathen Democritus, and as subsequently held by Epicurus, and sung by Lucretius. He denies the soul and its immortality, and the existence of a supercosmic, intelligent, and creative God; that is, he says with “the fool in his heart, NON EST DEUS,”—there is no God: therefore, “let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die.” This is all we have found in this marvellous Address, over which Professor Youmans, of the *Popular Science Monthly*, is in raptures, and even bewildered by the very general favor with which it has been received. But the worthy professor must be pardoned, for he does not know the difference between pantheism or atheism and theism, and believes fully that Herbert Spencer is not only a great philosopher, but a marvellously devout Christian!

The *N. Y. Herald* calls upon the theologians to give Professor Tyndall's utterances a serious refutation. But why should it make such a call, as if Tyndall had brought forward anything which the theologians have not refuted a hundred times over, any time during the last eighteen centuries? Then, who is this Professor Tyndall? What mighty claims has he to public consideration? In his own line, in some one or more of the special sciences, he may have been a successful student; but in this Address he is not treating any one of the special sciences; he is not in his own line of study, in which he has acquired whatever distinction he has attained to in the scientific world, but

trenches on the province of the theologian, of which he knows nothing. Because he has some reputation in some of the physical sciences, has invented a smoke respirator, has he thereby proved his ability to instruct us in philosophy, in theology, theogony, cosmogony, or in sciences that lie entirely above his line, and on which his studies throw not a single ray of light? We let him answer for us:—

“When the human mind has achieved greatness and given evidence of extraordinary power in any domain, there is a tendency to credit it with similar power in all other domains. Thus theologians have found comfort and assurance in the thought that Newton dealt with the question of revelation, forgetful of the fact that the very devotion of his powers, through all the best years of his life, to a totally different class of ideas, not to speak of any natural disqualification, *tended to render him less instead of more competent to deal with theological and historic questions.*”

This is his own protest against his being cited as authority in the domain in which lies his Address. Whatever extraordinary power he may or may not have shown in some other domain, he has shown none in that; and, according to his own reasoning, his very studies have unfitted him, in some degree at least, to do it. We wish our scientists would heed Professor Tyndall's admonition, and especially we wish that he had heeded it himself.

Science, the *Popular Science Monthly* tells us, deals only with second causes, and leaves the First Cause to religion, or the theologians. This use of the term science, which the scientists affect, is in some degree censurable, and not warranted by the genius of our mother-tongue. It is a misnomer, for what is meant is not science in its unity and universality, but the sciences, sometimes called “the inductive sciences,” “the exact sciences,” and sometimes “the physical sciences,” as distinguished from the mental and moral sciences, that is, from philosophical and theological science. What is meant to be asserted is, if we charitably suppose the scientists or physicists know what they mean, that the sciences treat only of second causes, not of the First Cause, or of secondary, not of first, principles. We will accept this statement, if they will faithfully adhere to it. This statement, which has Professor Youmans for its authority, supposes that there is a first cause, and that there are second causes. But second causes are and can be only created causes, since necessarily dependent on the First Cause; and if with Democritus, Empedocles, Epicurus,

Lucretius, Herbert Spencer, and Professor Tyndall, we deny creation, or that the First Cause is a creative God, there are and can be no second causes, and, consequently, no science; for then there will be no subject for the sciences to treat. Somebody has said: "An atheist may be a geometri-
cian; but if there were no God, that is, no Creator, there could be no geometry."

But, assigning to the sciences second causes as their domain, which we are told is all they claim, we assign them simply the observation and classification of facts; for second causes are themselves only facts, not real causes or principles, except in a relative and subordinate sense, since they are created and dependent on the First Cause, from whom they hold all they are, can be, or do. They are causes only in relation to their own effects. They have no original or independent causative power, no proper creative force or energy, and can only explicate the potentialities of the productions of the First Cause, while, in relation to the First Cause, they are neither causes nor principles, but simply facts. As long as the scientists confine themselves to the investigation of facts and their classification according to their second causes or their generic principles, which, as being only secondary or relative, are themselves in the order of facts, they are in their proper domain; and philosophers, and even theologians who deal with first or absolute principles, will maintain them in it, respect and defend their rights and independence, and count them useful and even indispensable allies or auxiliaries. But the quarrel breaks out, not from the attempt of philosophy or theology to encroach on the domain of the sciences, or to construct them by *a-priori* reasoning, as Professor Tyndall falsely or ignorantly pretends; but from the persistence of the scientists to extend their inductions beyond the order of facts to the order of first principles, and thus to usurp the province of philosophy or theology.

This is precisely what Professor Tyndall attempts in this Address before the British Association. He seeks to absorb the First Cause in the second, the primary in the secondary, principles in the facts which proceed from them, and are dependent on them. Thus he asserts materialism, that is, denies the spiritual element in man, and maintains that life, thought, feeling, love and hatred, joy and grief, hope and

fear, are produced by the mechanical combinations of material atoms, themselves without life, thought, or sense. This, of course, is a mere theory, without the slightest scientific value, for it transcends the order of facts or of second causes. It is of no more value than the astronomer Lalande's assertion, "I have never seen God at the end of my telescope." Suppose you have not, what then? What right have you to conclude, because you have not seen him, there is no God? Your conclusion is invalid; first, because it is not in the order of facts, or in the order of your premises; and second, because, from a simple negation, nothing can be concluded. Professor Tyndall must show it possible for lifeless, senseless, brute matter to generate animal motion, life, sense, thought, reason, before he can assert his materialism, or the Democritan doctrine of the origin of life and sense in the mechanical, chemical, or electric combination of lifeless and senseless atoms. *Ex nihilo nihil fit*; to which may be added that other axiom, *Nemo dat quod non habet*. You cannot in the compound get what is not in the components, as you can have in the whole only the sum of the parts. In your chemical compounds you get new forms, no doubt, but no new elements or substance, as every chemist is well aware. How, then, from your combinations of atoms, get what, confessedly, they do not contain? The professor, in his imaginary discussion between a materialist and the Anglican Bishop Butler, permits the bishop, who, by the way, is no favorite of ours, to press in substance this objection; but he takes good care not to attempt to solve it, yet he pretends to oppose science to theology, and by science to explode spirit!

The professor denies creation; and yet he adduces and can adduce no facts from which the denial of the origin of all things in creation is a logical induction. The induction transcends the domain of the sciences, transcends the order of second causes, and is a hypothesis, conjecture, or guess in the order of the first cause or ultimate principles—anything but science. The professor himself dares not pretend that he has discovered and scientifically verified any facts that prove that there is no God; that the universe with all it contains has *not* been created from nothing; that there is no soul distinct from matter, the *forma corporis*, or that the soul is *not* immortal. The professor's doctrine of materialism and pantheism or atheism is not, then, a scientific induction,

and is not scientifically verified or verifiable. It is no more a scientific induction than is the assertion, the moon is made of green cheese. The objection here is, not that the professor cultivates the field of science and investigates the facts of nature, and classifies them according to the laws of their production and changes, or their generic principles in the order of second causes; but that he makes inductions or draws conclusions which he insists we shall receive as valid, and therefore as science, in the order of the first cause or ultimate principles: that is, his conclusions are broader than his premises, and in a different order, which is very bad logic, and certainly not very good science.

We maintain that no induction from facts observed is of any scientific value beyond the order of the facts themselves. Hence we deny the validity of the argument from observation and induction for the existence of God as well as for the denial of that existence. We deny that the existence of God can be either proved or disproved by induction, and are as far from agreeing with Doctor M'Cosh as we are from agreeing with Professor Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, or Professor Fiske. We do not accept the teleological argument, or the argument from design, as of the least logical or scientific value, when taken independently, as we have shown in our "Essay in Refutation of Atheism," under the head of "Inconclusive Proofs." A certain class of theologians trained in the school of the Inductionists try to assimilate theology and philosophy to the physical sciences, and adopt for both the inductive method; but only to the destruction of both. God and creation can no more be proved than disproved by induction, which is of no value save in the order of facts, as Bacon himself maintained; and any induction from facts to be applied beyond the order of facts is an abstraction, a generalization, and, therefore, a sheer nullity.

We have, in our "Essay in Refutation of Atheism," refuted Professor Tyndall's atheism and his denial of creation, by proving, we venture to say, unanswerably, the being of God and the fact of creation. No man who denies either has any right to pretend to any real science of principles, or of the origin or end of things. The professor's materialism needs no refutation, for no fact is adduced or can be adduced to prove it. It suffices to answer the professor, as the artist Fuseli answered a materialist in his day, who was arguing

that man has no soul: "That *you* have a soul, I will not say; but by G—I know *I* have a soul." If the professor believes that he has been evolved from the aphid, and differs not essentially from the pig, we see not much use in attempting to correct his belief. If he should discover that he has a soul he would hardly know what to do with it; it would be for him a great embarrassment, only disturb his serenity, and make him very discontented to lodge any longer in the sty with his brother pigs. He takes pride in belonging to "the sty of Epicurus," and we are not sure that it is not the pigs that should resent the affinity claimed. One of the strangest things in the world is to find men, educated men, held in high esteem by the leaders of public opinion, who fancy they are laboring for the honor and dignity of human nature, the emancipation, the intellectual and moral elevation of the human race, by doing their best to degrade man to the level of the beasts that perish! And this, too, under pretext of delivering society from *superstition*, as if the worst possible superstition could be a deeper degradation, sink man lower in the scale of being, than their false and infamous theories would sink him, if true or acted on. Even the most loathsome African fetichism is less degrading than the doctrine of Professor Tyndall and Co.; for fetichism leaves to the human heart something to reverence held to be superior to man, while Tyndall and Co.'s doctrine leaves it nothing.

But while we refuse to undertake a formal refutation of the materialism revived from old Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius, we may note and dispose of a few of the false charges the professor brings against the theologians. To read his Address, one would suppose that the sciences had been opposed from the beginning by the theologians, and have had to fight their way at every step they have taken. Now we have been reading history all our lifetime, but we have found no evidence of this grave charge; and we challenge the professor to name an instance in which the theologians have opposed or hindered the study of nature. Socrates, we concede, was condemned to death, but not for his scientific doctrines, or his cultivation of the natural sciences, to which in his earlier life he appears to have been devoted. He was tried and condemned for his moral and theological teachings, which, imperfect as they were, were yet purer and

far more elevated, because more in accordance with the primitive traditions of the race, than those held by the Athenian state. Indeed, scientific culture received its first encouragement, unless all history is a fable, in the temples; the first developments of the sciences were due to the priests, and were continued in the heathen world, for the most part, by the sacerdotal caste. To the sacerdotal caste the world owed the study of astronomy and mathematics, mechanics and physics, for a certain degree of knowledge of all these was necessary in the temple service; and it is doubtful if our knowledge of these has much advanced beyond theirs. The heathen mythologies, although they are in part susceptible of an historical explication, as old Evemerus maintained, yet only in part, and that a very small part, as the superstition common to them all is the worship of nature originating with the pantheists and the pseudo-philosophers, are to be explained chiefly by the facts and principles of natural science,—what the English call natural philosophy,—grouped around some prominent historical person or event, together with some distorted or mutilated traditions of the primitive religion of mankind. Whoever studies them and is capable of comprehending them, will be struck with the profound knowledge of the natural sciences they conceal, or which must have been possessed by the sacerdotal corporations in which they originated.

The professor is ill-informed when he asserts that the ancient heathen attributed the origin of the phenomena, if he means the facts, of nature to the caprices of the gods, that is, to the direct creative act of the Divine Power. They did no such thing. The heathen ascribed no creative power to their gods, any more than Christians do to Satan and his angels. Even the heathen philosophers never recognize the fact of creation; they recognize no creative God. The Gentiles, or the nations and tribes that shortly after the confusion of tongues at Babel apostatized from the patriarchal religion, fell into idolatry, originated the various mythologies and superstitions of profane history, and completely lost the tradition of the fact of creation. The Gentile philosophers explained the origin of things, as do still the Hindus, the Japanese, and Buddhists, by emanation, generation, formation, development, or evolution. Democritus did not differ from the other Greek philosophers in denying

creation after a human manner, as the professor asserts, or in any other manner; but in practically denying all supernatural or divine influence or interference in the government of man and nature. He was a downright atheist, and explained the origin of things, the cosmos and its contents, by the blind workings of mechanical forces—by the mechanical and fortuitous combination of lifeless and senseless atoms.

The professor is as enraged as a mad bull at sight of a red rag, at the bare mention of a personal cause, or personal causes, and he stigmatizes as anthropomorphous even Christian theology. He embraces, with all the affection of his heart, old Democritus, Epicurus, Lucretius, and other materialists, because they reject all personal cause, and attribute all the facts and phenomena of nature to the workings of impersonal and blind force or energy, directed by no intelligence and moved by no will. His class of scientists, who write in English, do not like to say out bluntly, "There is no God," for, adepts in hypocrisy, the English-speaking people would hardly bear that; so they soften it, and say, "There is no *personal* or anthropomorphous God," as if personal and anthropomorphous meant one and the same thing. But an impersonal God is simply no God at all; it is a simple force operating without intelligence, reason, or volition, from the intrinsic necessity of its own nature; for the moment you add to force intelligence, or reason and will, it is a person, and such, we have heretofore demonstrated, is God, the only living and eternal Being, SUM QUI SUM. But he is an infinitely free, independent, divine person, not a limited, finite, dependent human person. Anthropomorphous means human-shaped, and has nothing to do with personality or impersonality; for, though the body has shape or figure, the person, that which says I am, I know, or I will, has none.

The Greeks represented their gods—not the Divinity which, in all their mythology, hovers above all the gods, and holds in its hand the destinies of both gods and men—under a human form; but the Ægyptians, the Assyrians, and Hindus did not, except when it concerned an Avatar, or Incarnation of Vishnu or of some other god; nor did the Romans represent their gods as anthropomorphous, at least not until after they took to imitating the Greeks, who worshipped the beauty of form. The professor's brother-materialists, the Mormons, make their God anthropomorphous. One of

their twelve apostles explained to us one day their theology, according to which God is material, organized of the finest part of matter, and has the human shape or figure. The Swedenborgians give to their God the human form, the configuration and all the parts of a man. But the Christian theologians, though they assert the personality, even the tri-personality of the Godhead, never represent the Divinity as anthropomorphous, for they hold him to be without body or parts, that is, pure spirit. It is God in his human nature, the Eternal Word Incarnate, assuming flesh and becoming truly man without ceasing to be God, that bears the human form. We do not expect the professor to understand anything of this, for the eyes of his understanding have remained closed for more than nine days, from his birth. We make the remarks for our Christian readers, not for him.

According to the professor, science, that is, materialism, went on swimmingly from old Democritus, in spite of the shallow and feeble opposition of Plato and Aristotle, till it was interrupted by the rottenness and corruption of the Roman Empire, and the introduction and establishment of Christianity or ecclesiasticism suspended its culture and progress for nearly two millenniums. Christianity, which he calls ecclesiasticism, is the inveterate enemy, it would seem, of all scientific progress. Thus he says:—

“What, then, stopped its victorious advance? Why was the scientific intellect compelled, like an exhausted soil, to lie fallow for nearly two millennia before it could regather the elements necessary to its fertility and strength? Bacon has already let us know one cause; Whewell ascribes this stationary period to four causes,—obscurity of thought, servility, intolerance of disposition, enthusiasm of temper; and he gives striking examples of each.

“But these characteristics must have had their causes, which lay in the circumstances of the time. Rome, and the other cities of the Empire, had fallen into moral putrefaction. Christianity had appeared, offering the Gospel to the poor, and, by moderation, if not asceticism of life, practically protesting against the profligacy of the age. The sufferings of the early Christians, and the extraordinary exaltation of mind which enabled them to triumph over the diabolical tortures to which they were subjected, must have left traces not easily effaced. They scorned the earth, in view of that ‘building of God, that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.’ The Scriptures, which ministered to their spiritual needs, were also the measure of their science. When, for example, the celebrated question of antipodes came to be discussed, the Bible was with many the ultimate court of appeal. Augustine, who flourished A. D. 400, would not deny the

rotundity of the earth, but he would deny the possible existence of inhabitants at the other side, 'because no such race is recorded in Scripture among the descendants of Adam.' Archbishop Boniface was shocked at the assumption of a 'world of human beings out of the reach of the means of salvation.'

"Thus reined in, science was not likely to make much progress. Later on, the political and theological strife between the Church and civil governments, so powerfully depicted by Draper, must have done much to stifle investigation. Whewell makes many wise and brave remarks regarding the spirit of the Middle Ages. It was a menial spirit. The seekers after natural knowledge had forsaken that fountain of living waters, the direct appeal to nature by observation and experiment, and had given themselves up to the remanipulation of the notions of their predecessors. It was a time when thought had become abject, and when the acceptance of mere authority led, as it always does in science, to intellectual death. Natural events, instead of being traced to physical, were referred to moral causes; while an exercise of the phantasy, almost as degrading as the spiritualism of the present day, took the place of scientific speculation."

Professor Tyndall adds nothing to strengthen his cause by citing such authors as Whewell and Draper, who are no better authority than himself on the intellectual history of mankind. The historian who can characterize the period from the downfall of the Roman Empire in the sixth century to the sixteenth as a "stationary;" period, a period of "servility," of abjectness, or intellectual inactivity, proves only his own ignorance of that period, and utter incapacity to write its history. There is no known period of history which less deserves the title of "stationary;" no one in which men have displayed greater physical energy, or a more marvellous moral and intellectual activity; or in which society has made in all directions such great and astonishing progress. That period, in which the Barbarians who had overturned the corrupt and rotten Roman Empire, which had grown into the most oppressive despotism that ever weighed on the human race, under which freemen, to escape the burden imposed by the imperial fisc, actually sold themselves and their children into slavery, were Christianized and civilized, and formed into the great and leading nations of the modern world, could not have been a stationary period; nor could it have been remarkable for its tameness and servility, especially when it is considered that the Protestant Revolt in the sixteenth century found every European state organized with a free and vigorous constitution, which three hundred years, with a century of revolutions, have been able only partially to destroy. There can be no question

that Europe was in possession of far greater political and civil freedom, as well as of a higher moral and intellectual culture, when Luther was born, than it is now, or has been since the rise of Protestantism. There is nothing witnessed now in the world to equal the enthusiasm of men in the Middle Ages for knowledge, and knowledge on all subjects. The curriculum of the schools was that of the great imperial schools of Rome, and was not less extensive than that of our most renowned contemporary universities. The scholars may have been inferior in purely literary grace and polish to the Ciceros, Virgils, Horaces, Sallusts, Livys, or the classical writers of Athens; but we hazard nothing when we say they were vastly superior to them in the breadth of their culture, the extent and variety of their knowledge, and in depth and vigor of thought. The scholastics may have made many unnecessary distinctions, and spent much time in discussing questions which seem to us trifling or frivolous; but no one who has studied them can deny that no philosophers ever lived who also discussed so many really important questions, or discussed them so thoroughly and well.

Undoubtedly, the mind was less taken up in those ages with the mechanical and physical sciences than with philosophical and theological sciences, in which are to be found the principles and law of the natural sciences; for in those ages men believed in revelation, in the immortality of the soul, and the reality of the spiritual world, and therefore placed the kingdom of heaven in their affections above the kingdoms of this world. But they did not neglect the study of the physical sciences, nor were they ignorant of the true method of studying them, that of observation and induction. Bacon's pretence, that they adopted the *a-priori* method in the study of nature, has no foundation in fact. They recognized a first cause, *causa causarum*, and did not consider natural facts and events were fully explained by being traced to their second causes; but nothing is farther from the truth than the rash assertion, that "natural events, instead of being traced to physical, were referred to moral, causes." The professor will search in vain to find a single instance to sustain him. Doubtless, the scholastics held, and rightly held, that the ultimate cause of all natural events is God, for so Christianity teaches; yet was this never so understood as to exclude or to impair the action of physical or second causes.

The error of the scientists is, that they extend the action of second causes so far as to exclude or absorb the first cause, and make their physical causes supersede the moral cause of the universe. But the study of nature was by no means neglected; and many remarkable discoveries and inventions were made during that period which have changed the face of the modern world, and are the basis of the material progress we so loudly boast. It was in these same decried Middle Ages that gunpowder and fire-arms, paper and printing on movable types, and the mariner's compass, were invented, the power of steam was discovered, and its use as a motive power foreseen and predicted. It was also in this alleged stationary period, this period of inactivity and "mental stagnation," that occurred the remarkable travels of Marco Polo, and the geographical discoveries of Vasco da Gama and Christopher Columbus. The period in which such inventions and discoveries were made, was not, assuredly, a period of mental inactivity and stupidity.

Yet during all this period in which these inventions and discoveries were made, and this mighty progress in civilization was effected, ecclesiasticism was in the ascendant; and the Church, if often resisted and thwarted by the barbarism inherited from the empire or introduced from the forests of Germany, if she found herself obliged frequently to begin her work anew by the devastating irruptions of new hordes of barbarians from the East, the South, and the North, Huns, Saracens, and Northmen, led society in its grand work of civilization, directed its labors, and rendered them efficient. Professor Tyndall applauds Democritus, Epicurus, and Lucretius in maintaining materialism, because their motive was to rid the world of superstition. Yet they did not rid the world of that fearful evil; and the world was never sunk deeper in superstition than it was at the moment when their doctrine, which the professor calls science, was most in vogue. The only remedy for superstition is the predominance in society of the true religion; and under the influence of mediæval ecclesiasticism, superstition had almost entirely disappeared from Christian Europe.

Outside of the influence of ecclesiasticism there was really no scientific or other progress during the period in question; for even the professor will hardly claim as scientists the old alchemists, astrologers, and various classes of unchristian

mystics : indeed he expressly excludes them. Yet they were not subjected to ecclesiastical authority which opposed them, and were as independent in their speculations as is the professor himself. Emancipation from ecclesiasticism does not appear to insure scientific progress. The professor cites, indeed, the Arab Alhazen, of Spain, who would seem to be as true a scientist as Professor Tyndall himself, which is not saying much ; for if his doctrine of materialism were true, his science would not surpass that of the ox or the horse. His account of the scientific progress of the Arabs rests on the authority of our own Dr. Draper, a good chemist for aught we know, and a passable physiologist, we believe, if we accept, as is the fashion just now, the chemical explanation of physiological facts ; but, in historical matters, of no authority at all, as we had occasion to remark, when reviewing his works for the *Catholic World*. Whoever has studied the question knows perfectly well that the accounts of the Arabic science and literature in the Middle Ages, widely credited and insisted on by those whose position requires them to depreciate the Church and her influence, have been grossly exaggerated. They had no philosophy, and very little, if any, science, except what they borrowed from the Greeks and Hindus, conquered by the armies of the Prophet or his Lieutenants.

The struggle between the Pope and Emperor, or between the spiritual power and the secular, had, no doubt, a disastrous effect on the scientific as well as the moral progress of the Middle Ages ; but for that struggle ecclesiasticism is not responsible. Who is ignorant, to-day, that the struggle originated in the encroachments of the secular power on the rights and independence of the spiritual, as we shall show in a subsequent article ? In that long struggle, not yet ended, and renewed and rendered as fierce as ever to-day by Kaiser Wilhelm and his chancellor, Prince von Bismarck, whatever hindrances science had to encounter, must be charged, not to ecclesiasticism, but to cæsarism which warred against it.

The pretence that the Church opposes, or ever has opposed, science or the study of the natural sciences, can be set up only by deplorable ignorance or satanic malice. The professor cites but two facts, and they prove nothing to the purpose. They are, that St. Augustine and St. Boniface

rejected the doctrine of the antipodes, which, in their time, was supposed to imply that there is a race of men not redeemed by the blood of Christ: which was not and could not be true. All that can be said of them is, that they, as well as those who asserted inhabitants on the other side of the earth, erred in supposing them necessarily separated from us. The Church always leaves scientific questions to scientific men, even in enacting her own canons; astronomical questions to astronomers, mathematical questions to mathematicians, physiological questions to physiologists, chemical questions to chemists, and so on. When she would correct the calendar and determine the true time for keeping Easter, she relied on the calculations of astronomers and mathematicians; and every theologian knows that there are not a few questions in moral theology bearing on physiology, that are solved by the teachings of the physiologists, as in speculative theology purely rational questions are solved by the *dicta* of accredited philosophers. Every reader of the "Sum" of St. Thomas will readily recollect the "*dicat philosophus.*" There is, as we have said, no quarrel between the theologians and scientists, so long as the scientists confine themselves to the proper domain of science, and do not, by their inductions, theories, and hypotheses, attempt to invade the territory of faith, or revealed theology. The quarrel begins only when they leave their own domain, and claim, in the name of science, the right to take charge of faith and morals. So long as they remain in their own legitimate sphere, they meet from the Church only honor and encouragement.

We do not feel that it is necessary to follow this pretentious, but shallow, address any further. The author does not give us, nor even profess to give us, science; he gives simply his opinions, not in the field of science, but on faith and morals, and in opposition to the beliefs and hopes, individuals here and there excepted, of the human race in all ages and nations: and we tell him very frankly that he is not a man sufficiently learned or distinguished to make his opinions on the topics he introduces worthy of the slightest consideration. He has never seriously studied one of them; and his conclusions, as given in his Address, are in no instance the result of his own thorough scientific investigation. He cannot be consulted as an expert on one of them. The Scriptures

classify him when they say, "Dixit insipiens in corde suo : Non est Deus." We must say of him, still in the language of Scripture, "Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone." He is wedded to his false science, and to it we leave him, praying God to have mercy on his soul.

The Address, and the reception it has met from no small portion of the public, bear us out in the assertion we so frequently make, but which few appear to heed, that the living issue we have now to meet is between Catholicity and atheism. We have to meet it here in the form of independent morality, there in the form of *cæsarism* or independent politics. Secularism is only a polite name for atheism, and secularism is the enemy we have everywhere to fight,—secularism in education, secularism in science, secularism in religion, secularism in morals, in politics, in the family, and in society. "The Four Great Evils of the Times," so powerfully set forth by the illustrious Archbishop of Westminster, are only four phases of one and the same evil, namely, secularism or atheism,—the substitution of the creature for the Creator, man for God.

In this war the sects, even though professing to recognize God and Christ, and to believe in the immortality of the soul, or an eternal life beyond the grave, their belief is so uncertain and variable, so weak and timid, cannot aid us. One half of each sect never think—are, intellectually considered, mere nullities; the other half are asking, often in agony of soul, Whence come we, why are we here, whither go we, who will show us any good? Those among them who think, doubt; the problem of life rises dark and impenetrable before them, and despairing of a solution, or of arriving at any tenable life-plan, they immerse themselves in business, in politics, or in pleasure—anything that stifles thought and memory. Then, they all start from an atheistic principle, that of PRIVATE JUDGMENT. Private judgment assumes the sovereignty of the individual, that man is supreme; and the assumption of the supremacy of man, whether individually or collectively, is the denial of the sovereignty of God, and, therefore, of God himself. The logical development of the sectarian principle, or rule of private judgment, is pure atheism. How, then, can the sects aid us in combating the atheistic tendency of contemporary scientists? In the heat of the battle they would

turn against us, and fight on the side of the enemy. Do we not see that, in the estimation of the sects, a Catholic who apostatizes and turns atheist, is preferable to an Anglican even who turns Catholic? Does not this prove that the affinity of the sects with atheism is far closer than their affinity with Catholics? What, then, can be more preposterous than to suppose the sects can successfully combat, or aid in combating, atheism or the dominant secularism; or that they can maintain Christianity in its life and vigor? Indeed some of them have gone so far already as even to repudiate the Christian name, like our so-called Free Religionists.

This is what gives to Professor Tyndall's Address its significance. In itself it is insignificant; but, as following out the tendency of the non-Catholic world, or as the expression of the logical development of the principles held in common by all the sects and enemies of our Lord Jesus Christ, it becomes terribly significant. The secular press, if they do not openly indorse its abominable doctrines, are not shocked by them, and treat the professor himself with great tenderness and respect; the sectarian press combat his doctrines indeed, but so feebly, that one can hardly help suspecting them of being in secret league with him, and quite willing to yield him the victory. President M'Cosh of Princeton, the great gun of the Presbyterians, has come to an interviewer with a tremendous flourish against the professor, but concedes so much to the atheistic school, that he reserves nothing worth defending against it. Such a friend as he to religion, whether sincere or not, is practically worse than an open enemy.

No, we Catholics, with the help of God, must fight this battle alone; and we must bear in mind that it is not against Professor Tyndall, nor against any other single professor. We have to fight the secularism of the age, the whole spirit and tendency of the entire non-Catholic world, and of not a few who are in the Church of God without being of it. Catholic watchmen cannot be permitted now to sleep at their posts. The citadel is assailed from all quarters by innumerable foes, some open and avowed, some invisible and unsuspected, even disguised as friends—the most to be dreaded of all. We must be vigilant, and constantly clad in armor, in the whole armor of God, as described by St. Paul. The greatest danger of the times does not come from without, but

is in our own camp, and is to be found in the large numbers in our own ranks who place the national question above the Catholic question, although most of them will swear, and, perhaps, honestly believe, they do no such thing, and are willing to strike hands with the hereditary enemies of their faith, if they show a willingness to favor their national aspirations. We count these, whatever their nationality, the real enemies of the Catholic cause. The Church is Catholic, not national, and Christ can have no concord with Belial. If our human arm in this fight had to win the victory, we should despair. But ours is the cause of God, and he is on our side if we are faithful, and he will defeat and scatter our enemies.

ART. II.—*Le Dernier des Napoléons.* Paris: A. Lacroix & Cie. 1874. 8vo, pp. 398.

THE book, the title of which we have placed at the head of this article, was published in Paris about the close of the year 1870, but was so offensive to the authorities that it was suppressed. Since then it has reappeared, and four editions have been issued. The object of the author is to assign to the Napoleons, and particularly to the last,—Napoleon III,—their place in history; and to show that, through the justice of Almighty God, the career of the latter was brought to an end, and his dynasty made extinct, with “innumerable woes” to France. So unusual a method of treating any portion of a nation’s history and the career of its sovereign,—in a word, an attempt to recognize in civil and political affairs the presence of the God of Hosts as a prime factor, if we may be permitted to use the term, and which is so universally overlooked or forgotten in such estimates, and to illustrate the vindication of his justice by himself, is too important to be overlooked. All ancient and modern histories of nations abnegate God. His active presence in the affairs of the world is unrecognized. He is relegated back to the domain which he is conceived to inhabit

above the sky. The exceptions to this almost universal atheism are to be found chiefly among those whom he has been pleased familiarly to call "his chosen people." A momentary thought of them brings to mind the inspired words of the solitary messengers to ancient Israel, denouncing to them desolation and captivity if they forgot the omnipresence and sovereignty of the King of kings; or the fearful woes foretold by the Son of man as about to fall upon those who refused to be gathered together by him under the shelter of his divine love; or the frail voice from the Vatican, so frequent in the many centuries that have passed, and so forcible and clear in the Holy Father of the present day, reminding kings of the judgments threatened to those who should conspire against the Holy One.

Nevertheless, these histories of empires and nations are, in one respect, true representations of the periods they describe. The utter forgetfulness by rulers and subjects of the agency of God in controlling and turning their ambitious purposes to whatever end he wills, is faithfully portrayed. The writers themselves are as unconscious of the divine presence, as were those of whom they write. Is the ruler victorious over his enemies, to him is ascribed the glory. Is his career in duplicity and crime closed with national disaster, it is attributed to the prowess of his enemies, or to his own political mistakes. War, pestilence, and famine are always viewed as the results of untoward secondary causes. No one sees in them the warning messengers of the Great Sovereign. A history of a war relates the causes of hostilities, the conflicts of the armies, and the manœuvres upon which the victory of either side was supposed to have turned, the terms of peace, and the political questions that have been decided. Each nation professed to believe its cause to be just, and appealed to the God of Armies for victory over the other, then plunged into the fray. This action comprises the entire national recognition of God. So far, these histories present a truthful representation. But when it is remembered that the changes in human affairs are brought about by Almighty God for the instruction, the warning, or the chastisement of those who are subjected to them; and that it is his impulse that sets these changes in motion, or by his permission alone that they take place, the imperfection, rather the worthlessness, of all nar-

ratives which make no account of his agency, is very manifest.

In their blindness men sum up the results of national changes by uttering the phrase, "History but repeats itself." They wholly forget that, of all the multiplied forms of every class of living things, each has its own history; and much more, then, every orderly combination of intelligent beings guided by reason, governed by divine wisdom, and each individual created for an eternal career. They forget that the first, the universal, the absolute principle in human affairs is that of a discipline conducted by the Great Creator, to bring mankind back to himself from whom they proceeded, and the end to which they should return; that all things are made with size and weight, form and measure, in rest or in motion, to aid in this disciplinary administration; that changes, tumults, disorders, decay, and corruption are lessons to serve as stimulants to the heedless, earthly-minded laggards in this career. They forget that, in all this universe, the Almighty alone is fixed and immutable—"stabilisque manens, *das cuncta moveri*"—and that his quickening impulse stirs all moving creatures; that every intelligent being is bound by limits and laws beyond which he cannot pass and preserve his well-being; that mankind, led by a rebellious will, have passed this boundary and grope in darkness; and that it is only the light that Almighty God has caused to shine in the darkness, which can ever give them life again. Notwithstanding this lapse from his high estate, and his becoming exposed to innumerable infirmities, man still dwells in the house of his divine Father, feeds upon his bounties, and is subject to his reformatory discipline. All earth, nature, and heaven are brought to bear to mould his character, and to accomplish the voluntary return of his will and heart to the obedience and love of his benignant parent. How he is surrounded with consummate architectural magnificence; how earth, air, and water are filled with multiplied forms of food for his sustenance; and how the forces of nature are kept in harmony to subserve the great end of his life, it is not here the place to say; nor to speak of the transcendent and ineffable contribution of the divine Father and the heavenly hosts for the same purpose. Our remarks are confined, at this time, to the affairs of human life, and to that portion of them which is within the sphere of civil

governments, for the purpose of seeing how far Almighty God is present in these public affairs, and disciplines rulers and nations to the end he has intended.

Obedience, voluntary and hearty, with the whole heart and will, is the first lesson taught in the dealings of God with man. A compliance with all the necessary physical conditions of his life is the first demand made of the new-born infant; and it continues inexorable through all the stages of his career until, exhausted by age, he is laid aside to undergo the changes of the grave. This demand reaches every living creature, and a ready compliance is rewarded by physical well-being. It is constant, repeated every day and hour and moment. While the race of man continues, the heavenly bodies will not cease to revolve, causing day and night, morning, noon, and evening, with their incessant calls for refreshment and repose. Seed-time and harvest and the changes of the seasons follow in their order, each contributing its share in the reformatory discipline of mankind. But this obedience man tosses aside with indifference, saying that it is "a mere compliance with the necessary laws of nature;" and he refuses to recognize the invisible presence of a kind Providence standing close beside him, and holding in firm operation these laws that the elements may not destroy him. It is declared to be a necessary obedience, and the haughty will of man spurns any share in it. The divine Creator goes a step farther, and asserts his authority and reaches the will. He proclaims to the original ancestor the law of labor, which exacts from every one the sweat of the brow. He enforces it, by stimulating the earth to bring forth thorns and brambles, which man must subdue or perish; and he rewards his efforts of cheerful obedience by an abundance of earthly treasures. Nay, he still persists in his purpose, by declaring in the ten commandments the fundamental conditions, upon a compliance with which the well-being of man shall depend. He presses the human will to cheerful obedience, by commanding children to obey their parents, and implants in them an instinct of natural obedience and love for that purpose. He has also implanted in the breast of every man the same instinct of obedience to the chief of the tribe, or the ruler of the nation; and the intensity of its force can be seen in the sense of guilt in the criminal and in his abject submission to the decision of authority. In so high esteem

does he hold the civil powers as instruments in his discipline of mankind, that in one place in Holy Writ they are spoken of as "nursing fathers" to his people; in another, they are said to be "his ministers to execute justice. "By me," he says, "kings rule;" and the apostle declares: "All the powers that be, are ordained of God." This edifice for the renewal of mankind he crowns with the positive and direct command, "My son, give me thy heart."

Thus the place of civil government in the affairs of mankind, the authority upon which it rests, and the end which it is designed to accomplish, are manifest. Now, the only important question respecting it, which can arise, relates to the authority upon which it rests. In other words, can there be a civil government which does not rest upon the authority of God for its sanction? If so, then upon what authority could such a government hang a murderer? Without the divine sanction it would thus commit the same crime as that for which it punishes the murderer. Its act would be simply a murder committed by many persons instead of one person. The reason given in justification would be, that the welfare of society demanded the execution; while the original murderer would plead that his own welfare demanded his violent act, which reason would be as valid justification in the one case as in the other, unless justice is measured by numbers. In like manner, it may be asked, Whence arises the obligation of the oath administered by the civil authorities? There can be, therefore, no lawful civil authority unless it rests upon God: "Non est potestas nisi a Deo." The author of the "American Republic," chap. vi, p. 126, expresses the relation of mankind to God under the civil government in these words:—"The people, holding their authority from God, hold it, not as an inherent right, but as a trust from him, and are accountable to him for it. It is not their own. If it were their own they might do with it as they pleased, and no one would have any right to call them to an account; but, holding it as a trust from God, they are under his law, and bound to exercise it as that law prescribes. Civil rulers, holding their authority from God through the people, are accountable for it both to him and to them."

Probably the most absurd purpose ever reached by reason and intelligence is manifested in the attempt of mankind to get rid of God, to escape his benign reign, while

living in his presence, occupying his premises, feeding on his bounty, and sustained by his strength; indeed, while connected and bound to him by as intimate and varied relations as exist between a parent and child. But the absurdity does not end with the mere denial of divine authority; for man proudly assumes, in addition, to be sufficient in himself for all that he requires. As if that could possess any life which was cut off and separated from the Author and Source of all life! This denial and assumption are more conspicuous within the province of civil government than in any other portion of human affairs. One of the chief instruments to be used in the discipline of mankind is perverted, to aid in their estrangement from him. Whenever the authority of God is denied as the foundation of civil government, the authority of man is substituted. The fundamental principle then adopted is "the sovereignty of the people," expressed in formulas like these:—"All governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" "*Vox populi est vox Dei*," etc. The government is the agent to do the will of the people. Right and wrong are determined by that will, which is presumed always to command what is right and to forbid what is wrong. As one of our ex-presidents said: "The sober second thought of the people is never wrong, but always efficient." The end which the government has in view, is the material welfare of the people: "*Salus populi est suprema lex*." Modern histories of nations abound with these formulas expressive of the supreme civil authority of man, and denying all authority on the part of Almighty God in the civil affairs of men. These who deny this authority of God as the support of civil government are all of one class. The only difference among them, although they may be designated by various names, is in the degree of the denial.

Some few deny the very existence of God, as the Communists. All others admit his existence, but deny his active presence or interference in the civil affairs of men. They believe, also, in "the sacred right of revolution," as a logical inference from the doctrine, that the people are the source of all power. Are the relations of Almighty God with men brought under consideration, he and his are immediately excluded from all action in the affairs of the state. We have herewith presented to us the formulas: "A separa-

tion of Church and State," "A free Church in a free State," etc. Some rulers disposed to patronize Almighty God, for the sake of strengthening their control over their subjects, but not from any respect to him, make some concessions to his authority, by sanctioning and sustaining an institution called a "National Church," which is regulated and controlled by themselves. In some countries, as the United States, the government entirely ignores the divine authority; and the people themselves, while they admit authority in him as Creator, strip him of all authority as Legislator by espousing the so-called principle, that "every man possesses the right of private judgment respecting all his relations with God." This position of the people is strengthened and fortified by the adoption of the further so-called principle, that "each man's private judgment is an infallible guide for the rectitude of his actions in the sight of God." All this is called human progress, and the present is declared to be the most enlightened age of the world.

Such, on the one hand, is the position which Almighty God holds in the public affairs of men; and such, on the other hand, is the attitude assumed by rulers and nations, at the present day, in relation to his presence and authority in their public affairs. Now we proceed to show the results which inevitably ensue from such a conflict of authority, and how Almighty God fearfully vindicates himself.

The position of greatness, power, and influence held by Louis Napoleon in the earlier years of his reign, has been seen and known by all modern nations; yet this reign closed in a complete wreck. Says the author of the volume before us:—

"The historian, the politician, the moralist, meeting with this fatal reign of Napoleon III, will one day seek how there could be found a man holding the domination of the world in his hand, like the symbolical globe of Charlemagne; a sovereign whom peoples and kings were accustomed to look upon as the arbiter of Europe; a conqueror believed to be at the head of an invincible army; a victor whom history is to crown with the laurels which have already encircled his effigy in gold and bronze:—all will ask how this man, how this monument of greatness, sunk all at once in a ridiculous catastrophe.

"This problem, strange as it appears, is simple and a logical deduction." (pp. 10-11.)

Our author then proceeds in a few nervous words to give the key for the unfolding of the problem. He says:—

"Examine closely the origin and the physiognomy of the Napoleons, their appearance and their part in the history of France, and you will see that they are only the incarnation of a new phase of the Revolution." (p. 11.)

"Revolution is a continual insurrection against the law, the negation of right, the denial of duty, and the return to the savage state." (p. 14.)

"Napoleon III was the incarnation of revolutionary morality; and if history has retained with horror the names of the monsters of '93, whose principles and actions passed those of cannibals, she waits to register with equal repulsion, although of another nature, this debased reign of Napoleon III, which will show to future ages to what a depth of misery and degradation a great people can descend when laboring under this fatal epidemic of a Revolution." (p. 15.)

The early life of Napoleon III may be summarily stated in the words of our author, without following his order of arrangement, in a brief space. Napoleon III was the son of Queen Hortense, who was seduction itself. She was the product of the terrible epoch when a loose philosophy had already inoculated France with all sophisms and all corruptions; when society had slipped through floods of blood, of terror, into the mire of the Directory; when Robespierre scandalized the republic by wishing to make a little place for the Supreme Being; and when Barras, strutting about as a demigod, presided over the victims' ball. The *salon* of the queen was the rendezvous of all conspirators, and the ardent centre of the projects for European renovation. Louis Napoleon, revolving in the midst of this infection, took its ineffaceable impress, that of conspirator. He conspired all his life, even against his own ministers. The mother took great care to invigorate her son in the lively sources of the traditions of '93. She was careful to give him, for preceptor, Lebas, a son of the Convention, a friend of Robespierre. Scarcely was the insurrection in Rome organized when she threw into it at once both of her sons. They engaged themselves with the Carbonari. Here occurred an episode little known, as our author states, and which he thus relates:—

"The conspirators arrived one evening with the two Bonapartes at an inn of Forli. The innkeeper brought the register of the Italian police divided into naively indiscreet columns, that they might easily recall those who had travelled in the Peninsula. The register required of the traveller not only his name, Christian name, and rank, but where he came from, whither he was going, and the object of his journey, etc.

"The conspirators, being on the eve of taking up arms, had nothing more to conceal. The first took the pen and inscribed, 'Accursi; conspirator; going to Rome to overthrow the pope.' Then he passed the pen to the elder of the Bonapartes, who wrote after his name to the same effect, and handed the pen to his brother. He, having repeated the same formulas, gave it to the fourth, Orsini, father of the one who afterwards conspired against Napoleon; and so on with the others.

"They had vainly tried to tempt the country people to rise; but, as they said, 'cretinized by clerical fanaticism, they had refused their own good.' It was then resolved to march upon Rome. That night they held a consultation and proceeded to elect a chief.

"The choice was made by lot. The first name drawn was that of the eldest Bonaparte. But he, to the great amazement of the Carbonari, refused the dignity. He said: 'All my duties and all my feelings of gratitude forbid me to directly attack the Pope. My family has found no refuge or assistance in all Europe except from the Holy Father, and I should be afraid of meeting on the Vatican staircase my grandmother and all belonging to me. I will march with you to overthrow the clerical power in the provinces. Do not ask me to march on Rome.'

"The conspirators looked uneasily at each other with frowning brows, and Orsini replied:—'Such scruples at the last moment are strange, vexatious, and, above all, tardy; they would have had more weight if manifested before receiving the secrets of the conspiracy. As for attacking the clerical government, that is, attacking the pope, the difference is not easily distinguished. It has been insinuated that the Bonapartes only entered into the movement in order to draw back and make a crown of fire for the others,' etc.

"The next morning the elder brother expired in the arms of the hotel-keeper. Some said from a ball in the breast; others, from the stab of a poniard. Louis Napoleon did not wait for anything further. He escaped the same night and took refuge at Ancona, where his mother rescued him and took him to Paris. The indignation aroused by this insurrection, led by the Bonapartes, was immense all over Italy, and especially in their own family. The empress-mother wrote to her grandson: 'You know, my child, that the roof which covers us and the bread we eat, we owe to the Holy Father.' (pp. 32-34.)

The personal character of Louis Napoleon is expressed in a few emphatic words by our author:—

"Louis Napoleon was never young. From his infancy, grave, taciturn, devoured by ambition, he had generally a grand appearance. Unhappily, the infectious atmosphere in which he was developed, the pernicious examples which weighed on his youth, had an ominous influence on his whole life. From that germinated this double instinct: disdain for all morality; a proud contempt for men. From this, the habit which became, not his second, but his real and positive nature,—no other consideration in the choice of means than their aptitude to bring about the end. This explains, at the outset, that predilection for a surrounding of corrupted men, in no way restrained by laws human or divine." (p. 30.)

The Duc de Reichstadt, Napoleon II, died at Schönbrunn, on July 22d, 1832. From henceforth Louis Napoleon aspired to the throne of France. He was elected a Deputy to the National Assembly, September, 1848; President of the Republic, December 10, 1848; President for ten years, December 21, 1851; proclaimed Emperor, December 2, 1852. Says our author:

“Behold him, at last, his highest ambition satisfied, and at the summit of all he could dream. Emperor of the French; chief of a people still the most powerful of Europe; at the head of the most beautiful kingdom after that of heaven, did Napoleon III understand at last that he must divorce himself from the doctrines and the deeds of his lamentable past? Did he understand that he had to efface not only his life of adventures, but to cause to be forgotten, not legitimized, by an honest and beneficent reign, his accession by the violation of law and the scaling of walls? We protest the task was possible.” (p. 60.)

Thus we have Napoleon III at the pinnacle of his ambition. So far he has not spoken a word, or done an act, that would indicate any recognition of the divine authority upon which all governments rest, or of the obligation on all rulers to conform to the commands of this authority. On the contrary, he was a Carbonaro, sworn to the overthrow of all divine authority in society. “Liberty,” said the distinguished Proudhon to him, “has nothing to fear from you. Without you yourself doubting it, you will do more evil to the principle of authority than all conspirators together. You are the greatest revolutionist of Europe.”

Our space will not permit us to sketch the state of the people of France at this time. Nor, indeed, is it necessary. However they may have been infected by revolutionary principles, they had not become so perverted or corrupted as to submit to them. A wise ruler could have preserved the nation, with the favor of Providence, as powerful, as great as ever, and retained the distinguished position which she had held for a thousand years, as the eldest son in Europe of the principle of divine authority, and its steadfast champion and defender. We believe, as our author says, “the task was possible.” Neither can we follow the emperor through all the important events of his career, or present our readers with a summary of his reign. Our object is accomplished, our task is completed, if we set forth so much

as to show when, where, and how the counsels of Ahitophel were defeated on several preëminent occasions, whereby the emperor became a fugitive, and France was humbled in the dust: "*Facilis est descensus Averni.*"

What was France? The answer to this question gives the explanation of the politics of Western Europe for a thousand years. She was the political, as the Papacy was the religious, representative of the principle of divine authority over the affairs of mankind. As such, she was at the head of modern civilization and the leader of modern nations. Through Napoleon III she lost this position. Through Napoleon III the governments and peoples that denied the sovereignty of Almighty God in the affairs of men, were fostered and aided until they became strong and mighty nations. Then, bearing the banner inscribed with the sovereignty of the people, and denying the sovereignty of God over civil governments, they conspired against France which had heretofore represented this divine principle, and overwhelmed her, and made a fugitive of her faithless emperor. He committed two of the greatest crimes of which a ruler can be guilty: he betrayed the principle of divine authority in public affairs which France had represented; and deserted the Holy Father, the supreme representative of divine authority on earth. Thus, amid all the wrecks and moral desolation of modern Europe, there remains only the solitary voice of the grand prisoner of the Vatican to proclaim the divine sovereignty, political and universal, to the deluded nations. Truly the days of Anti-christ have come.

Let us briefly repeat what history relates. At the disappearance of the Roman empire, on the invasion of the barbarians, the pope quickly comprehended the new destiny before the world. To the Church was given the mission of preserving whatever was good in the Roman civilization. She fostered and protected the municipal system of Italy, as she had gathered and saved the writings of former ages in the treasuries of her churches and monasteries. The Lombards, who were the most intelligent of the barbarians and less rude than those who had preceded them, subsequently invaded Italy, and, finding the people submissive, established the Lombard kingdom, the most powerful which had arisen in the Peninsula since the fall of Rome. Unfortunately, the

Lombards were Arians, and they soon attacked the liberties of the municipalities, and their protector, the pope. Thus, threatened with death at home, the pope, seeking in vain for assistance among the degenerate Romans, and harassed by intrigues, was in a desperate condition. But, on the other side of the Alps, a powerful son of the Church was found, full of the zeal of a neophyte. Pepin crossed the Alps and fought the Lombards; but Charlemagne, with the glance of genius, saw that to conquer them was not enough: he finished what his father had begun. He consecrated himself the protector of the European civilization begun by the Church, the sword of God. That the pope might be securely established for the future, he confirmed the temporal power, and declared himself its defender. In return, the pope raised him to the imperial dignity, and assured to his kingdom the sacred title of the Eldest Son of the Church; and to the Empire of the West, the highest position in the modern world, that of standing at the head of Christian politics and of representing the authority of God in the public affairs of men. A brief extract from our author applies here very appropriately to the view we are seeking to present. He says, p. 132:—

“France, in making herself the protector of modern civilization, in protecting with her sword the councils and the development of the great principle of the regeneration of the world by the Christian idea, assured herself of an incomparable power and an immortal glory. Henceforth wherever the Papacy sends a missionary, a legate, a monk; wherever it raises an oratory, a church, a school, she will send out and make prevail the name, the glory, and the influence of France.

“Even to the borders of China, across the walled provinces of the empire of Mahomet, it is always, over all, the flag of France which arbitrates and protects all the Christian establishments; and all the subjects of the West to be admitted and tolerated should hold the glorious and redoubtable name of Franks,” etc.

“It has been rightly said that France is the only nation which has made war for an idea. France was the great leader of the nations to Christian politics, the generous protector of the feeble and oppressed. It is to her, to her alone, that from all parts of the globe the martyrs and all victims raise their suppliant hands. This is her greatest glory through all ages.” (p. 134.)

This is the answer we give to the above question, What was France? This is the sword that was violently grasped by the blood-stained hand of Louis Napoleon. Now, how did he wield it? As he raised it up in his hand, he proclaimed

to the world that "the Empire is peace," and that the imperial policy consisted of two dogmas: the chastisement of the victors of Waterloo, and the recovery of the natural limits of France. Neither of which could be accomplished without war. To chastise the victors of Waterloo, he began by making an alliance with England, and established the well-known *entente cordiale* with her, and joined his sword with hers against Russia, in the Crimean War.

Now, what is England? She is the oldest, the best organized, and the most impious usurper against the authority of Almighty God to be found on the earth. The British Lion bows neither to man, nor to God. Her queen, by usurpation, assumes to be the Head of the Church of God in her dominions. Her Parliament creates and regulates this church. It defines its faith, forbids the opposite, and prescribes with minute details the manner in which Almighty God shall, or shall not, be worshipped in its dominions, and legalizes the prayers to be addressed to him. Thus she assumes sovereignty over heaven, over her dominions on earth, and over hell. This is the moral monster whose garments are dyed with the blood of all nations, to whom the sword of Charlemagne is to be loaned. The Irish race, the unfaltering children of faith, as if inspired by a divine instinct, have always hated her. This is the impious denier of all divine authority in the affairs of men, who now succeeds in forming an intimate alliance with that nation which has been the representative of this authority for a thousand years. How was it done? What were the consequences? Both of these questions we are enabled to explain by the following extract, which we find in our author:—

"The traditions of the glorious past of France in the East, her interests, present and future, urged her to join her action to that of Russia to smother in Turkey that English policy always so hostile, and often so insulting, to France. The Emperor Napoleon III had appeared inclined in reality to this attitude before England so suddenly converted him. It is the substance of a long note which he caused to be communicated by the French ambassador at St. Petersburg to the Emperor Nicholas, dated June 15, 1853. It said: 'Neither the interests nor the principles of the government of his Imperial Majesty will place it in antagonism with Russia.'

"The Emperor Nicholas and the Turks themselves doubted not for a moment that this would be the attitude of France, or, at least, neutrality. Now, to the stupefaction of the universe, one fine day, the French eagles, the victors of Waterloo, and the nephew of the

martyr of St. Helena himself, were seen crossing the Bosphorus to consort with the English to save the British empire under the walls of Sebastopol." (pp. 117, 118).

"Now what could have been the lure which had aided England to perform this miracle? What was the motive powerful enough to lead Louis Napoleon to the desertion of all the traditions of his family and the vital interests of France?"

"The vanity of the young imperial couple, Napoleon and Eugenie, offended by the coldness of Europe, was ready, from the first, to lend an easy ear to the English temptations. The entrance of Louis Napoleon on the European scene, his past, his surroundings,—all this equivocal luggage was not made to force the sympathy of sovereigns. But there is one government in the world not troubled with these scruples of conscience,—the English. England bravely recognizes all governments. She would recognize a Robespierre, if that would make her sell one bale more of cotton. The English minister promised the Emperor Napoleon, not only his recognition, not only his friendship, but he obliged the haughty Queen of England to go to France to take the hand of her august sister, Mademoiselle de Montijo, and to introduce her into the family of kings. Louis Napoleon had been, on his side, impressed in England by its society, character, and institutions. He preserved a host of relations in England, which, during the whole of his reign, relieved each other at the Tuileries. But all these ties did not suffice to draw the government of Napoleon to that weighty expedition to the East, towed by England.

"One of the most important persons in the councils of the Queen held the hesitating balance. This 'providential man' was an old friend of the Comtesse de Montijo, and dark rumors recounted in a whisper the strange part which he had played at Madrid: it was now twenty years ago. He remained always the dutiful friend of Madame de Montijo, and almost the protector of her daughter. He it was who intervened and triumphed over the last hesitations of the Tuileries.

"France paid for this fantastic policy, this desertion of her veritable interests to the profit of her enemies, by one milliard of money and the blood of two hundred thousand of her best soldiers. The English alliance deprived the emperor forever of the only alliance which could assure his preponderance in the Mediterranean, and save him from the perils which the unification of Italy and Germany would prepare for him." (pp. 118-120.)

The next step in the downward career of Napoleon III was the unification of Italy: "*Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat.*" Italy consisted of a group of states, of which, Naples was governed by a prince of the Bourbon family, Venice by Austria, and the States of the Church by the pope. All these governments recognized the divine authority over the affairs of men. Sardinia was governed by the House of Savoy, which aspired to the control of the entire Peninsula under its king, Victor Emmanuel. The unification required the absorption of Naples, the expulsion

of Austria, and the destruction of the temporal power of the Holy Father; but it had always presented such arduous difficulties, that it had come to be regarded as a chimerical idea by nearly all the Italians. A contest with Austria would probably involve a war with the states of Germany; and even Napoleon did not venture to move until Prussia had engaged to hold Germany quiet. The following is our author's sketch of the course of events:—

"In the first place, Italy is pagan; her Catholicism is foreign, superficial, and scandalous; there survive among the Italians all the reminiscences and instincts of pagans. Paganism overflows in all her customs, her manners, her joys, her griefs, her arts, her monuments, and especially in her religion. It has caused more idols and fetiches to enter her Christian Church than her ancestors had niches in the Capitol. If any little place remained, that might be for the true God. Every manifestation of her genius is as a protest against Christianity, and a pagan reminiscence. The revival of her art is pagan. Dante, to pass through the Christian heaven and hell, supported himself on the arm of Virgil; and the rude peasants will swear by Bacchus. (pp. 137, 138.) She had often betrayed, and always openly or secretly combated the Papacy, so the latter could not detach herself from France, whose sword protected her children and her churches even to the ends of the earth. (pp. 136, 137.) After the victories of Louis the Great, France remained mistress; and Italy, constituting a group of states in accordance with its aspirations and territorial divisions, lived, without any foreign interference, under her protection. (p. 139.) The House of Savoy, taking advantage of every pretext, kept up a constant conspiracy, and stirred up disorders and discontent from the Alps to Sicily. The King of Sardinia opened a secure refuge to all the conspirators of Europe, and supported them by subsidies and places even in his own ministry. (p. 141.)

"The genius and aspirations of this Italy, of which we are now to speak, were incarnated in the Count de Cavour. (p. 144.) . . . Camille Benso, Count de Cavour, was, without contradiction, the greatest minister and the most detestable spirit which Europe has produced since Talleyrand. Journalist, exile, conspirator, Cavour had been at Paris studying the means by which Piedmont might absorb all the states of the Peninsula. (p. 127.) . . . He saw with a profound glance of his eye the situation of Europe. He perceived that the time had come when *ruse* or treachery could give to the House of Savoy, by watching the opportunity, what centuries had not been able to accomplish for her. (p. 144.) . . . To secure France for Piedmont; to drive kings and princes from Italy, under cover of aspirations for independence and nationality; and, finally, to confiscate the whole to the profit of the House of Savoy,—such was the programme of the politician of Piedmont. (p. 145.) . . . He understood that, with such an ally, it was enough to promise—to engage, to bring all out well, alone, through and in spite of him, all the plan of Italian emancipation; that it required to be careful not to confide to him the secrets and developments, and only use him to draw from France enough

blood and millions of money for driving Austria out of Italy. Treachery and corruption would deliver the rest of the Peninsula to Piedmontese covetousness." (p. 150.)

Thoroughly understanding Napoleon's character, Cavour made a great point in causing him to accept a small number of Sardinian troops for the Crimean War. He made himself intimate with Napoleon, and, with his connivance, presented an hypocritical schedule of the woes of Italy to the Congress of the great powers in Paris. Still he needed an accomplice who, by a vigorous pressure at the ripe moment, could determine the irresolution of the emperor. Prince Napoleon became his confederate, and received as his wife, Clotilda, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel. Henceforth Italy was mistress in the Palais Royal.

Our space will not permit us to follow these ample details. Napoleon marched to the deliverance of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic, and stopped half-way because Prussia could no longer hold back the states of Germany from coming to the support of Austria. Peace was made, and the prestige of France in Italy was utterly destroyed. The House of Savoy commenced without a check the work of unification, and has nearly completed it by the absorption of Naples and the other states, the expulsion of Austria, and the destruction of the temporal power of the Holy Father. Now not a government exists in the Peninsula, which recognizes the authority of Almighty God over the public affairs of men. Such was the work of Napoleon III in Italy, either as principal or confederate.

It remains for us to consider the still more disastrous and wicked part of Napoleon III in the unification of Germany, under the leadership of Prussia. This has been followed by the subjection of the Church in Germany, her only representative of divine authority, to the military power, the further humiliation of Austria, the annihilation of the sword of Charlemagne, and the extinction of the glory of France as the representative of the divine authority among the governments of the earth. Nay more, it has brought down the vengeance of Almighty God, causing the utter destruction of the imperial authority, the chastisement of France by her subjection to the merciless sword of the profane conqueror, and given to the world, through the Commune, a spectacle of the latter days,—Satan let loose among men,

and in his rage seeking to destroy by fire and sword every vestige of authority on earth. A few extracts from our author will serve to explain the part of Napoleon III, and the course of events:—

“Prussia was born of the hatred of Europe for France. But once getting a place, she quickly turned against her sponsors. The fierce ambition of Prussia has always been to govern Germany and to kill Austria. Austria represents the conservative policy and Catholic element in Europe; Prussia represents spoliation by the armed hand, the perfidious and violent policy of the Huns, and the Protestant movement. The programme of M. de Bismarck is made from hour to hour, according to the force of events, and it has grown from success to success. In the beginning, his ambition limited itself to counterbalancing the Austrian preponderance in Germany. Now, Prussia, notwithstanding its intrigues, its manoeuvres, and its audacity, could never come to rule Austria, if the revolution had not brought it the complicity of France. At every peril of the German country, at every serious manifestation of its history and its political and economical evolutions, the Diet and nearly all the states of the Confederation arrayed themselves instinctively around the banner of the Hapsburgs. Two facts would change the face of things: the rising of a Napoleon in France, and the unification of Italy to the detriment of the fortune of Austria. These two facts would render M. de Bismarck’s programme soluble, always easy. Henceforth he would not stop at the preponderance of Prussia; he would Prussianize Germany, in driving out Austria, and reviving the German Empire under the central sceptre of a Hohenzollern. (pp. 255–257.)

“The effects of the imperial policy, the war of Italy, etc., had only redoubled the uneasiness and bitterness of Germany. It is in that, especially, that it is necessary to look for the secret of M. de Bismarck’s manoeuvres. To cry up the credulity and the complicity of Napoleon against Austria; then to cry up the Gallophobia of Germany against Napoleon and the eternal enemy:—this was the foundation of the policy and the diplomacy of the skilled ones of Berlin. (p. 263.) On October 9, 1862, Bismarck took the ministry of foreign affairs. He comprehended, from the example of Cavour and Italy, that it was only at Paris that he could negotiate and accomplish the abolition of the German Diet and the erasement of Austria. He rapidly gained the confidence and the friendship of the Tuileries. He never left the Emperor; he followed him to the country, to the watering-places—everywhere. At Biarritz he submitted to Napoleon III his first plan for the reorganization of Europe. (p. 267.)

“To drive Italy to the assault of Austria, Bismarck needed the permission of Napoleon III; but the latter hesitated, drew back, and remained mute. Meantime Bismarck took the initiative of marching forward, and to his astonishment perceived that the emperor not only let him act, but put Italy without control and without conditions into his hands. At the same time he guaranteed Italy against any reverses which the Austrians could inflict on it. As Prussia was not strong enough openly to attack Austria, around whom Hanover and the states of the South would inevitably rally, the plan adopted was to surprise

the victim. When Austria finally perceived the abyss dug so treacherously beneath her feet, she hastily protested and sought to arm herself. Then Bismarck cried out against the treason, and denounced to all Europe this criminal desire of Austria to defend herself, and rushed upon her with an army long prepared. At the same time Italy threw herself upon Venetia: Sadowa fell like a thunderbolt upon Europe. All southern Germany rose to the aid of Austria, and could have cut the Prussian line of provisions and of retreat when Napoleon, the patron of Germany, hastened to interfere, and peace was quickly signed at Prague. Bismarck instantly threw his forces on Germany, and annexed all the states of the North to Prussia, and nearly crushed the states of the South. Europe, indignant, would surely have intervened, had not the appearance of Napoleon at Prague satisfied the diplomatists that there was connivance and a treaty between Prussia and France. This attitude of Napoleon, mute and masked, back of the spoliators, terrified the friends of Austria and of justice. It is due to this attitude and to this terror that Prussia had time to devour its prey. When Prussia sustained by Napoleon had consolidated her conquests, instead of granting to the latter Luxemburg and the extension of the French territories to the Rhine, as secretly agreed, she prepared to launch her terrible armies upon her generous ally, and drew France into the fatal war, which is too well known to need our comments. It is thus that Louis Napoleon Bonaparte crowned the edifice of the Second Empire. "All is lost"—*and honor too*. . . Here fell France, and, with her, the influence of the Latin races in the affairs of the world. (p. 377.)"

"And all the nations shall say: Why hath the Lord done thus to this land? what meaneth this exceeding great heat of his wrath? And they shall answer: Because they forsook the covenant of the Lord, which he made with their fathers." (Deut. xxix, 24, 25.)

Before drawing the curtain over the final scene, it is proper to notice one or two of the consequences which have ensued. France, through her own strength and her alliances, had held the leadership in European affairs for a long period. But the unification of Germany and Italy, with the humiliation of Austria, left her, after her defeat, at the feet of Prussia, who of course became the leader in Europe. Thus, France recognizing and representing, apart from her faithless emperor, the divine authority in human affairs, had for her enemy and conqueror a government that denied and practically repudiated all such authority. If Judas betrayed our Lord to his murderers, so did Napoleon III equally betray the divine authority, together with the leadership of the modern European world, to no less diabolical characters. The sketch of Bismarck, and of his master, King William of Prussia, by our author, is too important to be omitted, if one would form a true estimate of the crime

or sin of Louis Napoleon, and of the fearful scenes foreshadowed in Europe, in the future conflict between divine and popular sovereignty. He says :—

“Count von Bismarck Schönhausen is a type slightly terrifying outside the frontiers of his country, but much less remarkable on the banks of the Spree. This comes from a psychological law; for civilized people and politicians restrained by the dictates of conscience and Christian law, Bismarck is something isolated, abnormal, monstrous, an unexpected resurrection of one of those bearded casuists of the fourteenth century issuing from the German forests, and carrying fire and sword across Europe, with this simple code: ‘Our property is wherever there is anything to pillage.’ But in Prussia such doctrines and such proceedings astonish nobody, since they form the very foundation of the Prussian genius and character. This will explain how the chancellor had so many and such prolonged struggles to reach the supreme authority and direction of the government. It was not until the thundering success of Sadowa that he became really a prophet at Berlin.

“Count von Bismarck is a massive and solid Brandenburg trooper, ex-major of cuirassiers, on whom the emotions of a boundless ambition and excesses of all kinds have stamped their marks, yet they have not been able to injure his iron constitution. His large and prominent eye, sensual, shameless, has a leering and sly expression, but cold and pitiless as steel. A lively penetration, an incredible fertility of resources, astute to divine the most subtle threads of a situation, a marvellous suppleness in managing men and events, a manner vulgar, but full of false good-nature, veiling the finest and the steadiest observation; a prolixity of language, a crudity of expression, an air of frankness that appears to reach imprudence, which throws the most cautious off their guard, which hides under its folds the most dangerous ambiguities and the most formidable snares. Here you have the politician.

“Profoundly despising men, disdaining opinion and popularity, he respects nothing: he does not even respect himself. Passionate to excess, mortally revengeful, he knows how to receive without flinching, and to dissemble the most cruel blows; patient as a hunter, he knows how to wait years for the propitious hour, but the instant it comes he seizes his prey with indomitable audacity and violence. All those noble impulses, all those grand principles which inspire great souls, justice, humanity, have never disturbed Bismarck; he has a superb name for qualifying the apostles of this verbiage, ‘dealers in words.’ Here you have the man.

“Bismarck has a barometrical conscience always in harmony with the pressure of his interest and of his ambition. Those who await him at the point of morality and sincerity are lost in advance. With him, the political ideal is perfection in the art of deception. His ambition is coarse, immoderate, insatiable, and ferocious. Outside of this ambition, which he calls his mission—for it is observable that all the great agitators of the present time, as Cavour Garibaldi, Bonaparte, Barbès, Bismarck, Raoul Rigault, King William, all have their *mission* which is not very encouraging:—to hear them, some are the managers of nations, the initiators of the future; others are con-

fidants of God, in consideration of which they serenely make protocols, pillage, massacre, and burn with petroleum,—outside of his mission, then, Count Bismarck has but one passion, which is his delicate admiration for the weaker sex, and his fondness for the pleasures of the table and coarse jokes. If one has the good fortune to find himself with the chancellor at a familiar and choice repast and among men, his Excellency will appear in an entirely new light. Then his great, sanguine eye flashes gayly; and if one is not easily shocked at indecent expressions and at a Rabelaisian vocabulary, he may promise himself a jolly time and lively mirth.

“But we will spare our fastidious readers this side of Bismarck’s character: his jokes have all the plainness of the Latin. But we cannot refrain from inserting here some of his sallies:—

“‘The Bavarian is something midway between an Austrian and a man.’ ‘If Austria has astonished the world by her ingratitude, England will astonish it by her cowardice.’ ‘God has made man in his own likeness, and the Italian in the likeness of Judas.’ ‘You will recognize a French ambassador by this, that he never speaks the language of the country to which he is accredited.’ ‘Fools pretend that one learns only at his own expense; I have always striven to learn at the expense of others.’

“The chancellor forms the most complete contrast with his sovereign. While King William is biblical and inspired, his chancellor is skeptical, sneering, and Voltairian. His spirit is not abashed even in the presence of his royal majesty. One day the king finished one of his prophetic homilies with these words, ‘God has dictated our task.’ ‘We must admit,’ said Bismarck to a person near, ‘that God has chosen a rude secretary.’ At another time the king, vigorously pressing him in a very weighty matter, said: ‘Providence will assist us.’ ‘Very well,’ replied the chancellor, ‘but let us give him time to reflect.’

“We know very well that Bismarck will not trouble us for the liberty we take in cutting his silhouette as we go along. How many times his sly smile and superb disdain have defied the criticism and the accusations which rain upon his head from the four corners of the heavens! He repeats, with slight variation with Mazarin: ‘They sing me and they shall pay me.’

“We have seen Cavour turn himself towards the cabinets of Europe, and solemnly swear to them, with his hand upon his conscience, that he was plotting nothing, absolutely nothing, against Naples, and that, if they wished, the Piedmont government would put its hand on the collar of the filibuster Garibaldi; and on the same day telegraphing to the same Garibaldi to invade the kingdom of Naples with the money and the filibusters furnished by him, M. Cavour. Bismarck is of the same school, without the *finesse* and the elegance of Cavour. The Italian frequents the *beau monde* , and with lace ruffles, and a poniard chiselled by Cellini, neatly assassinates his victim. The Prussian conceals himself in the wood, and draws his adversary little by little into the ambush, and beats him to death with a club. Each has his temperament, but the result is the same. Woe to him who holds commerce with such companions!

We notice one more trait, not the least original, of this cold calculator. Whenever Bismarck meditates a misdeed, or plots a diplomatic intrigue destined to throw firebrands among neighbors, he suddenly

falls sick; and his officials, the press, and the court, and the city announce to the world one of those mortal relapses of the chancellor, which suddenly compels the transfer of the poor invalid to the absolute solitude of his country-seat. Every morning the *Staats Anzeiger* will religiously give medical bulletins of the condition of the dying man. All at once the bomb thrown in the retreat explodes and wounds or kills his adversary; and Bismarck finds himself miraculously on his feet, and is the same as ever, that is to say, like an oak. Thus the number of Bismarck's stormy enterprises can be counted by the number of his relapses. Alas! Bismarck's maladies shatter the health of his adversaries only, and up to this time Europe has dearly paid the physician of the chancellor.

Cavour and Bismarck have had the inappreciable good fortune of finding ready at hand the king whom their temperament and the perpetration of their high-handed deeds required.

His majesty King William would have realized in our day the problem and the ideal of which Macchiavelli dreamed in other times for Italy, and to which he devoted his powerful work, 'The Prince.' That which the Borgias, with all their astuteness, with all their political genius so free from prejudices, could not attain, a stupid descendant of those Huns so much despised by the Italians, a helmeted Hohenzollern, a sort of ghost of other times and other manners, an incomprehensible phenomenon of our civilization, erects with the morality and the materials which even the Prince conceived by Macchiavelli did not know, or did not dare to apply to his own times and country.

The shade of the great Florentine can console itself. His creation, which the affrighted conscience finally came to regard as a wild and monstrous dream, is at length incarnated in a prince after his own genius. It is true that it took two hundred years to find a man who dared, in the face of history and the modern world, to assume the responsibility of such a part, experimenting on Christian nations the impious theories of the Lower Empire, and the cruel practices of the barbarian code.

King Frederic Louis William was born March 22, 1797. He is the second son of Frederic William III, and of that beautiful Queen Louisa, who so heroically negotiated with the conqueror of Jena for the wreck of her kingdom. From time immemorial Prince William has represented in Germany two ideas, two combined tendencies,—absolutism and Francophobia. This double type was so personified in him, that the popular legend had cast his personality in the grotesque mould of the feudal trooper overlaid with iron and full of stubbornness, who in head and heart has never progressed beyond 1813. Hatred of France is with him a dogma of his infancy, a rabidness, a monomania. These dispositions are easily conceived when the humiliations and the dark days which the conqueror of Jena inflicted on his country and family, are remembered. It is not one of the least curious illusions of Napoleon III that he should have believed it possible to count on the friendship and gratitude of a monarch who, as son and as sovereign, could dream only of the abasement of France and the extermination of the Napoleons. But the man is so made: his moral and intellectual disease is incurable. This King William, who speaks with bitterness natural, but so emphatic, of 'the crimes of the Corsican,' in presence of his people will commit political and

moral crimes impious enough in another; and we are certain that he believes himself to be a great sovereign to whom history and mankind owe respect and homage; and his majesty will find us, at the least, very disrespectful if we permit ourselves to say that history will brand his name, and mankind will curse even his memory.

"Since the campaigns of 1813 and 1815 in which he enthusiastically took part, whenever there has been a question of reaction against French influence or liberal ideas, he has been foremost. Obligated to fly from Germany in 1848, he took refuge in England. The sight of Parliamentary institutions only thickened the absolutist ideas in his brain. In the spring of 1849, Prussia, recovering from her mortifying defeat, and victorious over anarchical intrigues, sought to purge Germany from liberal innovations. Prince William solicited the post of honor, the holy mission of driving out the revolutionists and of purifying Germany from the ravages of the French cholera. He invaded the Grand Duchy of Baden, and terrified the liberalism of the upper Rhine by the summary proceedings and attitude of a Tamerlane. He came into power in 1859 as regent. On January 2, 1862, his brother, Frederic William IV, died at the castle of Sans Souci, and he succeeded him at the age of sixty-five years. At his coronation in Königsberg he inaugurated in a Gothic proclamation the new policy, which was to weigh so formidably upon the destinies of Europe. The Archbishop of Cologne had previously said: 'If the Prince Regent becomes King of Prussia, he will play in Germany the rôle of the King of Sardinia in Italy.' The prelate knew his man.

"Scarcely had he arrived at the throne when he assembled all the chiefs of the army at Potsdam, and declaimed to them in an inspired and mystical tone these words: 'I have ascended the throne at an epoch full of perils, and with the prospect of combats in which I shall have need of all your patriotism;' then turning to the Minister of War, he added: 'My dear minister, I am not preparing you a bed of roses. We shall soon be obliged to carry the German country into a struggle in which it will be obliged either to conquer, or to die.'

"King William is a personification of the character and spirit of Prussian policy in all that it has which is the most excessive, the most audacious, and the most immoral. Trickery and hypocrisy are the very foundation of the national character of Prussia. It is the vital and perpetual breath which inspires all the phases of its policy, all the mysteries of its historical and familiar life. It was the sole genius of Frederick the Great, who, in his own time, was called the 'great impostor.'

"King William disciplines and reconciles, under his helmet and in his brain, the most contradictory theories, the most opposite manifestations, and the most unexpected agitations. Thus he is the Mahomet of the feudal Koran, the Grand Mandarin of the God of armies, the Pontiff of Protestantism; and he is the active and pompous Grand Master of all the Freemason lodges. He is the high-priest and supreme chief of a mystical association having branches in all the north of Europe, and which has for its object and programme 'the restoration of the ideas and practices of pure religion;' and he is certainly the most scandalously frivolous prince and the most imperturbable gallant of Europe. In this respect he surpasses by ten cubits his adversary Napoleon III, who at least carried on his immoralities

in a peaceable and decent manner. King William does not flinch at autocratic expedients and public exhibitions. In this respect he has been the scandal not only of Berlin, which, however, is not astonished or scandalized at small things, but of all Europe. Those who, like ourselves, have had the disagreeable surprise of assisting, in open daylight, at the troubadour eccentricities of the old king at Baden, Ostend, and elsewhere, will understand at half a word. The poor Queen Augusta has more than once seen her timid remonstrances replied to by arguments of the most solid brutality.

"He calls himself the confidant of God, and the executor of the designs and the secrets of Providence, and commits, with the calm of an immaculate conscience, the most outrageous spoliations, cruelties, and treason. It has been said of him, with as much justice as wit: 'Look out—he is praying—he is about to commit a crime.'

"We are certain that King William, while confirming the material exactitude of our portrait, while denying none of its facts or features, would find himself very much surprised at the reprobation which it inspires in ordinary consciences. In the first place, the Prussian character is so twisted. In the matter of dignity, justice, or morality, it has the beam of the Pharisee in its eye, on account of which it does not see itself, or sees itself wrongly; but this does not prevent it from very distinctly seeing the mote in the eye of another.

"The Prussian has a Bible and a decalogue of his own. All that concerns or profits him is lawful, whether it be the most risky temptation, or the most iniquitous act. It can be understood from this, and from the little which one may have read of the history of Prussia, or have seen in the country, that the Prussian has so much indulgence to spend on himself that he has none left for others. It is this happy disposition of mind and conscience of this people, which has authorized us to engrave in these lines this slight profile of King William. We would not for anything in the world offend the royal majesty, nor overpass the bounds of that profound respect and that courtesy which we profess and which we owe to the representative of authority. But we know in advance that our estimate will not have the slightest echo in Prussia: that which we blame is there regarded as a talent, as a mark of *finesse* and of skill; that which we look upon as damnable or criminal, will exactly serve to ornament the crown of laurels with which this people will adorn the head of its monarch.

"It is understood what a marvellous instrument such a character could become in the hands of such a man as Bismarck. It all frames and enters providentially into the plan for the 'regeneration of Germany.' The Gothic stubbornness of the king, his mind, congealed in retrograde theories, his vastly elastic conscience, his passionate hatreds, his Old-Man-of-the-Mountain mysticism, his contempt of parliamentarianism and of all ideas of progress:—all constitute an arsenal of supports and of precious engines for the chancellor's political enterprises. These two men, in completing and shouldering each other, represent in all its intensity that repulsive and sinister thing which is called the Prussian genius. One brings the brutal impulse and the homilies of his 'holy mission' of a contemporaneous Attila; the other, the sacrilegious skill, cynicism, ambition, and tenacity of the old Prussian. They two, his Majesty King William, and his Excellency Count von Bismarck, seek, in the face of affrighted Europe, to resuscitate the OLD FRITZ."

ART. III.—*Maria Monk's Daughter: An Autobiography.*

BY MRS. L. ST. JOHN ECKEL. New York: United States Publication Company. 1874. 12mo, pp. 604.

WE gave a brief notice of this remarkable volume, then in press, in the REVIEW for October last, with a promise to notice it more at length in our present number. Yet we hardly know how to set about redeeming our promise. The book is another illustration of the fact, that truth is often stranger than fiction. The account which the authoress gives of herself we have every reason for believing is strictly true, or, if it errs at all, it is not by overstating, but by understating, the facts; yet if it had been published as a work of fiction, much of it would have been very generally censured as wild and improbable, as manifestly incredible. Indeed, we doubt if any imagination, however creative, can go beyond or come up to what is not seldom found in real life; and we have often found, in works of fiction, what seemed to us the most incredible passages, such as the reader says could never have happened, were, after all, plain literal fact, copied from actual experience. If this autobiography had been written as a romance, it would have been far less exciting, and less wonderful.

Maria Monk's alleged *Awful Disclosures*, etc., were published some years before our conversion, and had lost somewhat of their interest for the public, when we were received into the communion of the Church, and we have never read, nor even seen, a copy of them. Long before becoming a Catholic we had ceased to believe a word in any books of the sort. We were satisfied that, whatever might be the fact with regard to the Church, Protestantism was a sham, a lie, and could sustain itself only by lying. We had no curiosity to read Maria Monk's *Awful Disclosures*, etc., which, we took it for granted, as was really the fact, were concocted for her by some unprincipled Protestants, and designed for the Protestant market. The book was exposed by some Protestants, and proved to be only a tissue of lies. Of the fate of the poor girl, used by men infinitely more wicked than she, not even for the paltry excuse of gratifying their Protestant fanaticism, but for filling their own pockets, we had never heard and never inquired, till we were startled by the announcement of the book before us, "*Maria Monk's Daughter: An Autobiog-*

raphy." It appears that Maria Monk, after the publication of her *Awful Disclosures*, married a Mr. St. John, member of a respectable family in Dutchess County, in this State, by whom she had two children, a son and a daughter; but her life was very unhappy, and she finally died a maniac in an almshouse.

For ourselves, while we appreciate and honor the motives which have induced the authoress to call herself Maria Monk's daughter, we somewhat doubt her wisdom in so doing. The memory of Maria Monk has well-nigh faded out of our community, and few of the present active generation have ever heard even her name. Then Mrs. Eckel, though a daughter of Maria Monk, is not *the* daughter introduced to the public in the *Awful Disclosures*, as the reader might naturally suppose, and who was illegitimate; but a second daughter born in honest wedlock. Yet, as Mrs. Eckel, in writing her life, appears to have acted under the directing hand of a superior power, we hardly dare apply the ordinary rules of criticism to her judgment or acts. Then she was told to write it by the excellent Father Bapst, whose sanctity we revere, and in whose judgment we have the fullest confidence. She has evidently written the book as a penance or as an act of expiation, and felt it necessary to withhold no fact, however mortifying to herself it might be to relate it.

Lizzie St. John was born in this city in very humble circumstances, and her earliest years were subjected to great poverty and many privations. She was, when still very young, removed from her mother, who had shown a disposition to drown her children, and placed by her father with his relatives in Dutchess County, where for a time she was treated not badly, but, afterwards, very harshly and cruelly, by her sanctimonious Methodist relations, on the false assumption that her father and mother had never been married. At sixteen she escapes to this city, where after many trials and difficulties she finds protection in the family of a judge who virtually adopts her, and sends her to a young ladies' school in Massachusetts, and afterwards to a fashionable school in the city under charge of a French lady. There she is introduced to a gentleman of a good family from Tennessee; a widower who has been American Consul in Chile, where he had buried his wife and child. He falls in love with her, offers her his hand in marriage, which she

accepts. This gentleman, Mr. Eckel, was a man of education and intelligence; of cultivated mind, and considerable literary pretension, but he was an infidel, an unbeliever in Christianity, and made her, in this respect, very soon like himself, which was not difficult, for the religion she had seen exhibited by her Methodist relations had only inspired her with disgust, and made her hate the very name of God. Her husband taught her French and Spanish, perhaps Latin, and made her acquainted with his infidel books, and exerted no slight influence in developing her naturally quick intelligence, and in forming her mind. When his family abandoned him she procured him a place with high pay and no work, and they might have lived happily together had he not become very intemperate and, excited by her relatives, unreasonably jealous. She finally left him, and supported herself and infant daughter. He lost his place and died in poverty and want, without her knowing, until all was over, what had become of him. She buried him in Greenwood by the side of their eldest child, as he had formerly expressed his desire.

The death of her husband left her a young, rich, and accomplished widow, with a little daughter, who has thus far proved her good angel. It was her second child—the first had died an infant. How she became wealthy, we hardly need specify; if it was not by such means as the rigid moralist can approve, neither was it by those which society treats with much severity, or counts dishonorable in man or woman. It was war time, and contracts were to be obtained, and a shrewd and a fascinating woman could be very efficient in obtaining them; and Mrs. Eckel had spent a year in Washington with her husband, and made many useful acquaintances. A bonus on a contract obtained, and a percentage of the profits made by the contractor, sufficed to secure her a very respectable income, and to enable her to pass for wealthy. Though accomplished, wealthy, and wielding very considerable influence, yet envy made her many enemies; and there were, too, those who remembered her origin: and she could hardly be said to have a fixed position, or full scope for her ambition in New York society. She resolved to go to Paris and reign in the fashionable circles of that capital of the world.

We cannot sketch Mrs. Eckel's career in Paris. For that

we must refer to her book. Her success, if not placed on a permanent footing—and no worldly success ever is so placed—was very remarkable, apparently exceeded her most sanguine hopes, and very nearly equalled her ambition. She was admitted into the very highest circles of Parisian society, was courted by ministers and statesmen, and sued to for court favors, opened the saloons of fashion to her proud countrywomen, and conferred, by her patronage, distinction and fashion on more than one who would have turned up their noses in high disdain at Maria Monk's daughter at home. She owed much of her success to the friendship of the American minister, Mr. Dayton, who died in her rooms; subsequently to the kindness of General and Mrs. Dix; and still more to her being engaged to be married, as was supposed, to Vicomte Laferrière, the first chamberlain to the emperor, which brought her into the inner circle of the imperial court, and gave her the opportunity of soliciting and obtaining many favors for those she wished to oblige. We may remark, by the way, she was not what is usually called a beauty, but she was good-looking, rather piquant, sprightly, *spirituelle*, amiable, sympathetic in her disposition, gentle, simple, unpretending, and even childlike in her manner, and irresistible when she wished to please, or to carry a point.

She tasted luxury, power, and gratified ambition: but was she happy? She had sought for happiness, had believed in it, had wooed it as the lover woos his bride; but, alas! she knew not then that happiness is not a plant of this earth. Momentary pleasure we may sometimes taste, consolation we may also find; but solid, durable happiness in this life—never. We never begin to enjoy existence till we cease to chase the phantom happiness, and live and labor for the great end for which we exist. Whatever helps to gain that end is good, and better than happiness. "Herr Teufelsdröckh's Everlasting NO," so graphically described in the "Sartor Resartus," contains a lesson all young persons should learn, and the sooner the better. What claim have we to be happy? None. No, seek not, expect not happiness; wait for beatitude till you have done your work, fulfilled the purpose of your existence, and gone to receive your reward. We had been whining and whimpering after happiness, and brooding moodily over our fantastic misery for years, when one day, while still young,

this truth came to us as a flash of light, and we whined and whimpered no more, or made ourselves miserable because we were not happy. Life becomes tolerable, nay, enjoyable, the moment we make up our mind not to expect or to seek happiness, and to be contented with living for the end for which God made us.

Mrs. Eckel's experience did not belie that of all others. Her pleasures did not please, and her successes were purchased at too dear a price; and, with all the world at her feet, she envied the poor lonely Lizzie St. John nicknamed Tick in her childhood, sitting on the curbstone dabbling her bare feet in the dirty water running in the gutter. We commend her reflections on this point, in the full blaze of her triumph, to those who make success in society and pleasure the business of their lives. They prove that, if her better nature sometimes slumbered, it was not dead, and that she was born for better things. Her soul felt itself an exile in her richly furnished and tastefully decorated apartments, and in the brilliant, titled, fashionable company and high court officials who frequented them. No better refutation is needed of Professor Tyndall's Epicurean materialism. The soul cannot live on husks with the swine, or thrive without spiritual food.

We have said Mrs. Eckel's young daughter, to whom she had vowed on her birth to prove herself a good mother, was her good angel. We shall show it as we proceed. In the midst of her most brilliant successes in Paris, and at the imperial court, she was obliged by business affairs to make a temporary visit to her native city; but she did not wish to take her little daughter with her, then about two years and a half old, especially as her nurse could not be induced to cross the ocean. So, after much hesitation and consultation, she resolves to leave her in charge of the good Marianite Sisters, who have a house of education at St. Mandé. The superior-ess was reluctant to receive the child,—she was so young,—and at first refused; but the little one found her way to the *bonne mère's* lap, and won her heart with her caresses, and her consent. When the mother returned she sent for her little Geneviève, who had previously been baptized, meaning to keep her with her. But the child was unhappy, and cried to go back to the *bonne mère*, as she called the superioress of the convent of St. Mandé, and could not be persuaded to stay with her mother. So, as the child would not stay with her,

she resolved to go and stay with her child in the convent, or rather in apartments in an old château within the convent grounds, and belonging to the convent. It is from her retirement to these apartments that we date her convalescence. She is still an infidel, but as inconsistent as an infidel as she afterwards was for a long time as a Catholic. Her infidelity, and even her Catholicity, for years had a strange mixture of Methodism, with which she was familiar in her early years, though she detested it. Either was an impulse, an emotion, a sentiment, rather than an intellectual conviction. Even as an infidel, she prayed; but, as for some time after her conversion, her prayers were mercenary, and she expected an immediate reward.

But though not absolutely withdrawn at the convent from the society of her friends, whose calls she was permitted to receive each day from two to five o'clock in the afternoon, yet she was withdrawn from the whirl and excitement of Parisian society, and had ample leisure for reflection, self-examination, and especially for pursuing her historical and other studies under the Sisters who volunteer to be her teachers, and who prove to be competent, and more than competent. They were in fact very superior women, rich in their natural endowments, highly cultivated, and well-informed. They hardly know what to make of their boarder, so unlike any other woman they have ever known, so learned on some points, and so ignorant on others; but they are interested in her, treat her with great kindness and respect, and seek, unobtrusively, her spiritual welfare, though they make no apparent efforts for her conversion. She becomes very much attached to them, especially to a Spanish nun, Madame Xavier, who attended her, spent all the time with her she could, and gained no little influence over her. Madame Xavier was, as presented to us in these pages, a noble woman, a model religious, and a very holy person.

We make here an extract from the chapter headed, "Among the Nuns."

"When I arrived at the convent, my child, who had been watching for me the whole day, ran towards me, holding in her hand a nosegay of violets, which, she said, she had gathered for her little mamma. She called the Mother Superior *the good mother*, but me she always called *the little mamma*.

The Superior was in the château, waiting to receive me. By her side stood a young Spanish nun, to whom she introduced me. It was

Madame St. Xavier. After conversing for a few moments in her native tongue, we embraced; and then, turning to the Superior, she thanked her for having chosen her to be one of my teachers.

"Madame Xavier might have been in her twenty-seventh year. She was about the medium height, of slender and delicate mould, with a face that expressed all the sweetness and innocence of an angel, while it bespoke a firmness and a courage, which would have graced the brow of a hero.

"The convent bell rang, and the nuns left me. The garden appeared to me more lovely than ever, lighted up as it was by an August sunset. I began to run through it like a wild fawn, over the lawns and through the alleys, imagining, all the while, that I was talking to Laferrière. After rambling for an hour, I found myself once more near the garden-gate. By this time I was tired, and I took it into my head to cross the street and talk with the Mother Superior. But I found the massive door locked. I called in vain for some one to come and open it.

"As I had never yet known locks or bolts to prevent my doing anything I wanted to do, my first impulse was to try to climb over the wall. I stepped back a few paces to see what my chances were; but the wall appeared twice as high to me then as before, and the sight of its coping of broken glass made me recoil still more. I ran into the château. The thought struck me, that I should go into the basement and get out through a window. I found them all protected by a strong iron grating, that would hardly permit a cat to pass. I then went up stairs to the first floor, but found all the rooms, that faced on the street, locked. Then I remembered that it was one of the rules of the convent never to look out of a front window, and I congratulated myself upon having escaped a violation of rules, into which I would have thoughtlessly rushed. I hastened to my rooms, feeling thoroughly checkmated, and I began to realize that I was in a convent.

"In packing up my books, to come to the convent, I had put all the infidel writers into a little trunk by themselves. This trunk I hid in a closet. But Fénelon's works, and other, as I supposed, approved writers, I put out on the table. Among them were two little books which I had never read. One was called 'The Words of Jesus.' It was given to me, before I was married, by a lady friend. The other was called 'Evidences of Christianity.' It was given me by Mr. Elise Charlier, after the death of my husband. I had always intended to read 'Evidences of Christianity,' because Mr. Charlier, when he put it into my hands, had made me promise that I would read it. 'I am sure,' said he, 'that you cannot read that book without becoming a Christian.' I laughed, and told him that I would read the book to please him, but I was sure that no book would ever convert *me*. Nearly five years had passed, and I had never had the courage to open it. The very title set me against it. I put these two books on the table, on account of their respectable titles, and to make thus a good impression on the nuns.

"Ever since I had placed my child in a convent, and had determined to educate her in one, I had marked certain passages in Voltaire and Rousseau, which I intended to read to her when she would be older, believing that the reading of those passages would undo, in one day,

all that the nuns would have effected in years. I had brought these books with me as weapons of defence, in case the nuns should attack me. I felt that it was my duty not to bring confusion into their midst, unless they should choose to bring it down upon themselves; and that was my reason for keeping these books so well guarded.

"To my surprise, no one ever said a word to me about religion unless I introduced the subject myself; and even then they appeared rather disinclined to converse with me upon it. I saw that they were all happy and contented, and I soon became more curious to know their views than they seemed willing to tell me.

"The day after my arrival in the convent the Mother Superior introduced me to a religious, whose name was Madame Marie de St. Paul. She was a fine scholar, well versed in history and general literature. She seemed to me like a living encyclopædia. She was always ready to answer any question or give any date, no matter how remote or obscure the fact inquired about might be. Sometimes she would sit down and instruct me in history, much in the same way as one would relate a story to a child; to impress the events more vividly on my mind. At the same time she would delineate the striking traits of character of the personages in the events of which she spoke, and she would do it more graphically than any biographer I had ever read.

"My friends thronged to see me in my convent home. Laferrière, before he left for his château, drove out nearly every afternoon.

"I had more peace of mind than I had had since the night Laferrière told me that our marriage must be deferred until after his daughter's death. Yet I was not happy, and, at times, I was miserable. In spite of all I could do, I found it impossible to forget my cruel disappointment, and every time that the thought of it came to me, it would send an acute pain through my heart. . . ."

"I tried every means to attach my child to me; but, in spite of all my endeavors, she always preferred the Mother Superior to me. She would sit on the Mother's lap, and fall asleep with her head reclining on her bosom, while with me she never seemed to feel at ease.

"Sometimes, while sitting on my knee, she would put her hand on my heart, and say: 'Mamma, I wish you had Jesus there, then I would love to lie there.' She had repeated the same thing to me so often, that I one day asked Madame Xavier what she meant.

"Madame Xavier then explained to me the real presence of our Lord in the Eucharist; and she told me, that it was that bread of life, which they received at the altar, that gave them strength to remain true to their vocation.

"'It is simply your faith,' said I, 'that makes the bread and wine become for you the body and blood of Christ.' 'Ah, no,' she replied; 'for our Lord said: "*This is my body; and this is my blood.*" It is not a receiving of mere symbols of our Lord, but this most intimate personal union with him, that gives us strength to overcome our natural inclinations, to leave all and follow him, and to be ready to die for him, as the martyrs have done. No, it is our Lord, whether I choose to believe it or not.'

"Said I: 'If I should receive it, would it be just as much the Lord to me, as if I were a Christian?'

"'It would be the body and blood of our Lord to you,' she answered; 'but you would not receive the spiritual benefit unless you

were rendered worthy to receive him by the virtues of Faith and Charity. The possession of the latter virtue necessarily implies the cleansing of the heart from sin. And if we receive our Lord unworthily, we receive him, as the Apostle tells us, to our own damnation.'

" 'What is sin?' I asked. She replied: 'Sin comprehends an infinity of evils, which I could never enumerate; yet it may be summed up in the statement, that it is a violation of that law which requires that we should believe God, and love him for his own sake, and love our neighbor for God's sake. And, therefore, when we injure our neighbor, when we nourish hatred in our hearts against him, when we refuse to forgive those who injure us, and when we feel envious of those whom it has pleased God to favor more than our selves, whether temporally or spiritually, then do we sin also against God.'

" 'Well,' I insisted, 'I love my neighbor; I hate no one, I forgive everybody, I am not envious. Why should I not eat of this bread?'

" 'I would that you could,' she said, 'for I can never be happy until you do. But you must love your neighbor for God's sake, and must first believe, and love our Lord, before you can receive him worthily.'

" 'But,' said I, 'I cannot believe.' She firmly replied: '*You will believe*;' and then, as if recollecting herself, she started to leave me. I tried to detain her, and begged her to continue to talk with me. 'No,' she replied, 'I must go to the chapel and pray.' I implored her to remain with me a little longer, and reproached her for not loving me enough to make such a trifling sacrifice. 'You force me to betray to you my secret,' she replied: 'I love you more than you can ever know, and I promised our Lord that I would make the Way of the Cross every day for your conversion, until you are converted; for I must have your soul:—I want it to offer to our Lord.'

" I accompanied her to the chapel, and sat down in a corner to wait for her, expecting that she would hurry, knowing my impatience.

" I had not the slightest idea of what Madame Xavier meant by 'making the Way of the Cross;' and when I saw her go and kneel before a picture, and remain there for a few minutes, with her body almost prostrate on the floor, and then repeat the same thing before each one of thirteen similar pictures distributed around the walls of the chapel, I took such compassion on her, that I began to pray for her; but when the thought struck me, that she was doing all this for me, I was in agony.

" When she had finished, she came to me, her face radiant with smiles, although I could see that she had been weeping. This was too much for me, and as soon as we left the chapel, I said to her: 'I will never forgive you if you repeat this thing. For what effect can it have upon me, that you should go every day and remain with your body bent to the ground for an hour before those paintings, no matter what they represent? I pitied you so, that it was as much as I could do to keep from snatching you off the floor.' My ignorance of the Catholic forms of worship amused her so much that she sat down on the grass and began to laugh like a child.

" 'Well, what must you think of us all here?' she exclaimed. Said I: 'I am sure that you are all good; but I am not so sure that you

are all in your right minds.' She told me that she had performed the same devotion every day since I had been among them, and she would continue it until I was converted. Said I: 'It is impossible to make me believe; and you are afflicting both of us for nothing.' She replied: 'I do not blame you for not believing; for how can you believe in what you know nothing about? I know you cannot help your unbelief; therefore I am imploring our Lord to do for you what you cannot do for yourself.'

"She then explained to me that when she made the Way of the Cross, she did so to unite herself with the sufferings of our Lord on his way to Calvary." pp. 180-187.

Yet as little as Madame Eckel believed it at the time, no Catholic can doubt that Madame Xavier's prayers and works of mortification had, though performed in secret, a powerful influence in obtaining her conversion of our Lord. Protestants profess to believe in the efficacy of prayer, but they understand nothing of the vicarious efficacy of voluntary suffering, as they understand nothing of the mediatorial system of divine grace. Every one united to Christ as his Head can merit in Christ for himself and for others; can become a medium, by prayer, penance, voluntary suffering, of obtaining the application of the grace of the Atonement to other souls. All who are joined to Christ as their living Head have, through his merits, the high privilege of being co-workers with him in the conversion and salvation of souls, and of sharing with him in the glory of his kingdom. Madame Xavier, in making the Stations of the Cross, acquired merits by virtue of her union, let us say, solidarity, with Christ; and the merits she acquired she could make over to another whose conversion she desired, as our Lord himself makes over his own merits to all who will accept them. St. Ignatius Loyola, standing in the water up to his neck during a frosty night to save a young man from a sin from which he had tried in vain to dissuade him, acted in the very spirit of the Gospel, and on the very principle on which prayer itself for others is efficacious,—that of the efficacy of vicarious suffering, or by which we are able to "bear one another's burdens."

Madame Xavier proceeds to explain the several Stations of the Way of the Cross, and does it in a very clear and attractive manner. Our space will not allow us to copy it. We, however, copy entire chapter forty-three, headed "General Rollin's 'Aunts:' A stumbling-block removed":—

"When we left the chapel, and had returned to the garden, I said to Madame Xavier: 'Some people call you idolaters for kneeling before these pictures.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'because they do not know our interior life: they only judge us from the exterior, as you did a little while ago. With us everything is interior, and therefore only interior minds can understand us.'

"That afternoon General Rollin drove out to see me. The general was a man over seventy years of age; he was adjutant-general of the palace, and occupied the first floor in the east wing of the Tuileries. He had always been a man of the world, and knew as little about his religion as many Catholics do. We were walking in the garden, when the thought struck me that I would ask him how it was possible for him to believe in a religion so contrary to reason. 'General,' I asked, 'are you a Roman Catholic?' He looked at me with astonishment, as if to see if I intended to insult him, and then, knitting his eyebrows, he asked me: 'What do you take me to be? do you think I am a Huguenot?' Said I: 'General, I don't wish to offend you; but, when you see the priest raise the Host, do you really believe that Host to be the real body of Christ?'

"He withdrew his arm from mine, struck his cane firmly to the earth, frowned more deeply, and then, in a most indignant tone, asked me: '*Did these women teach you that?*' 'Yes, they did; but, of course, I could not believe it.' 'Well,' said he, 'you did well; but you ought to leave this place, or they will make a fool of you. I never wanted you to put your foot here, and I told Laferrière to prevent it if he could; for I know the nuns. Why, do you know that I was actually bred among them? I had three aunts, all professed nuns. Two of them were abbesses, and the other was procuratress. I tell you that I got enough of them in my youth to last me the rest of my days. They are crazy themselves, and they bewitch everybody who comes within shooting distance of them. I once fell in love with a beautiful girl; she was as sweet as a flower, and she took it into her head to go into one of these places for a week before she would decide to have me. I was fool enough to consent to it, and, *mon Dieu!* that was the last I ever saw of her. It has given me an anti-cloister fever that I shall never get rid of. Besides, my mother used to make me go to one or the other of these old aunts to be taught the catechism, and it was the ugliest of the three that prepared me for my first communion. I have been through many a hard-fought battle, and would willingly go through them all over again, sooner than be obliged to submit to the drillings that she used to put me through.'

"Said I: 'General, speaking of your aunt reminds me of the old woman who brought me up.' 'Why,' said the general, 'did she teach you the catechism?' 'She tried to,' said I; 'and she succeeded about as well with me as your old aunt, the abbess, seems to have done with you. But I think that you and I resemble each other in this respect, that neither of us is piously inclined.'

"'Oh, my dear madame,' he replied, 'don't trust to that disposition for protection. If you wish to escape the influence of these women, you must clear right out; otherwise they will have you, and, if they once get you, that is the last of you.' 'They have actually set me thinking,' I rejoined, 'and I ask myself: "Are they crazy or am I?"'

"'Oh,' said he, 'I see they are getting the best of you; and I tell you to beware of that Spanish nun. She is one of the worst kind. I can see in her eye that she is bound to have you: she will stick to you night and day until she gets you. And you ought to know that she is personally interested, for it would be considered a great triumph here if she could wrest a lady like yourself from the claws of the devil. That is just the view these women take of it. To hear my old aunts go on, you would think that a man was only born to die.' 'Well,' said I, 'by the rate at which our friends are dying off, it looks very much like it.' 'Ah!' said he, 'is it not dreadful? There are my daughter, my son-in-law, poor Bassano's daughter, and then Tascher's daughter, too, and now the duke's wife, all gone! I tell you there is a fatality that seems to hang over the east wing of that palace.'

"The old general wiped away his tears, and then continued: 'It is the least that a man can do, to try to console himself by making use of the good things in this life, without becoming a voluntary martyr.' 'But,' said I, 'you are surfeited with the good things of this life, and yet they do not seem to console you.' 'I would like to know,' he replied, 'what there is on earth that can replace or console us for the loss of those that we love?'

"The nuns say,' I answered, 'that they replace them with the hope that they will soon meet again, and they console themselves by still rendering them services by their prayers and their good works.' The old general wiped his eyes, heaved a deep sigh, and said to me, in a most despairing tone: 'My dear lady, *they have got you*;' for when you said that, it sounded just like one of them!'

"The next day I was strolling in the garden by myself, thinking I was all alone, when I entered a rustic bower. It was canopied by a densely-leaved sycamore tree. To my surprise I found Madame Xavier there. In her hands she held her rosary, and by her side lay a delicate little nosegay. It was entirely composed of violets of different shades, which she had so arranged, that the letter *J* could be distinctly seen in the centre. The perfume of the violets, which scented the air, seemed to pervade my whole being, the same as the incense that would rise from their altars, while the chapel resounded to the hymn sung by infant voices to glorify the Sacred Host, which they all adored. I could not help saying to her: 'Dearest, I feel that it is good for me to be here, and that no other hand but the hand of God has led me here.' She replied: 'I knew that our Lord led you to me, the instant I saw you;' and she took the flowers and fastened them in my belt just beneath my heart, and began to speak to me of the Saviour's love.

"While she was speaking I was carelessly toying with the beads which hung from her girdle. I asked her what was the meaning of mumbling over the beads, remarking that I did not believe any good could result from such a silly practice. She told me that the Rosary, which is divided into three parts, each of which is called a chaplet, is a pious exercise introduced into the Church by St. Dominic in the thirteenth century. But tradition shows that the practice of using beads to count one's prayers was of a much earlier period; for the virgin martyrs used to ornament their hair before going to death with a crown composed of coral beads, which served to count the prayers

that their pious hearts offered to God, before the time came for them to give themselves up for sacrifice. She then gave me a very interesting description of the simplicity and beauty of the devotion of the Rosary. 'This pious practice is,' she said, 'nothing more or less than repetitions of the prayer which God himself has taught, and that other prayer, in which we repeat the address of God's angel to Mary, and ask her to use her powerful influence with her beloved Son. Associated with these repetitions of divine prayers, are meditations on the most prominent mysteries in the work of man's redemption. It is the simplest of all our devotions,' she continued; 'so much so, that dissenters have often reproached us for our use of it; because they find the form monotonous, being a continual repetition of the same prayer, and they pretend that it should be the exclusive portion of the poor and the ignorant. But we find, in this pious exercise of reciting the chaplet, a mysterious unction, a true consolation, and a charm, which is always new. We feel that there are striking contrasts enough, even in the house of God, between the rich and the poor, and that we ought to be happy to have God see us before his altar by the side of his poor, with an humble chaplet in our hands, repeating the same prayers with the same simplicity of faith.'

'She then named to me the fifteen mysteries of the Rosary:—'The first five are the Joyful Mysteries. On the first decade, we meditate on the Annunciation; and the fruit which we wish to gather from our prayers, is humility. We say one *Our Father* and ten *Hail Marys*.' 'Yes,' I interrupted; 'and so you pray ten times as much to the Virgin as you do to God.' 'How can you say that,' she replied, 'when I assure you that I am praying all the time to God, and am asking God to grant me the grace of humility? But one prayer I make directly to God, and, in the other ten, I beg the Blessed Virgin to assist me with her prayers; but I am praying to God all the time. The second Joyful Mystery is the Visitation, where the Blessed Virgin visits her cousin Elizabeth: then we ask for charity. The third is the Birth of our Lord: we ask for detachment. The fourth is the Purification: we ask for the grace of purity, and obedience to God's laws. The last, and fifth, of the Joyful Mysteries, is the Finding of the Child Jesus in the temple: then we ask to always search for Jesus Christ. Now,' said Madame Xavier, 'you see, we have said the chaplet through once. We begin it over again if we wish to meditate on the Sorrowful Mysteries. The first Sorrowful Mystery is the Agony of our Lord in the garden. When we meditate on that mystery, we ask our Lord to give us contrition for our sins. The second of the Sorrowful Mysteries is the Flagellation: we ask for the spirit of mortification. The third is the Crowning of our Lord with thorns: we ask for patience. The fourth is, where they place the cross on his sacred shoulders: we ask for resignation. And the fifth is the Crucifixion: we ask our Lord that we may be crucified to ourselves and only live in him.'

'Now we have finished the chaplet twice; and we recommence it again, to meditate on the Glorious Mysteries. The first is the Resurrection: we pray for faith. The second is the Ascension of our Lord: we pray God to give us a desire for heaven. The third Glorious Mystery is the Descent of the Holy Ghost: we pray God to grant us the gifts of the Holy Spirit.' I asked her what were the gifts of the

Holy Spirit. She replied: 'Wisdom, understanding, counsel, fortitude, knowledge, piety, and the fear of the Lord. The fourth Mystery is the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin: we ask to be united to the Mother of God. The fifth and last Mystery is the Crowning of the Blessed Virgin in heaven: we pray for perseverance.'

"I asked her what she meant by praying for a union with Mary. She replied that it was only congenial and sympathetic spirits that could unite and blend their hearts, souls, and minds into one. 'And,' she continued, 'as Mary was endowed with all the virtues, and was the great pattern of purity, humility, and charity, when we ask to be united with her we implore our Lord to make us like her: it is the same as asking him to make us perfect in his sight.'

"I inquired what did she mean by the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin? She replied that, according to a tradition everywhere received since the beginning of Christianity, the body of the Blessed Virgin never knew corruption: she arose some time after her death, and was raised up, both body and soul, into heaven, in the midst of a concert of angels. This belief has, as Bossuet remarks, a particular connection with the Incarnation of the eternal Word. For, if the divine Mary once received Jesus the Saviour, it was but just that the Saviour, in his turn, should receive the blessed Mary, and that, not having disdained to descend into her, he should afterwards elevate her to himself, that she might enter into his glory. Therefore we should not be surprised if the blessed Mary rises with so much splendor, or if she triumphs with so much pomp. Jesus, to whom the Blessed Virgin gave birth, gives back a new birth to her, from gratitude; and, as a God should always be more munificent than his creature, although he only received a mortal life, it is his place to give a glorious one in exchange for it. Thus these two mysteries are allied to each other; and, in order that there may be a still closer connection, the angels intervene in the one and the other, and rejoice with Mary, to see, in her elevation to heaven, the beautiful continuation of the mystery that they were sent from heaven to announce.

"When she had finished, she asked me, with an air of holy joy and triumph, where was the superstition in saying the Lord's Prayer, the Hail Mary, and meditating on the leading events in the life of Jesus Christ and his blessed mother? I told her that I wished she could explain away all my other prejudices as quickly and as thoroughly as she had the one I entertained but a moment before about the beads and the Rosary. 'Have patience,' she replied, 'and the Lord will finish his work in you. He led you here, and, believe me, he will not abandon you.'" pp. 195-200.

General Rollin, a distinguished character in the imperial court, had no doubt but he was a good Catholic, but he knew nothing of the religion he professed, had no sympathy with its spirit, and no suspicion that it requires, of any, renunciation of the world or of self. He held—as is the case with those generally who have of Catholicity only enough to be damned as bad Catholics, instead of being damned as infidels or heretics—monks and nuns, especially nuns, in great

horror. Many Catholics, who even love and practise their religion, entertain strong prejudices against the religious orders; but this proceeds from their utter ignorance of the principle of the religious life. They understand not its end or aim, and see not in it the highest Christian perfection to which the soul can attain this side of heaven. We have explained its principle, in explaining the principle on which Madame Xavier made the Stations of the Cross in order to obtain the conversion of a soul. The true religious seek to suffer, to be crucified with Christ, as he himself sought to suffer and to be crucified, that they may be united to him in his cross and passion, so that they may be united to him in his kingdom, and share in its glory. They would follow his example, be like him, be one with him, and merit in his merits. It is only through their ignorance of the principle of the religious life that we can excuse any Catholic for speaking or thinking lightly of monks and nuns: it seems to us like speaking or thinking lightly of the cross and passion of our Lord himself.

Madame Xavier had, no doubt, a great influence in disposing Mrs. Eckel favorably towards the Catholic Church. Mrs. Eckel had, even before becoming a boarder at the convent, consented to have her child baptized; but she herself thought herself an infidel, and able, with Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rousseau, and Gibbon, to put to silence any Christian believer. The nuns did not enter into any controversy with her. They did what was better: they set her a good example, prayed for her conversion, and brought, with her consent, a venerable and learned bishop to instruct her. We must here let the lady speak for herself:—

“During my residence at St. Mandé I was accustomed to attend Mass regularly every Sunday. Although I had no faith in the doctrine of the Real Presence, yet the solemn grandeur of the ceremonial, and the happiness and peace of mind plainly visible on the countenances of the nuns, produced an impression on my mind, and begot in it feelings of reverence and hope, and a hitherto unknown confidence in the goodness of God. One Sunday, Mass was celebrated by a strange priest.

“He was a tall old man, who looked worn out with age and hard labor. The expression of his face inspired veneration, while his whole attitude bespoke the most perfect humility.

“After Mass Madame Xavier and I took a stroll in the park of Vincennes. On entering the convent garden, which joined on the park, we met the Lady Superior, who introduced me to Bishop Semeria,

the venerable celebrant of the morning Mass. He was an Italian, who had resided for many years in the Indies as a missionary. He was the Bishop of Olympia, Vicar Apostolic of Jaffna in Ceylon, and was a member of the Society of Oblate Fathers.

"After the Rev. Superior introduced us, we exchanged a few words and then parted, never expecting to see each other again.

"The next morning I told the Rev. Mother that I would like to talk on religion with Monseigneur. She consented reluctantly, as she told me she was sure that, in all his travels, the bishop had never met with such a character as I was. She was certain that neither of us would be gratified. 'You remarked,' she said, 'his humble bearing; but you did not perceive those piercing eyes, so deeply hidden in their sockets.' 'Excuse me,' said I, 'I did notice them perfectly, and I am not afraid of them. I am in search of truth, and I know very well that a man with such a bearing, and with two such eyes in his head, is neither a fool nor a hypocrite. I want some one strong enough to master me. I cannot talk to the nuns; for I think it would be wrong to repel their instructions by using my infidel batteries. But that man can defend himself, which I am not so sure that any one of your religious could, if I set myself zealously to work to attack them. The truth is, I want to be convinced, but I don't think it is possible to convince me; and I cannot be convinced without telling my reasons for disbelieving, which I will not tell you or any of the religious.' 'I respect you the more for it,' she answered; 'for, although we all believe ourselves invulnerable and inaccessible to a doubt, I would not like the religious, nor would I wish myself to hear, the pernicious teachings of infidels, the sworn enemies of our Lord. You are right, my child, never to let us hear them; for, like poisoned arrows, they are dangerous even to play with. I will make known your wishes to Monseigneur Smeria. If he will consent to give you religious instructions, you must consider it a very great favor, because his health is feeble, and his mind and body require repose.'

"The following day the Superior brought the bishop to the château. The moment he entered the room I felt the ascendancy of a lofty and cultivated intellect, tempered by an humble but impassioned soul.

"His manners were grave but perfectly simple, divested alike of familiarity or reserve.

"We had hardly sat down and opened the conversation before I became embarrassed; for he was a *good listener*, the first one I had met on the continent. His silence at last became so provokingly annoying, that I stopped suddenly short and begged him to speak. 'No,' said he very gently: 'I have come here to try to convert you, you are not going to convert me.' 'But, *mon Dieu!* Monseigneur,' I exclaimed, 'how do you expect to convert me unless you speak to me?' 'Gently, gently, my child,' he replied, 'before I try to sow any seed I want you to permit me to examine the soil.' He begged me to continue. I said that I would give worlds to believe that the Roman Catholic religion was true, but I knew that I never could believe it, because it was so contrary to reason and common-sense. 'Please,' said he, 'tell me what you know about the Catholic religion.' Said I, 'I know nothing in its favor; but I know everything against it.' 'You are like the majority of mankind,' he replied.

"I then quoted passages from Voltaire and Rousseau, and, to my surprise, he did not attempt to refute them. I tried to draw him into an argument; but he persistently avoided it. After I had dwelt on the writings of Voltaire, and the sayings of Jean Jacques, he cast upon me a very significant glance, and mildly asked me how I admired the lives of these two men, and if I were a man, would I like to live and die as they had lived and died, and as a woman, if I would like to have had Voltaire for my husband, or Rousseau for my father. I reflected for a moment, when my admiration for my two favorite philosophers was instantly changed into horror, and I wondered that the facts had never struck me before. 'Monseigneur,' I exclaimed, 'don't let us speak of them any more; for I am one of the most jealous women on the face of the earth, and Voltaire would have driven me mad. Why, he used to change his lady-loves as often as he did his religion.'

"The bishop was unprepared for this outburst, and, in spite of his gravity, he smiled. 'Rousseau,' said I, 'the heartless monster! the brute! Why, he put his five children into the Foundling Asylum as soon as they were born, and that was the last he ever heard of them.' This fact, for the first time, struck a sensitive chord in my heart, and I buried my face in my hands to conceal my emotions, as I thought of all that I had suffered for having been called an illegitimate child. I thought of the miserable existence of these five innocent beings, born under the ban of society, and under the disgrace which is naturally attached to the violation of her laws, remaining all their lives with the stigma of such an origin, wandering and proscribed, to languish in humiliation and vice. Said I: 'I hate Rousseau this moment more than you can ever know.'

"'If you can hate both these men, then you have suffered.'

"'Suffered!' I repeated after him: 'I have been bred upon suffering. I have hardly ever known anything else; and this moment I would sooner die than to have such a husband as Voltaire, or such a father as Rousseau.' 'You are right,' said the bishop. 'It is just as impossible for a bad tree to produce good fruit, as it is for a bad man to write good works. These two writers are the most to be dreaded and feared, because they are witty and subtle. Their style is brilliant and fascinating, and without the assistance of supernatural light, they would seduce the saints themselves; but it has only been the proud that their works have ever corrupted, for God always has a watchful eye over the humble, and he will not permit them to be led astray. There is Fénelon—why have you not read his works?' 'Oh!' said I, 'I know them by heart, and I love Fénelon; but I have often wondered how such an intelligent man could have been a Catholic.' 'It was just because he was intelligent,' said the bishop, 'and his intellect was guided by profound wisdom, that he was one.' I then asked him how was it possible to disbelieve Renan? 'The only time,' said I, 'I ever wept over the sufferings of Jesus was when I read Renan's life of him.' 'Renan,' said he, 'has made a simple mockery of Christ for sensitive women to weep over. It requires very little intelligence to see how this pantheistic novelist, by his sentimental phrases, ridicules Christ and everybody else. But,' he asked, 'who taught you to understand the passion of Christ?' 'I tried to teach myself,' said I, 'and I never was moved half so much

by reading the Testament as I was by reading Renan.' 'Well,' he replied, "if you had no one to teach you, it is no wonder that you did not understand it, and were not moved by it. If I remain in Paris long enough I will devote a whole day to reading it and explaining it to you, that you may at least understand thoroughly that most important part in the plan of man's redemption. You must not expect me to be as sentimental as Monsieur Renan. If I teach you the passion of Christ, I shall teach it to you according to the Catholic Church, as all her children are taught to understand the arrest, the trial, and the crucifixion of their Saviour."

"But," said I, "there is another evidence against your Church. I have known the spirits themselves to declare that Catholicity is a lie. I believe in spiritualism; for I have seen it tested, and I know it to be a fact that some invisible and intelligent agency communicates with the visible world." Said he: "That is the devil." "Oh," said I, "I know very well that you Catholics try to put the thing down by calling it the devil; but I don't believe that it is the devil." "Well," said he, "I know that it is the devil, for I caught him at it myself." "What," said I, "such a man as you have anything to do with spiritualism?" "Why not," he answered, "as well as any one else?" "Because," said I, "I have very seldom met serious-minded men at these circles." "Well," said he, "I have; but I never saw a well-balanced mind whose convictions were shaken by them. I have given spiritualism a fair test, and I pronounce it nothing more or less than the machinations of the devil." After a pause he continued: "You have read the Life of Jesus, by Renan; did you ever read the life of Satan, by Jesus?" "No," I answered, and I looked at him to see if he was serious. "Well," said he, "I have. It is very short, and is summed up in very few words; for Jesus said that the devil was a liar, and the father of lies. Now, tell me, do you believe our Lord spoke the truth when he called the devil a liar?" "Ah," said I, "everybody knows that the devil was a liar from the beginning." "Yes," continued the bishop, "he was not only a liar from the beginning, but he is now, and ever will be. Knowing the character of the devil so well, I discovered that spiritualism was one of his powerful agencies in this century. He has tried it before. Read Josephus," (and I think he told me that there were passages in the Bible that referred to these manifestations). "He has tried it in different ages; but he never succeeded so well as he has in the nineteenth century, for the reason that the morality of the masses has never reached a lower ebb. Satan always triumphs on the ruins of morals. I attended frequent *séances*, and I discovered that the spirits would make predictions that never came true; that what one circle would affirm another circle would contradict; that they inculcated the dissolubility of the marriage vow, free love, suicide, repudiated every tie, both social and divine, and attacked the very fundamental principles of every well-regulated society. They called our Lord a liar, for they deny his divinity, and they denounce his Church. Setting aside our Lord and his Church, I found that they lied about trivial things; therefore how can they be relied upon and believed in preference to our Lord Jesus Christ?"

"There can be no doubt that spiritualistic manifestations are the work of some supernatural agency. Now the only supernatural

intelligences which can understand or reply to questions are God and his angels, and Lucifer and his imps of hell. I will not insult your intelligence by supposing for a moment that an infinitely wise and good God would hold himself at the beck and bidding of every medium, or permit his angels to reveal to them the secrets of the past or the mysteries of the future. The only supernatural intelligence, then, which can be present at *séances* and make dupes of the proselytes of spiritualism, is the devil, or some of his demoniac fellows. The spirits who commune with spiritualists can never tell the truth except to serve some bad end.

“Spiritualism allures men's souls to destruction, by first flattering their sensuality and giving free scope to their passions and appetites. At times it assumes the garb of morality. By occasionally retailing out righteous truths and sentimental sayings, it leads numberless souls astray. The devil first gains men's confidence, the same as he did mother Eve's, and then their fall is easy, almost certain. How can you, an apparently intelligent woman, risk the salvation of your soul, by pinning your faith to any revelation coming from a source which teaches disunion, discord, disobedience to God's laws, which is in constant contradiction with itself, never to be relied upon, which has never produced any good result, but whose adherents become morally and physically enervated and depraved? Yet how many there are, besides yourself, who would sooner go to seek truth and light in such a maze of contradictions than in Christ's Church, where alone can be found that universal faith, which is all truth, all life, all light, all union! This Church was given to us by God, and he did not give it to us to deceive us. Its divine Founder gave it a doctrine which gathers together in one common fold, and in a most admirable union, all souls and hearts who adhere to its creed, adapted, as it is, to all ages, all peoples, and all degrees of civilization. Yet how many thousands of souls there are besides yourself, who close their ear to its teachings, while they are willing to listen with attention to every vain sophistry concocted by Satan and his followers.”

“I told the bishop what had occurred on the day I had promised God that I would believe that Christ was his Son, if he would take away the pain from my heart, the extraordinary light which I had received, and how changed I was; for I went at once and confessed to the Rev. Mother faults which my pride would not have permitted me to mention a few moments before.

“‘The grace of God,’ he remarked, ‘makes us humble; it is only our own nature and the devil which puffs us up with pride. God granted you an extraordinary grace, my child, and believe me that God alone will be your Master; for your mind is so warped and so distorted by bad associations and bad literature, that God alone will ever be able to straighten it. It would take a skilful psychologist at least ten years to undo your bad education; and I have not the time, for I must attend to the duties which brought me here.’

“‘But,’ said I, ‘you will teach me something, will you not, before you go?’

“‘I can teach you,’ he observed, ‘but I never could convince you of anything, unless God himself would come and verify it for me, as he did when he gave you that extraordinary light.’

"Said I: 'I never could believe that it was necessary for a person to profess any religion in order to be saved. I believe in moral independence, and that if a man lives up to the dictates of his conscience, he is just as pleasing to God as those who are always going to church.' 'Moral independence, my child,' replied the bishop, 'is nothing more or less than practical atheism.' Said I: 'I beg your Lordship's pardon, but that is not true; for one can be morally independent, and yet believe in God.' 'No,' said the bishop, 'those who call themselves moral independents make use of God's name, but they discard God entirely; for they chase him from their hearts, they try to drive him from their consciences, and they would exclude him from everything and put themselves in his place, if they could. What else is it but renouncing God to declare morality independent of him? For, by separating morality from God, we separate it from its root, which is God. If there is a God, he is our Creator; and if he is our Creator, he is our Supreme Legislātor; and if he is our Supreme Legislator, he is our Supreme Judge: GOD IS THAT, OR HE IS NOTHING AT ALL.

"After you have done right, where do you find your sanction, and where do you seek for satisfaction?' Said I: 'I seek it, and I find it, in my self-respect.' 'Therefore, you make your own self your judge and your God. I am not surprised, for, in doing so, you are but practising the teachings of one of your favorite masters, Mons. Renan, who, after denying the Divine Son, was soon obliged to set aside God the Father; for he says that he does not believe that there is in the universe a superior intelligence to man. But one of his collaborators, who was not quite as far advanced as himself, was slightly scandalized by such an assertion, and he answered him: "My dear friend, we ought to call things by their name. If there is no being in the universe superior to man, there is no God: I mean there is *no other God besides man*." There is just where your moral independent system leads to, and I now repeat that no one can be morally independent without being a practical atheist.' Said I: 'I have met many men who did not profess any religion, and I have found them more honorable and virtuous than I have half of the men I know who were canting scripture to me from morning until night.' 'Well,' said he, 'when you meet any more of these upright men, without Faith and without Hope, say to yourself that these men are better than their principles; and when you meet bad men who profess to be Christians, believe me that their principles are better than they are. Christ commanded us to profess his holy name, and what Christ commanded us to do is what God commands us. The Christian religion is not a mere matter of opinion. Religion commands; it obliges man; and that man who recognizes no higher law than that which he finds within himself, what guarantee have you that, when he is tempted, he will not fall? Remember, I am comparing the moral practical atheist with the practical Christian.' Said I: 'I would trust one as far as I would the other.'

"I would not,' answered the bishop, 'and my long experience has often proved to me that I am right; for the Christian carries within his soul a law which God has placed there, and he recognizes its author, and does not pretend that that law is independent of God. The moral independent, on the contrary, who recognizes no higher law

than his own sense of right and wrong, and seeks no higher satisfaction than his own self-respect, what has he to protect him against the two great enemies of all morality, our interests and our passions? Do you suppose that the voice of duty, which becomes so cold and cheerless when it separates itself from God, is going to have sufficient control over him to make him resist the alluring voice of interest and passion? No, my child, that control cannot be maintained, unless there is over man, over his interests, and his passions, an authority which commands the sacrifice. But let me explain to you the consequences of the system you propose to follow, that each man shall create his own moral law, and be his own judge. All distinction then between good and evil would cease; for morality would become as variable as the character of each individual. We would soon see the criminals when brought to justice, making their defence by defining their own sense of right and wrong, and trying to convert the judges to their code of morality. The criminal would have just as much right to honorably discharge himself as the judge would have to condemn him. We must not arrogate to ourselves what we will not permit in others. Morality founded on such a system, having no centre of unity, would degenerate into an infinity of divisions, discords, and implacable hates. God intends all of us to be subjected to one law, which is immutable and absolute; and that law can only be found, in its perfection and completeness, in the doctrines of the Catholic Church.' " pp. 237-244.

The bishop, in his remarks on spiritism, written, very improperly, *spiritualism*, which is a term appropriated to designate the system of philosophy that stands opposed to materialism, says: "There can be no doubt that spiritualistic (spiritistic) manifestations are the work of some supernatural agency." Substitute the word *superhuman* for *supernatural*, and we accept the statement and agree with the bishop. No creature, no created intelligence, is supernatural; only God and his immediate acts are supernatural, if we speak strictly and understandingly. The bishop attributes, very truly, these spiritistic manifestations to Lucifer and his imps. We do the same. But Lucifer and his imps are creatures, and therefore their agency is not supernatural, but simply superhuman. Yet the authoress is not to be blamed for these inaccuracies of expression, for she only follows the general usage.

The bishop continues his instructions on several points of deepest interest and the greatest importance, especially on the Passion of our Lord, which we regret our limits do not allow us to present to our readers, but they can read it in the book. These instructions, among the best defences of the Catholic faith we are acquainted with, purport to be reproduced in the very words of the author. If so, it is a sur-

prising feat of memory ; if not so, it shows a still more surprising mastery of the arguments for our holy religion and grasp of its mysteries on the part of the authoress, as we know no work on the points treated from which she could have borrowed them. They are all fresh and vivid, and bear the stamp of originality. When the bishop was called away by other and pressing affairs which had brought him from his distant see in Ceylon to Paris, the instructions are ably continued by the Curé of St. Mandé, till at length she is baptized and received into the Church ; and the mother, as well as the little daughter, is now a Christian, and she receives the congratulations of her Catholic friends.

By the work of conversion new life is born, but is not perfected. She has given her woman's head to God, but not her woman's heart. Satan is loath to give up his hold on her. Very little change is observable in her disposition ; her ambition is hardly lessened, and her attachment to the world, its pomps, and its vanities, is hardly weakened. She prays, indeed prays constantly, but her prayers indicate very little spirituality, are mostly for temporal favors, rarely for grace to advance in the spiritual life, and are, as we have said, mostly mercenary :—"I have been good to-day ; now, Lord, give me my wages." What strikes us in the early stages of her Catholic life—which, by the by, was very little Catholic—was the absence of disinterestedness, of the love and service of God for his own sake, or from a sense of duty. Till after, and some time after, she left Paris, she has a sort of Methodist devotion, which is mainly emotional, dreams dreams, sees visions, and practises divinations. If one director scolds her or crosses her wishes, she changes him for another ; and we utterly despair of her till she falls under the direction of a good Jesuit, Father Bazin. She would be surprised herself if she could see how much the forms of her devotions were influenced for some years by her early Methodist associations. We have a sister some years older than we are, who is a Methodist saint, nay, she has attained to perfection, and has not committed a sin for forty years. She is superstitious as all Methodists are, sees visions, has wonderful dreams, and is always, by *sortes biblicanæ* and other modes of divination, trying to divine the future. She is great in prayer, but always expects an immediate answer in the temporal order to her prayers. We probably attach less importance to Mrs.

Eckel's visions, dreams, divinations, superstitions, or inward suggestions, and place less confidence in them than she does herself, and less than we should if we had not been familiar with similar things in our youth amongst the Methodists, whose religion is a compound of animal excitement and satanic illusions, perhaps we should say, satanic delusions.

We do not say that Mrs. Eckel has been misled by her visions and inward voices, nor would we say that she has not been, at least in some things. She had long been in the habit of consulting fortune-tellers, spirit-mediums, etc., as is usual with persons of no faith, or only weak and imperfect faith, and of impressible natures, and yet subject to no authorized spiritual direction. She seems not to have known at first that she could not as a Catholic continue any of these practices. So she continued the *sortes biblicanæ*, and allowed herself to be guided by what seemed to her to be indicated by the passage of Scripture, to which she opens. Some of the passages opened, which she sets down, are very remarkable, and give very explicit answers to the question or questions she had in her mind. At first she refused or neglected to discontinue the practice at the command of her directors, but at last, before we get to the end of her autobiography, she gives it up, and is content to leave the future to unfold itself, and to learn her duty through the ordinary means appointed by Divine Providence.

Yet it must not be supposed that there are no interior illuminations of the soul by the Holy Spirit, or that God never indicates his will interiorly, or by an interior voice which the soul hears, if she listens, in herself. The fact is undeniable, and it is one of the chief means of the growth of the soul in holiness, and of her advance in the science of spiritual life. But, as the evil spirit may also make inward suggestions, and, the better to deceive and ruin the soul, make suggestions which appear to be good and holy, and are so, only mistimed, misplaced, or to be carried out by improper means, some test by which to try the spirits, and determine which is the spirit of God, and which is the spirit of error, is therefore indispensable. The beloved Apostle John gives us two tests: the one, a doctrinal test, the other, the test of communion:—"Dearly beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God; because

many false prophets are gone out into the world. By this is the spirit of God known: every spirit that confesseth Jesus Christ to have come in the flesh is of God; and every spirit that dissolveth Jesus, is not of God; and this is Antichrist of whom ye have heard, that he cometh, and he is now already in the world. . . . We, (the apostles,) are of God. He that knoweth God, heareth us; he that is not of God, heareth not us. By this know we the spirit of truth and the spirit of error:" I John, iv, 1, 2, 3, 6. We have detected nothing that cannot abide the doctrinal test, or that is heterodox. The test of communion demands not only union with the Apostolic or Catholic Church, but strict obedience and filial submission to her authority. The interior operations of the spirit, if the spirit of God, can never be in opposition to the external authority of the Church, for the kingdom of God cannot be divided against itself. These interior operations, inspirations, suggestions, if from God, must all tend to unity; for, whether in the individual soul or in the Church, the Holy Ghost is one and the same Divine Person, one and the same Spirit of Truth, and necessarily operates, however diversely, *ad unitatem*. Yet is it hardly prudent for any one to act in any matter of serious importance on the interior inspiration without the advice and approbation of one's director, or an experienced master of spiritual life, and never in opposition thereto. How far the subject of this autobiography is able to abide this second test, that of filial submission to apostolic authority, it is for her directors, not for us, to say. That she found it, as most converts do, a hard struggle to practise entire submission, is very certain; and equally certain is it that she was disposed to place more confidence in her interior voices, and what she regarded as the private revelations of God in answer to earnest prayer to her own soul, than in the advice of her spiritual director; but we do not find that she ever persisted in acting in direct disobedience to his positive orders.

The hardest thing, we apprehend, for converts from Protestantism to acquire, is the virtue of obedience: a virtue which we have never acquired, for it came naturally to us; and our unreserved obedience to lawful authority has never had any merit. To obey where obedience is due and formally demanded, has never cost us a moment's effort; and we have never experienced any of that interior struggle between

authority and our own will or private conviction, which we have remarked in others: and hence we conclude that we were born to follow, not to lead; to obey, not to command. Authority may not always be in the right; the most eminent and experienced spiritual directors may make mistakes, but, so long as nothing sinful is commanded, obedience is a duty, and will not miss its reward. We will not say that Mrs. Eckel did not receive interior revelations in answer to her earnest prayers for light, or that she was not led by the spirit of God. And although some of the means she resorted to, in order to ascertain the divine will, were evidently such as the devil uses to deceive souls to their ruin; yet God can force Satan, who is a liar from the beginning and the father of lies, to tell the truth, as he compelled the devil's prophet, Balaam, called to curse the children of Israel, to bless them; or, considering her imperfect religious instruction and her evident sincerity, God may have manifested his will through unusual channels, and by means which, had she been better instructed in the spiritual life, would not have been used or tolerated. Our good God does not exact perfection of those who are just entering the religious life; he condescends to their weakness, excuses in them many things in consideration of the habits of their previous life, and makes even their errors the means of training them to his will, and of fulfilling his gracious purpose in their regard. As a rule, we distrust the visions, etc., of persons just converted, and only half converted, and almost total strangers to the spiritual life; and if we do not distrust in the present case, it is because we find the convert persevering, and gradually casting off the old man, and putting on the new man, and becoming more and more sober, less and less impulsive, more truly spiritual, and conformed to the *order* of the Christian life. She seems to give proofs in the last years that she has really been led by the Holy Spirit, and to have been specially called of God to perform a great and good work for his glory and the good of souls.

Before her conversion, in the early period of her residence at Paris, Mrs. Eckel visited the Church of St. Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris, and to whom the Parisians have a very great devotion. She saw there a great number of votive offerings of various kinds and value, and was told that they were in acknowledgment of favors obtained by

the shepherdess saint for her suppliants in answer to their petitions. Still an infidel, but not unlike most infidels, with a strong dash of superstition, she thought she would test the ability of the saint. She preferred three petitions, such as her ambition and devotion to the world naturally dictated, and promised St. Genevieve, in case she would grant them, she would make her an offering greater than any of those which she saw presented. Time went on, and she obtained all, or believed herself in the way of obtaining all she had bargained for; and grown weary of the world, and become a member of the Church, she remembered that she had not redeemed her promise to the saint. The thought came to her mind, God told her, she believed, to return to her native country, and build a church to be dedicated to his service under the patronage of St. Geneviève. All her friends in Paris did their best to dissuade her from it, but without success. She would build it near her early home in Amenia, Dutchess County, and in the Diocese of New York; but not very well pleased with the priest at Amenia, she actually built it a few rods over the line between New York State and the State of Connecticut, in the town of Sharon, and Diocese of Hartford. Nothing could prevent her from executing what she held firmly to be the command of God. In no case she mentions should we be more disposed to regard her as mistaking an illusion of her own fancy for an express command from God, or of her being misled by her Biblical divinations, than in this matter of building this church of St. Geneviève. There was, at present at least, no need of a church in that place; the ecclesiastical authority did not encourage the undertaking, and she had exhausted the greater part of her means before she could commence it. Yet who knows that she was not right, or of what that beautiful gem of a Church in the highlands of Dutchess County may not yet become the nucleus? Certainly not we.

She persevered in spite of every difficulty, overcame every obstacle, even that grave obstacle, the want of funds, till the church was completed, and good Fr. Bapst had celebrated Mass on its altar, and she had redeemed her promise to St. Geneviève. By an arrangement made with the Bishop of Hartford, the church is placed within the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of New York, who will probably accept it the moment she consents to its being held as

all Church property is held in the State of New York, and appoint a priest to serve at the altar, when, we presume, a large Catholic congregation will very soon fill it. Perhaps a religious community may be established on those hills, and it become their chapel, when all doubts as to its being the Lord's work will be dispelled.

Mrs. Eckel counts, and we think rightly counts, much on this book, which is more than an autobiography. It is, indeed, a full-length sketch of a most remarkable woman, who has run a remarkable career, seen life in all its phases, passed through all stages of society from the wretched tenement of poverty and want up to the gilded saloons of wealth, luxury, and fashion, and the charmed circles of the court, and is still young, hardly in the prime of woman's life. This could not have happened to any ordinary person; and she must have possessed extraordinary gifts, or she could never, by her own efforts, have opened to herself so brilliant a career, or sustained herself in it. She won and sustained herself in the high and enviable position she occupied in Paris, by the sheer force of her talent and character. She is well-educated, well-informed, accomplished, with a highly cultivated mind and tastes, and the simple and refined manners of a high-born and high-bred lady who has moved all her life in the highest social ranks. Her book proves it; and hundreds who have known her in Paris, and here since her return, can testify to it. We think it will be difficult to find an instance of another poor girl, without any adventitious aid or other helps than she had, that has been equally successful in elevating herself to the highest social circles, and to the familiar intercourse, on terms of friendship and equality, with noble ladies, the most exclusive in Paris, and still more noble by their virtues and unaffected piety than by their high birth or exalted rank.

Then her book bears on every page the stamp, not merely of eminent ability, but of rare genius. The work sparkles with wit and vivacity, and is marked by judicious observation, profound reflections, thrown off without effort, and with apparent unconsciousness. No novel is more entertaining; and the reader, having once taken it up, will hardly be able to lay it down before having read on to the end. As a mere literary production, it is not surpassed and is hardly equalled by any that has issued from the American press.

But the book has a far higher than simple literary merit, that of presenting one of the very best popular arguments for the Church we are acquainted with. Nothing can be better, clearer, more striking, or convincing to the general reader than its answer to the objections usually urged against Catholics and Catholicity, or than its expositions and explanations of the points of Catholic doctrine or Catholic practice usually objected to. No work could be better fitted, we say not, to make converts, for converts are made only by the grace of God; but to remove prejudices from the Protestant and unbelieving mind, and to enable non-Catholics to look candidly and impartially at the claims of the Church. It is all the better fitted to do this, because nothing of the sort is aimed at; and whatever influence on the reader in this direction it may exert, is indirect, incidental, and not contemplated. The book is in no sense controversial, but is a plain and luminous statement, by a gifted mind and charming writer, who had the misfortune to be brought up in a measure among Methodists whose cant and hypocrisy disgusted her with the very name of religion, and drove her to seek refuge in infidelity, of what had, the grace of God assisting, led her to the Church, and enabled her to find peace and rest for her wearied soul in the Catholic faith and communion. We have ourselves passed through a process similar to that through which she conducts her reader; and we can conscientiously recommend her book to the non-Catholic as well as to the Catholic reader.

We are particularly pleased with the later chapters of the autobiography, for they show that the authoress has finally given her whole heart to God, and is contented to live a life of faith and prayer, to give up self, and to live solely for the greater glory of God, in serving the poor, the ignorant, the neglected, the abandoned. She regards herself, we gather from her statements, as having received a vocation to a religious life, but not to affiliate herself to any existing religious order or community. Perhaps she is better fitted to be at the head of a community founded by herself, than to be a member of a community founded by others. Of this we cannot judge. Two objects she mentions as having in view, for which a community is desirable: the one, the instruction and rescue of our so-called "street Arabs," going swiftly to destruction, of whom there are said to be at least forty

thousand in this city, to say nothing of other cities,^t born of Catholic parents, and bearing the indelible mark of Catholic baptism; the other is, the forming of a community of trained nurses, who would devote themselves to the care of the sick in private families, whether rich or poor, as we believe do the Sisters of Charity in France, though not in this country. The object is a great and good one, but we are more interested in the first-named object, the "street Arabs."

We are told, we know not how truly, that these "street Arabs," as they are called, number over forty thousand in our city, born of Catholic parents. These recruit our criminal classes, and furnish our houses of refuge, houses of correction, jails, penitentiaries, and state-prisons, with a large proportion of their inmates. There is no question but the Catholic population of our city, which is less than one half of our whole population, furnishes very nearly, if not quite, two-thirds of the criminals convicted in our criminal and police courts. This would seem to indicate great fault on the part of parents and guardians, if not some neglect on the part of the reverend clergy, or would, if our clergy were not so few, and wholly inadequate in numbers to our wants. We cannot forbear, as it is, to say that it is a burning shame to our Catholic community that it suffers so large a number of baptized children with precious souls to grow up in ignorance of their religion, to run wild in the streets, or to fester in vice and crime, and to furnish a perennial supply to our jails, penitentiaries, prisons, and even the gallows. We know what may be said in excuse or extenuation, but nothing can excuse the yearly loss of so many souls. It will not do to seek an excuse in the tyranny of the British government, in the poverty and discouragement of emigrants, nor in the paucity of our means. We appreciate all these alleged excuses, but they do not suffice. The cause may be seen by any one who walks along the streets in the Catholic quarters of our city, and sees on nearly every house the sign, "Wines and liquors wholesale and retail sold here," and marks the fearful indifference of the well-to-do Catholics to the terrible destruction of the souls of the young. There is no use of multiplying words about it. There is, on the part of parents, and even of not a few priests, a manifest neglect of duty to the young, by no means excused or mitigated by the fact, that we live in a hostile country where

the government will do nothing for us. These hostile influences, which are undeniable, only impose on us the necessity of greater care and vigilance, and of greater and better-sustained efforts to protect our children, and to bring them up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." We know that a very large number of Catholic parents are utterly ignorant of domestic discipline, and incompetent to train up their children in the way of the Lord, to train them to be either good Christians or good citizens; but we fear that, in addition to this, there is amongst a large portion of them a sort of Turkish fatalism, which Christianity abhors, and which leads them to think all will come out right in the end, without any effort on their part. In Ireland, for instance, in the humbler ranks of society, leave a child to himself, and he will grow up, if anything, a Catholic; but here he will grow up a Protestant, an infidel, or a subject for criminal justice, and, consequently, here at least the fatalistic, or the *laissez-faire*, policy is simply ruinous to the soul.

The *Irish World*, we are told, for it is a paper we do not see, estimates the losses to the Church of Irish Catholics alone, in this country, at eighteen millions. We believe this estimate exaggerated, for it probably fails to take into the account the fact that Catholics even of Irish nationality sometimes die, and also the number of children born of Catholic Irish parents in the country that die under five years of age, which is one-third, if not fully one-half, of the whole number. But at any rate our losses have been and still are very great; and, probably, for one convert from non-Catholics, we have lost from our own ranks ten, perhaps twenty. The growth of the Catholic body in this country has been by immigration, not by conversions, nor by internal development. While we acknowledge the extraordinary increase of Catholics as to numbers in the country, we confess, nevertheless, that we see very little to encourage the flattering belief, widely entertained at home and abroad, that Catholicity is taking root in the American soil, and entering into our national life. It will not do so till Catholics cease to talk about "our element," thus confessing themselves, as it were, a foreign colony settled in the country; nor till we learn to protect and save our children from vice and crime, as well as from heresy and infidelity. We must clear the Catholic body of

the scandal of these "street Arabs," and of furnishing far more than our proportion of the vicious and criminal population of our cities and large towns.

Protestant benevolence and zeal can do nothing to help us to lessen the evil; and we indeed ought to be ashamed to rely on the aid of those whom we look upon as in error, and out of the way of salvation, with no solid basis for religion or morality. We cannot expect them to help us to bring up our own children in the love and practice of virtue. Injustice, gross injustice, is done the Catholic body, in taxing them to support schools and educational and eleemosynary institutions of which our religion debars us from making any use; but let this tax be remitted, and we must bear our own burdens, and provide for the education, discipline, and reformation of our own children. We must rely under God on ourselves; and we are able, poor as a large portion of us are, to take care of ourselves and of our children, if we only have the disposition and the will. Charity never faileth, and its means multiply in proportion to the multiplication of the demands made on it. It is right and proper that the state or municipality should supply funds for supporting Catholic Protectories, Reformatories, and the like, for they save an expense to the public, and lessen, in no small measure, its charges for criminal justice; but, so far as the children of Catholics are concerned, they should, if receiving state or municipal aid, be under the exclusive management of Catholics. This is necessary both for the sake of economy, and for the moral and spiritual amendment of their inmates.

We as Catholics certainly are doing something, perhaps much, to protect and save our children from growing up to swell the ranks of our vicious and criminal population, or the so-called "dangerous classes" of society. We have founded numerous orphan asylums, Sunday schools, and parochial schools. Yet the number of "street Arabs" born of Catholic parents does not perceptibly diminish, and the statistics of vice and crime seem to be on the increase. The orphan asylums provide for only a small number and only till fourteen years of age, after which we do not know what becomes of them. The Sunday schools do not effect what they ought, because the catechism is very imperfectly taught, learned, at best, only to be repeated without any understanding of its sense, and because the boys and girls, that most

need instruction, do not attend them. The parochial schools can accomplish very little, because only a small proportion of our children attend them; and because, with comparatively few exceptions, they receive no effective home-training in religion and morals: and the best parochial schools in the world can effect little or nothing when there is no "home rule," when parents exert little or no control over their children, set them no good example, and leave them to run at large in the streets as soon as dismissed from school for the day, and to become familiar with the most vicious and criminal of the population. "Father," said one of my sons, educated at a Catholic college,—"*father*," said he to me, "I learned more iniquity the first three months I was at college, than I had ever before dreamed there was in the whole world." He was over sixteen years old when he first went to college, and his parents had been Catholics for only a few months. The terrible evil results from two causes: the one, the paucity of priests; and the other, the absolute neglect, in a large number of Catholic families, of everything like proper domestic discipline. The parents themselves are uninstructed, often ignorant of the simplest rudiments of Christian or even natural morality; and utterly incapable of training their children to be Christians, or even reputable citizens. For this last there is, as far as we know, no remedy.

We know no remedy for the terrible evil we have pointed out, but in Catholic charity, but in our good Lord inspiring some elect soul, desirous of living for Christ alone, and to be crucified with him, to found an order or community, whose special vocation it shall be to aid the clergy in rescuing and instructing, Christianizing and civilizing, these young street savages, who live only by their depredations on society. Mrs. Eckel hints in her autobiography that she believes herself to have received a vocation to the religious life, and, mindful of her own childhood, to found an institute for these young souls for whom Christ died, and to devote her life and whatever means she has, or God may give her, to their Christian training. A nobler object in the sight of God or man, or more worthy the ambition of a Christian soul, we cannot conceive. If she attempts such an institution with pure motives and ardent love to God, who has been so good to her, protected her through so many perils, and in such devious

ways brought her to himself, she will be successful, and do an incalculable amount of good ; and we shall be disappointed if, after God has sufficiently tried and proved her, she does not find plenty of helpers and co-workers. If God calls her to the work, he will prosper her in it.

Here we must close our notice of this most interesting and instructive autobiography. We thank God for it, and we thank him that he has brought one, naturally so bright and so gifted, from darkness to light, and enabled her to find solace and peace in living in sacred union with him. Her trials and struggles are not yet over, perhaps are but just beginning ; but let her take courage, and remember that whoever would win the crown must fight and conquer. For ourselves, we believe God has raised her up, permitted her to run an extraordinary career, and enabled her to acquire a large and varied experience of life, that she may do a great and good work for his glory. To his gracious providence we commend both her and her book. God speed both.

ART. IV.—*The Letter Books of Sir Amias Poulet, Keeper of Mary Queen of Scots.* Edited by JOHN MORRIS, Priest of the Society of Jesus. London: Burns & Oates. 1874. 8vo, pp. 401.

WHEN, in April 1585, Sir Amias Poulet entered upon his charge as keeper of Mary Queen of Scots at Tutbury, that lady had already spent seventeen years in captivity in England. She had grown to be a very heavy burden on English hands. Elizabeth was aging fast, and though, true to herself, she still coquetted with the thoughts of possible or impossible husbands, there was small chance of her marrying, and smaller chance still of her having children. Were she to die thus husbandless and childless, leaving Mary after her, Elizabeth's captive became Elizabeth's successor, uniting in her own person the hitherto divided sovereignties of England and Scotland.

The immense interests that hung on the slender thread of

Mary's life will be at once manifest. But those interests were not confined to England and Scotland merely. The England of that day entered far more deeply into European politics, than does the England of this. The outbreak of the Reformation had divided Christendom into two hostile camps : the Protestant and the Catholic. The latter had for its leader Spain with Philip at its head ; the former, England and Elizabeth. France had a strong Protestant party, led by fierce and able men. England had a Catholic party, still numerically strong, but which had been for a long time headless. All over Europe the war of religion was raging. England was now the hope of the Protestant factions. Could it be won over to the old faith, the final success of the Catholic party was, humanly speaking, secured. It was a constant thorn in Philip's side. It fed and fostered rebellion in France and the Netherlands. It crippled Spanish commerce on the seas. It was governed by the ablest, most astute, and least scrupulous of statesmen. It revolted against Philip's own claim to the throne, which his marriage with Mary Tudor had supplied him.

The Queen of Scots just supplied the want so long felt in England. No more powerful head for the Catholic party could be found, which fact constituted at once her danger and her strength. By marriage, she was allied to the royal house of France ; by birth, she was a member of the powerful house of Guise. She was as sincere a Catholic as Philip, but without his narrowness. While not yielding a jot to all the ferocious ravings of her Scotch Protestants, she was never driven into reprisals by their bitter hatred of all that she held sacred. She consistently advocated liberty of worship for all her subjects alike. There was every reason to believe that, if she succeeded to the English throne, her religious policy would have been maintained, for, at the risk of provoking the enmity of Spain, she had refused to enter the Catholic League. When to the strength that she inherited are added the graces of her person and her mind, the romance in which she was cradled and which only expanded with her years, the cruelty with which she had been treated by her English cousin, and the revenge that it was only in human nature to expect once her freedom was recovered,—there needs no argument to point out how she must have been hated and feared by Elizabeth and her councillors. To

their minds the situation could present only one safe issue: the death of Mary. She living, the Cecils and the Walsinghams could never breathe freely: she dead, her son might safely succeed their queen, and threaten neither their positions nor their creed, for he had been brought up a Protestant, and manipulated to the purposes of his mother's foes.

Long before the time when Sir Amias Poulet entered on the scene as Mary's keeper, the question with Elizabeth and her favorite councillors was less, Shall we take her life? than, How shall we take it? The life of an independent sovereign who was no subject of the Queen of England, was something requiring a certain *finesse* in the manner of its taking, that, even to the practised minds of Burghley and of Walsingham, presented unlooked-for difficulties. More than once had they appealed to her own Scottish subjects to rid them of a burden that they had voluntarily set on their own shoulders; and, to do them justice, her Scottish subjects entered upon the scheme with becoming alacrity, the main difficulty in the matter being the amount of the "consideration to be awarded for Mary's blood." At one time it was her half-brother, Murray, at another, Morton and Mar, who were to have done the deed. "Nothing presently is more necessary than that the realm be presently relieved of her," thought Burghley, as early as 1572. He was of opinion that, though she might be lawfully put to death in England, it was "for certain respects better that the Regent of Scotland and her own subjects should bring her to the block, for, to have her, and to keep her, were of all others the most dangerous." And naturally so: for, while Mary was imprisoned in England, what else was to be expected than that she should form the centre of agitation for all the disturbed elements, of which there was an abundance, in English political and religious parties at this time? Each of these plots, however, fell through in a strange manner. As a Protestant, and one of the ablest and best writers in every way who has yet treated this subject, remarks: "It was a startling coincidence that twice, within two years, the surrender of Mary to her enemies should have been prevented by the unexpected death of a Scottish regent.

"It was a just retribution on Burghley and his ministers that they should find themselves hopelessly saddled with a

prisoner, whom they dared neither to set at liberty, nor to put to death."*

This is evidence enough, though it were easy to supply more, to show that Mary's death was resolved upon by Elizabeth and her councillors. Religious, personal, and political hatred combined to decree her doom. Elizabeth's own feelings on the subject may be left to the judgment of the reader. "The execution of the sentence tends to the state of the Church," writes Burghley to Davison when all was over, and only the royal signature to the death-warrant wanting. "The sentence is already more than a full month and four days old," he writes again impatiently. "It was full time it should also speak." "I hope there will be a good course held in this cause," writes Walsingham, after the Babington conspiracy had come to a head. "Otherwise, we that have been instruments in the discovery shall receive little comfort for our travail." The Scottish conspiracies to get rid of her having fallen through, the thing, if done at all, must be done in England, but in such a manner as to appear to justify the execution.

It is well to note that in the year before Poulet was chosen, to the surprise of all, to succeed Sir Ralph Sadler as Mary's keeper, the famous Act of Association was drawn up and passed in the English Parliament. It was simply a circumlocutory death-warrant for Mary. First, it provided not only to exclude from the succession "any person by whom or for whom such detestable act (that shall tend to the harm of her Majesty's person) shall be attempted or committed," but also, "in the presence of the Eternal God, to prosecute such person or persons to death with our joint and particular force, and to act the utmost revenge upon them that by any means we or any of us can devise and do for their utter overthrow and extirpation." The Act was so far softened in its passage through Parliament as not to touch the succession, but to provide that "any person" attempting or plotting against the queen's life might be pursued to the death.

All that was now needed was a conspiracy endangering the life of Elizabeth, in which Mary should be implicated, to bring her to the block. A conspiracy of some sort was

* Hosack's "*Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers.*" Vol. ii, p. 152.

sure to arise. The Queen of Scots had given up all hope of being voluntarily set free. Indeed she dreaded secret assassination, and frequently gave expression to that dread. She was resolved, and said so openly, to do all she could to escape from the living death to which she had been consigned. If, then, matter, rendered treasonable in her by the provisions of this new and special Act, could only be infused into the details of a conspiracy and brought home to her, Mary Stuart was at the mercy of Elizabeth, and legal sanction for political murder could be shown. The recently discovered Letter Books of Sir Amias Poulet throw some new and much interesting light on the details of the conspiracy that brought all this about.

The letter announcing the arrival of Poulet at Tutbury, and the departure of Sir Ralph Sadler, is dated April 19, 1585. Mary had heard of the proposed change of keepers; and though Sadler had been, by special order "from above," rigorous enough, she dreaded the advent of Poulet. So great was her anxiety, and so frequent her expression of it, that Elizabeth herself wrote to assure her that she "need not to doubt that a man that reverenceth God, loveth his Prince, and is no less by calling honourable than by birth noble, will ever do anything unworthy of himself."

Poulet's character was sufficiently known to Mary. He had been English ambassador to France from 1576 to 1579. During that time he had been constant in his intrigues both with Mary's enemies and with the enemies of the Catholic Church. In religion, he was of the severest type of Puritan: narrow, precise, a fanatic almost; in politics, an adept in the crooked principles of Cecil and of Walsingham. Everything Catholic he hated with a mortal hatred. When his pen crosses a Catholic subject, the ink in which he writes, seems poison, and his pen, a poniard. The very words stab, and distil hate. It may be imagined how such a man would greet the prospect of a Catholic sovereign reigning over him.

By some manner of means he has gained a character for a certain kind of blunt honesty, that chafed at deception, and hesitated at a direct lie. His blunt honesty, however, never hindered his dealing with any rascal whose infamous services were for sale. For the honor and glory of the English realm and the cause of Protestantism, while ambas-

sador in France he entered into close communion with spies and informers of every class and caste, ready to do any devil's work for devil's pay. Nor was it with a certain show of conscientious scruple that he entered on work of this nature, but with all the zeal and ambition of a political neophyte,—a zeal, indeed, that was apt to carry him a little too far. One clever rascal bled him to some purpose, until Walsingham advised him to drop the connection. In fine, his embassy stamped him as a man who shrunk from connection with no rascality that would tend to injure Mary and the Catholic cause, while the scowling rigidity of his religious character made him proof against all the arts that it was supposed the enchantress could and would bring to bear upon her keeper. His honesty amounted to this: while he hesitated at actually telling a verbal lie, honestly, so to say, he never scrupled at living one.

Such a man was Mary's last keeper. It is no surprise to find him beginning his work in the spirit in which it was assigned to him. He is very precise about his preliminary instructions. One instruction is worth giving here, as it shows effectually how Mary, whose character has been so furiously attacked recently, was regarded by all in England with whom she came in contact, at a time when the air was full of slander against her:—

“You shall order that she shall not, in taking the air, pass through any towns, nor suffer the people to lie in the way where she shall pass, appointing some always to go before to make them to withdraw themselves, for that heretofore, under colour of giving alms and other extraordinary courses used by her, she hath won the hearts of the people that habit about those places where she hath heretofore lain.”

Poulet was not the man to misread his instructions on the side of lenity. At his first interview with his charge, he strives hard to be civil:—

“I prayed her,” he writes, “to have care of my poor honesty and credit, a thing more precious unto me than living or life, and that nothing might be done, directly or indirectly, by her or her servants, that might procure me blame, or suspicion of blame, at your Majesty's hands, having no worldly thing in so great reputation as your service and contentment. And therefore, if occasion did move her to send any letters or remembrances to London or any other place, I desired that they might be delivered unto me, and I would see them safely conveyed and would procure an answer, if so it pleased her.”

This was simply a request to Mary to refrain from carrying on any secret correspondence. She acknowledged frankly enough that, "being deprived of all open means to send to my friends, and to hear again from them, as it is natural for all persons to seek to help themselves, I did not spare to seek some extraordinary helps to convey my letters, which, sithence I entered into good terms with the Queen, my good sister, I have utterly forborne."

The manner of and the reason for her resuming this secret correspondence, and the share that honest Poulet had in it, all will appear.

Eight days after the letter announcing his arrival, he writes to Walsingham: "I fear lest my calm beginning here will have a rough proceeding." He excuses himself beforehand for certain "riguors and alterations" in the house. He confesses that he has "no commission to show any riguors;" and therefore, if he has exceeded his commission, it is reasonable that he answer it at his peril. He trusts, however, as he always trusts, that "these riguors shall be found nothing else than dutiful service." As a sample of what this man considered dutiful service, these opening "riguors" are instructive.

They were four. "First, I restrained Sharp, this lady's coachman, from riding abroad without my privity." "This lady" and "this Queen" are Poulet's titles for Mary. The second "rigueur" sets forth at length the taking down of Mary's Cloth of Estate, "representing by letters the names of her father and mother, and furnished with the arms of Scotland in the midst, and the same quartered with the arms of Lorraine of every side." His reason for such an indignity put upon one who was a queen in her own right, and heir presumptive to the throne of which he was a subject, is, that "in my simple opinion her Majesty's subjects may not with their duties allow in this realm of any more Cloths of Estate than that which is due to her Highness."

Mary, who was too ill to leave her bed at the time, remonstrated through her secretary Nau, and her remonstrance hit the blot:—

"He told me that his mistress doubted lest the taking down of this Cloth of Estate did threaten a diminution of her estate, which she believed the rather for three causes. The first, the late motions in the Parliament against her; the second, the strange and unnatural

dealing of her son; the third, that she was not ignorant that some great personages in England had assured her son that he should be the next successor to this crown, and that she should be deprived of her title. . . . He concluded that I had promised this Queen in my first speech to deal plainly with her, and therefore prayed me that if I had in commandment to make any alterations of importance, I would signify the same rather at one word than to minister new griefs from day to day." (p. 13.)

Poulet's response was the imposition of a third "rigueur:" "I said I misliked greatly that those of this Queen's retinue were seen often walking upon the walls, where they overlooked the gate and ward, and took a full view of all comers and goers, a thing very offensive to all the neighbors, and not meet to be endured in reason and judgment."

Nau made the very natural response, that "those which did so, had no other meaning than to take the open air, which was not without need for such as were shut up in this castle." How their taking the open air could have been "very offensive to all the neighbours," whom Poulet, as we have seen, was instructed to keep out of Mary's way because she had won their hearts, it is difficult to see. But it is proverbially easy for the wolf to find cause for quarrel with the lamb. The fourth "rigueur" is in keeping with the rest. Sharp, "this Queen's cocher," is forbidden to dine and sup with Poulet's servants, as he had been accustomed to do with those of the Earl of Shrewsbury and Sir Ralph Sadler. Poulet considered this "a familiarity too dangerous." If the days when excursions to Gretna Green were in vogue be excepted,—and Gretna Green in Mary's time was as yet unknown to fame, for people had still some reverence for the sacrament of marriage,—the ranks of conspirators have probably been less recruited from the highly respectable profession of coachmen than from any other. But Sir Amias was evidently of opinion that Sharp had not his name for nothing. He puts the matter plaintively to Walsingham, "if this people ought not in reason to grant them (the rigours) without contradiction, as matters importing them nothing at all." He charitably hopes at the same time that "Sir Ralph Sadler can show good cause why he was not curious in these trifles," while he condones his carelessness by suggesting that he, "perchance, by this occasion was the more inward with her, and did gather the more from her. And, therefore, I shall

earnestly pray you so to temper this advertisement as his doings may not be brought in question." (p. 15.)

This is significant. It shows plainly enough to what a condition of abject terror "the gentlemen of England" had come at this time. One gentleman writes to excuse a negative act of kindness on the part of another to a most unfortunate lady, as though it were an act of treason, and, lest it be so considered, excuses it on the plausible plea, one well understood at Elizabeth's court, that Sadler's lack of curiosity "in these trifles" was only assumed for the purpose of being "more inward with her," and thereby to "gather the more from her." Surely, Burke cried out too late that the age of chivalry was over. Shakspeare knew his countrymen well. "Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless," cries out Queen Katharine, when her husband is seeking the divorce. "Your hopes and friends are infinite," says Wolsey; and the Queen responds in words that stamp the whole standing of the English nobility under the Protestant Tudors:—

..... "Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject?"

Any trick that might force Mary to speak words that could be used against her, was seized upon by Elizabeth's agents with avidity, always under instruction "from above." This was so throughout her captivity. Thus, in a letter dated only five days after the last-mentioned, we find the blunt and honest-minded Poulet thanking Walsingham for "some heads of the French occurrents." "And, indeed," he adds, "it may stand me in stead to be acquainted with some part of the French and Scottish doings, which will minister good occasion of talk between this lady and me." Did the sentence only end here, it would lead one to imagine that Poulet was softening, and might afford some ground for Mr. Froude's statement that, "notwithstanding his forbidding creed, Mary Stuart tried her enchantments upon him." But, unfortunately, he goes on to give the reason for his desire for subjects of conversation between himself and Mary, "whereby somewhat, perchance, may be drawn from her, when she is in her angry mood," (p. 17.)

Her long captivity, accompanied, as it had been, with more

or less severity, generally with more, had fatally undermined Mary's health. Poulet's letters, those especially now under notice, many of which have come into public view for the first time under the very able editing of Father Morris, are often occupied with accounts of her suffering and treatment. A request for the attendance of a priest had often been made, and had been as persistently refused or disregarded. She reminded Elizabeth of the liberty of worship that she had granted to her own subjects in Scotland, but to no purpose. Poulet was scarcely the man to encourage so reasonable a request. His unerring Puritanic instinct soon sniffed out illicit Popery. He writes to Walsingham, on May 28th, of certain letters which have arrived for Mary:—"In one of these letters mention was made of a book of prayers sent to this Queen from one belonging to the Scottish embassy in France. I asked Nau for this book. He answered that it was delivered in Mr. Somer's time, and that Mr. Somer had seen it. *These books are dangerous.*" (p. 30.)

The books are bad enough, but there is something more dangerous in reserve. Mary, having been persistently denied the service of a priest, although, as Poulet's letters show, she was constantly suffering, and sometimes so grievously as to cause alarm, by some means had secured the services of one, Father Camille du Préau, who acted as her reader. Whether Sir Ralph Sadler knew what he was or not is not known, although "Sir John," as Father du Préau was called, was in Mary's service during Sadler's term of office. But to Poulet he soon became suspect. In the letter quoted from, above, he continues, after writing that he hears "the Ambassador of France is required to make complaint to her Majesty in the behalf of this Queen, that she is restrained to give her alms:"—"The distributor of this alms is one that beareth the name to be a reader unto this Queen, but I am much deceived if he be not a Massing Priest. His meaning was to have gone from house to house as in time past, and to have bestowed the alms by discretion. Their alms are very liberal, which will easily win the hearts of this poor people, *if rather they be not won already.*" (p. 31.)

They probably were won already, more by reason of their religion than of the alms they received. Sir Ralph Sadler had complained that the country round about was a Papist country. And certainly, as far as alms went, Elizabeth was

not likely to win their hearts by excess of liberality. Poulet's letters, apart from the Babington conspiracy, are chiefly occupied with complaints of want of money, which is scantily supplied him, want of beer, want of news, the complaints of Mary's household, Mary's illnesses, and his own gout. Every three letters out of five are occupied with one or more of these interesting subjects; but, on the question of lack of funds, Poulet is at times outspoken enough to have caused even Elizabeth to blush if there were a blush in her. The mental torture that the presence of this priest in one house with him caused Mary's keeper, is positively amusing.

And now the circle of her enemies is slowly closing around Mary. She is cut off from any kind of open communication with her friends, and so driven back on her secret "practices," as her efforts to communicate with them in the best way she could were called. This was precisely what Walsingham desired. Poulet writes to him in September:—

"Following our direction, I signified to this Queen her Majesty's pleasure touching her packets coming from hence and to be sent hereafter into France, to be directed unto you and not to the new French Ambassador, and that order was given that such letters as the Bishop of Glasgow should send out of France should be delivered unto her Majesty's Ambassador there.

"I can hardly express unto you by writing how much she was moved with this message, and will forbear to utter the greater part of her angry speeches because you have been accustomed unto them." (p. 95.)

It is strange to observe throughout Poulet's letters the genuine surprise he manifests at anything like a remonstrance on Mary's part against the ill-usage to which she was constantly subject. In his eyes she was clearly beyond the pale of human pity in this world at least, and probably in the next. There is nothing like it, unless it be the beadle's astonishment at the impudence of a poor wretch who aspired to the same heaven as "My lady," and who was told by the wrathful official that "heaven was not for such as him. Hell was his place, and he ought to be thankful to Almighty God that he had a hell to go to." To Poulet it was clearly incomprehensible that his charge should endeavor to escape, that a prisoner should sigh for liberty. It never seemed to occur to him that Mary had been robbed of her liberty under the guise of friendship; that her detention as a prisoner was an outrage; that her hopes of being set

free by Elizabeth were futile ; and that she was in every way right and justified in using every lawful means within her power to effect her freedom. There is no vestige of such thoughts as these ever crossing this man's mind. His duty was to guard, watch over, and torment her, and, like a loyal subject and a profoundly pious man, he did his duty to the letter, and beyond it. He assures Walsingham: "I will never ask pardon if she depart out of my hands by any treacherous slight or cunning device ; . . . and if I shall be assaulted with force at home or abroad, as I will not be beholden to traitors for my life, whereof I make little account in respect of my allegiance to the Queen my Sovereign, so I will be assured *by the grace of God* that she shall die before me." (p. 49.) What wonder that Mary should assure Poulet himself in the September of that year that "she might see plainly that her destruction was sought, and that her life shall be taken from her one of these days, and then it shall be said that she was sickly and died of some sickness" !

Poulet "used all arguments to dissuade her from her fond, or rather wicked opinion of her intended destruction," which he told her was "a foul and most manifest slander." But he confesses that he "could not satisfy her therein," and the sequel will show how right she was and how mistaken he, in a manner that even he scarcely contemplated. He adds, and the passage is noteworthy, as, soon after it was written, the last plot began: "I think the care of my charge greatly increased by reason of this Queen's discontentment, because it is likely that now she will employ her best means to renew her practices, as well by letters as other ways." He goes on, with a jocularly worthy of Mr. Froude: "The indisposition of this Queen's body, and the great infirmity of her legs, which is so desperate as herself doth not hope of any recovery, is no small advantage to her keeper, who shall not need to stand in great fear of her running away, if he can foresee that she be not taken from him by force." (p. 97.) He adds in a postscript, after "beseeching God to bless your (Walsingham's) counsels and to give them a happy issue:" "I had some feeling of my gout at the very instant of my going to Chartley." The contrast is touching. Poor Sir Amias !

In October the plan for Mary's destruction, which developed into what is known in history as the Babington Con-

spiracy, was set fairly on foot. The details of it the reader must find elsewhere. Mr. Hosack has an excellent account in his second volume. It is the purpose of this article to adhere mainly to the Poulet letters. Father Morris's own remarks on this portion of his subject are excellent, and almost cause one to regret that they are not more numerous. There is, however, quite enough for the purpose. He has very judiciously allowed Poulet's letters to tell their own story, filling in only with such letters as were before known, in order to link the story together. In December Mary was removed to Chartley, where Poulet boasts to Walsingham: "Of this house I may affirm, and therein I take God to witness, that the laundresses being lodged within the house as now they are, and the residue of this Queen's train watched and attended in such precise manner as they be, I cannot imagine how it may be possible for them to convey a piece of paper as big as my finger, and I think if you were here with me you would say as I say." (p. 126.)

The letter from which this passage is taken is dated January 10, 1585. In the next paragraph Poulet informs Walsingham: "Mr. Phelippes hath assisted me in perusing of this Queen's packet." Phelippes, who, just at this time, was on a short visit to Chartley, was Walsingham's secretary. His chief business was that of a decipherer, and a dealer with spies, both by correspondence and otherwise. In addition, he had a position under the government, was well paid, and was, by every account, in his way, one of the most accomplished rascals that ever lived. As Walsingham was the soul, so was he the instrument of the conspiracy by which Mary's life was to be taken away.

It has been seen how every means of outer communion with the world was withheld from Mary, and Poulet's boast at Chartley speaks for itself. One outlet, however, is allowed her,—one outlet only through which all her secret correspondence must pass. Mr. Froude, anxious to remove the stigma of a deliberate conspiracy concocted by Walsingham on purpose to entrap Mary and take away her life, or force her by some means or another to throw it into his hands, elaborates an argument to show that Walsingham's only purpose was to get possession of the entire secrets of the Catholic confederacy; that Babington's plot was a happy accident which just chimed in with his views, and of which he hastened

to avail himself, never dreaming, innocent man! that it would develop into the astounding revelation of Mary's connivance at Elizabeth's assassination, thus bringing her at once under the provisions of that Act of Association, which he himself had drawn up the year before, and which, doubtless, was also a happy accident. It is sufficient to say here that he was already in full possession of those secrets. His army of spies served him to excellent purpose. Renegade Catholics abounded everywhere, who were only too eager to sell their souls for Elizabeth's gold. Even Chérelles, the secretary of the French embassy, upon whom Mary naturally relied, sold copies of every letter that he received to Walsingham; and, to do Mary Stuart's friends full justice, they seem to have been, from first to last, mere puppets in the hands of Walsingham and his clever scoundrels. Had France or Spain, or her son in Scotland, steadily adhered to the necessity of her release without compromise, without looking to the right or left, it is almost beyond doubt that, however distasteful the task might have been, Elizabeth would have released Mary Stuart fifty times over. On the other hand, every fresh conspiracy only tightened Mary's chains, and gave a certain show of reason for her detention. In truth, the Catholic powers, actuated chiefly by their own shifting policy, were negatively to blame for the death of Mary Stuart. Instead of making her release a preliminary step to any negotiations with England, they used her as a convenient check as long as she lasted, and left her to agitate in prison means for her own release with ambitious but foolish English noblemen, with excellent but simplified-minded clerics and seminarians, with vain and hot-headed boys burning to achieve boyish greatness, while the astute ministers of Elizabeth had them, one and all, gathered into their net, a net so large that, to the limited vision of the conspirators, it looked like liberty.

The one outlet left open for Mary was filled by Walsingham's creatures, and every letter that passed to or from passed straight into his hands. Mary's correspondence was, for better security, carried on in cipher, of which some of her friends had the key. All these keys fell into Phelippes' hands, and he it was who deciphered all the letters to or from her. After giving a short but thoroughly comprehensive review of this fellow's life, Father Morris asks well:—

"Is this the man, having it in his power, unchecked by fear of discovery, to tamper with the letters he had to decipher, well rewarded for exceptional services, and knowing perfectly what would be acceptable to his employers,—is this the man to be quoted as an irreproachable witness, whose evidence is conclusive against Mary? On the veracity of Phelippes, as Mary's life depended then, so do her character and her history depend now. In the Calendar of the 'Mary Queen of Scots' State Papers, no less than one hundred and eight are expressly stated to be in this man's handwriting, either that we are dependent on him for the decipher, or that the copy surviving is in his hand. When Mary's papers were seized, it is extremely improbable that the letters in cipher, only should have been preserved, and the decipherers made for her use by her secretaries should have all been destroyed. Yet the Calendar attributes but fifteen to Curle, and none to Nau; and of those by Curle, most, if not all, were deciphered when he was a prisoner. . . . It comes then to this: the decipherers made for Mary have been destroyed, and those made by Phelippes alone survive. When the secret letters are quoted this should always be borne in mind." (pp. 117, 118.)

Little could be added to the simple force with which Father Morris has assailed the character of this man, which never stood high. The very occupation of his life was trickery, artifice, and wilful fraud. His yea or nay is absolutely inadmissible as evidence in any disputed point. Yet on the truth of this convicted forger of documents, this creature of Walsingham, and avowed enemy of Mary, her life was taken. The letter incriminating her was, with all others that she wrote at this time or were written to her, deciphered by Phelippes. Who shall say that, failing so long to draw any statement from her approving of any attempt against the life of Elizabeth, he did not interpolate passages to suit the purpose of his master and his mistress? The evidence that such precise passages were interpolated is overwhelmingly strong, and is accepted by the most trustworthy writers on the subject. Mr. Hosack sifts the matter admirably, as does also Father Morris. Certain it is that, given a sufficient motive for such interpolation, Phelippes was just the man to do it, and Walsingham the man to have it done.

The outlet for Mary's secret correspondence was by means of the brewer of Burton, who supplied both the houses of Tutbury and Chartley with beer. A small leather box, airtight, containing the letters, was enclosed in a barrel of beer, whence it was taken on its arrival by one of Mary's household, opened, filled again with those she wrote, sealed and sent back to her agents, as she deemed them, chief of whom was

"the honest man," the brewer himself. They were all Walsingham's creatures, acting under Poulet's eye. As soon as the desired message incriminating Mary was received, the plot, of course, had gained its object. The plot to which Mary gave her consent was a proposed invasion of England, together with a sudden swoop on Chartley which was to set her free. She had lost all hope of being freed by the good-will of those in whose hands she was. She resolved to trust Elizabeth's words no more, but to do all she could to free herself. The treason infused into this particular conspiracy was the making the assassination of Elizabeth a preliminary step to the success of the plot. That Mary ever gave consent in any shape or form to a plot of this nature, she to the last most vehemently denied. Approval of the plot for the invasion to effect her own escape, she did not deny. She asked repeatedly when on her trial to have the words produced, the minutes drawn up by her, advocating or approving Elizabeth's assassination. She asked in vain. Lane and insufficient confessions were wrung from her two secretaries after they had been worked upon by the mingled threats and cajoleries of Walsingham and Elizabeth. She asked to be confronted with them, with the witnesses against her. This request was also persistently refused. She was convicted, simply and solely on the letter deciphered by Phelippes the forger. She was denied the use of counsel. She was denied everything. With characteristic bravery, though so ill she could scarcely walk, she undertook her own defence, and that defence is a marvel of skill and even of legal force. It foiled and baffled her judges, skilled men as they were and crafty politicians of a crooked school. It spoke with all the greatness, directness, and keen brevity of that most unanswerable of weapons, the force of conscious innocence and truth in a great soul facing hirelings sitting in judgment upon her, with their verdict a foregone conclusion. The remainder of Poulet's Letter Books reaches up to her execution.

Father Morris's exposure of the foolish inaccuracies of that writer, which have brought the whole question of Mary Stuart's life and death so recently and so prominently before the public, is very severe in the account of the growth of the Babington conspiracy. Unfortunately, Mr. Froude had already passed almost beyond the region of exposure; never-

theless Father Morris's account is excellent for its own sake. The chief active agent of the conspiracy was Gilbert Gifford, Mr. Froude's "young Jesuit," who was not a Jesuit at all. He obtained a favorable letter from Morgan to Mary. His Catholicity and excellent family connections, as well as his clerical character, gave him ready access to Mary's friends, notwithstanding that he had not the best character at Rome where he had studied for some time. With such agents at his command: a keeper like Poulet; a brewer like "the honest man;" a decipherer like Phelippes; a go-between like Gifford; a sovereign like Elizabeth; and a vain, hot-headed fool like Anthony Babington,—what could not Walsingham effect against the lone woman sealed up in that English prison?

Gifford received his letter of recommendation from Morgan to Mary on October 5th, 1585. Mary was removed to Chartley in December. Thither went Phelippes and passed about three weeks, returning to London in the early part of January, 1586. Immediately after comes Gifford with his letter of introduction, which Mary receives on the 16th, and answers on the following day, thanking Morgan "heartily for this bringer, whom I perceive very willing to acquit himself honestly of his promise made to you." He takes his answer at once to London, and, on January 25th, we find Poulet writing to Phelippes, "I look daily to hear from your friend" (Gifford). And now the letters run along glibly enough, with almost constant allusion to "the enterprise," varied by requests for money on Poulet's part, complaints about "this Queen's" linen, and "this Queen's" alms, and "this Queen's" household, with sundry topics of a like nature, not omitting the keeper's own gout.

Poulet's boast respecting the impossibility of Mary's receiving any news or despatching any correspondence at Chartley, will be remembered. On May 5th, he writes to Walsingham:—

"I have kept this Queen fasting from all sort of news, good or bad, ever sithence I was so loudly belied upon the advertisement which I gave of the last alteration in Scotland, which they spared not to write to have been delivered by direction from above; and I know by good mean that this Queen pretendeth to be grieved that she cannot hear how the world goeth, and I would believe that she were so if I did not think that she had secret means to be advertised thereof." (pp. 179, 180.)

The "secret means" is, of course, "the honest man's" beer barrel. Thus is Mary goaded beyond human patience into doing something that may bring her under the provisions of the Act of Association.

"The honest man" was really admirable in his villany, and deserves more than a passing mention. He evidently valued his own business far above all the plots and counterplots of rival queens, and never allowed the carriage of Mary's letters to interfere a whit with his professional occupation. Whither it was convenient for him to go, thither "the substitute," or whoever was to receive Mary's letters from his hands or deliver others to him, was obliged to follow. He was paid by Mary for his services; he was paid by Walsingham for the same; and, considering the state of affairs, he thought it a very fair occasion to demand of Poulet a higher price for his beer, which there was no remedy but to give him. He was a discreet villain withal, for not even his own wife ever suspected that he was other than the devoted servitor of the Queen of Scots. "The honest man," writes Poulet to Walsingham, in May probably, "had heretofore declared to the substitute that, if at any time he failed of his promise (to be present at the place appointed), the substitute should repair to his house where, in his absence, his wife should satisfy him in all things, who was acquainted with the practice. . . . She told him that her husband had great credit with this Queen, and that he carried himself so well as he had no less credit with me, and that I had given him letters into other shires for provision of malt, as indeed I had.

"She said that this Queen had dealt liberally with her husband, and that she was bountiful without measure to all such as deserved well of her. In all her speech she called this Queen her husband's mistress." (p. 190.)

And again he writes: "I have written unto you before this time, that the honest man playeth the harlot with this people egregiously, preferring his particular profit and commodity before their service, because he knoweth he can satisfy them with words at his pleasure, and that they cannot control anything that he saith." (p. 191.) At the close of the same letter he mentions incidentally: "It seemeth that the honest man is persuaded that I cannot spare his service, having of late required an increase of

price for his beer in unreasonable sort, and yet so peremptorily as I must yield to his asking, or lose his service. I think his new mistress and her liberal rewards make him weary of all other service." At least it is consoling to see that, whatever became of Mary, the malt business did not suffer the while.

But the months are passing, and Mary is still provokingly non-committal. She is willing enough to do all she can to favor her escape, even to the extent of an invasion of England. But she is an independent sovereign, who has subjects and alliances of her own, and there is no law in England to judge upon her case thus far. Monarchs are always intriguing against one another more or less, and the issue is decided between them by battles or statecraft. It was nothing surprising that an imprisoned queen should move heaven and earth to effect her escape from a prison whose doors were hopelessly sealed; and the punishment of death against an independent sovereign for enterprise of such a nature, that sovereign, too, the nearest to the English throne, was something, however desirable in itself, at which even Elizabeth and her councillors recoiled. She must be convicted of some crime so terrible that even the conscience of all Europe, friend and foe alike, should be brought to pronounce her guilty of death, and not till then may her life be safely taken. The plea of danger to, or conspiracy against, the English realm might serve for sentence against a subject. But the case was altogether different with one who was a queen by her own right, and against whom, from the very moment of her crossing the sea to ascend her throne, the English realm, in its queen and ministers, had unceasingly plotted and acted treason even to the extent of the invasion of her territory, and the unlawful imprisonment and detention of that queen's own person. It was not in the power of the English law to convict Mary of the crime for which the Babington conspirators suffered, or on the same grounds, for they were subjects of the English queen. It must be a deadlier sin than royal conspiracy against royal conspiracy; and it is significant to note how, as the time passes and the wished-for words are not written, these hounds who are close on her track rage with fever-thirst that their victim is not yet within reach of their fangs.

"The last week's meeting was disappointed," writes Poulet

to Walsingham in May, "and a new day and place set down by the honest man, which was performed yesterday, at which time I trusted that yet now at the last some good success would have followed, although . . . it seemed that his (Curle's) mistress, finding herself pressed to make speedy answer, did forbear when she was before resolved to have written. . . . It may be that all things good will come to pass; . . . but the suspicion of the contrary is so apparent as in my simple opinion I should do wrong to my place if I did not inform you of it, leaving the same to your better consideration, and yet resting in some little hope of better success." This is endorsed by Phelippes, "A secret note." (pp. 193, 194.)

On the 3d of June he writes to Phelippes: "I trust the last despatch from hence was so effectual as will suffice to salve all sores:" "You write of your coming into these parts, which I desire greatly."—What did Phelippes, Walsingham's secretary, want at this precise time "in these parts"?

On the 29th of June, Poulet writes to Walsingham, informing him that "the honest man on Saturday last, the 25th of this present, brought unto me this little packet enclosed, which being so little as could be nothing answerable to that which you expect, and was not likely to contain any great matter, I thought good to stay the said packet in my hands for these few days." The "said packet" was the first of Mary's two letters to Babington. Poulet acknowledges "letters from Mr. Phelippes of the 25th, together with two several packets." "Mr. Phelippes," he goes on, "hath set down a course for many things to be done, which surely I dare not put in execution for fear of the worst, wherein I am also the more fearful because it seemeth there is hope that the 3d of this present great matter will come from this people, which might be in danger to be stayed if, [by] any mean, cause of suspicion were ministered by any of the agents in this intercourse." (pp. 211, 212.)

They had probably grown impatient in London, and Phelippes had recommended some plan of entrapping Mary that frightened Poulet, who writes to assure them: "All is now well, thanks be to God, and I should think myself very unhappy if, upon any instructions to proceed from me, this intercourse, so well advanced, should be overthrown." He does not carry out Phelippes' directions.

On July 8th Phelippes writes to Walsingham from Stilton that he has intercepted a packet of Mary's letters which he opened. He was then on his way to Chartley, and adds: "By Sir Amias' letter to your honour, and our friend's to me, I find all things to stand in so good terms as my abode there will be the less but for Babington's matters, which I beseech you resolve thoroughly and speedily of." (p. 218.) It is plain what opinion he and Walsingham held of the dread conspirators who were to do such great things. Mr. Hosack has well described them: "Babington and his friends were now fairly in the toils of Walsingham. Wholly unconscious of their danger, they meanwhile daily met and discussed their plans. That they might converse more freely, they usually repaired, as if for recreation, to St. Giles's in the Fields; and we may conclude that on each occasion one at least of Walsingham's three spies took care to be present: and we may perhaps attribute to their insidious advice a piece of egregious folly on the part of Babington, who was so elated with his scheme of killing the Queen that he had a painting executed containing portraits of the six conspirators, with himself in the most prominent position as their chief."* Such were "the conspirators," and such their chief. In these days six months of the Penitentiary would effectually cure such a chief of all such ambitious projects.

At last the end is coming. Phelippes writes to Walsingham from Chartley in great glee, on July 14th. The letter bore a gallows on the outside. "The packet is presently returned which I stayed in hope to send both it and the answer to B[abington]'s letter at once. . . . *We attend her very heart at the next.* She begins to recover health and strength, and did ride abroad in her coach yesterday. I had a smiling countenance, but I thought of the verse,

‘Cum tibi dicit Ave, sicut ab hoste cave.’

"I hope by the next to send your honour better matter." (pp. 223, 224.)

On the same date Poulet writes to Walsingham to advertise him that "the packet sent by Mr. Phelippes hath been delivered and thankfully received."—"The packet sent by Mr. Phelippes," says Father Morris, "was Babington's letter,

* "Mary Queen of Scots and her Accusers." Vol. ii, p. 343.

placing the plot before Mary, which thus came to her straight from Walsingham. Its possession, no doubt, brought Phelippes down to Chartley." (p. 224.)

The letter which was the outcome of this whole conspiracy, and on which its virtue hinged, has already been remarked upon. For a thorough examination of the letter itself the reader may be referred to Mr. Hosack's second volume, as well as to this latest examination by Father Morris. His dissection of Mr. Froude is a scientific study, so complete and cleanly done is it. It may be left to the enjoyment of the reader: "Nothing but *copies* of Babington's letter and Mary's alleged reply were put in evidence, nor was Phelippes himself brought forward to attest on oath the agreement of those copies with his own decipher."

It will be seen how all these men hang upon Mary's words only. For the rest they care little. What is written to her does not much import. All the conspirators were from the beginning in their hands. This in itself tends very materially to destroy Mr. Froude's theory, that the conspiracy was fostered by Walsingham on purpose to gain possession of the secrets of the Catholic confederates. Once they have in their hands the faintest breath of approval, directly from Mary, of Babington's plan, that is enough. Their object is attained. It is easy to contort or manipulate mere ciphers to their purpose.—"You have now this Queen's answer to Babington, which I received yester-night," writes Phelippes to Walsingham from Chartley on July 19th. "I look for your honour's speedy resolution touching his apprehension *or otherwise*, that I may dispose of myself accordingly. I think under correction you have enough of him, unless you would discover more particularities of the confederates, which may be [done] even in his imprisonment. *If your honour mean to take him*, ample commission and charge would be given to choice persons for search of his house." (p. 234.)

Evidently Babington was thought very little of. The letter goes on to hope that Elizabeth will "at least hang Nau and Curle," and adds the cheering information that, notwithstanding her Majesty's "pinching at the charges" of his household, Poulet is "wonderfully comforted with these discoveries." He goes on: "She (Mary) is very bold to make way to the great personage (Cecil), and I fear he will be forward in satisfying her for her change till he see Babington's

treasons, which I doubt not but your honour hath care enough of not to discover *which way the wind comes in.*"

The words italicized above, coming as they do from Phelippes, mean one of two things. Either he hopes that Walsingham has been careful enough to conceal the plot altogether from "the great personage" up to the present: but of that he seems confident; or he hopes Walsingham will not divulge to "the great personage" how the whole plot was brought about, and what exact share Phelippes' craft and handiwork had in it. For, if it was all fair and aboveboard, there is no reason whatever why "which way the wind comes in" should be concealed from Burghley, whom, as the event showed, Mary was mistaken in considering her friend.

Poulet the godly cannot restrain his rejoicings, and his expression of his heart's ease is characteristic of him and his school. Once granting that Oliver Cromwell was a religious fanatic, which it is not necessary to grant, there is something that one can understand and respect on the morning of a battle with a dangerous foe in his cry, "The Lord hath delivered them into our hands." But when it is thought how Poulet of all men, by his harsh rigor and sour Puritanism, hounded on this woman to what he hoped would prove her destruction, one can only feel the most utter contempt for the character of the man, and abhorrence for the influence of the creed, that could prompt such a letter as this to the arch schemer in all this villany, who, be it remembered, was not only guilty of the blood of Mary Queen of Scots, but also of the generous-hearted but foolish youths who shared her fate. He writes to Walsingham on July 20th:—

"I should do you wrong to trouble you with many words, the papers sent herewith containing matter enough of trouble for some time. *God hath blessed your faithful and careful labours, and this is the reward due for true and faithful service.*

"And thus, trusting that her Majesty and her grave Councillors will make their profit of the merciful providence of God towards her Highness and this state, I commit you to the mercy and favour of the highest." (pp. 244, 245.)

The question might be fairly and fearlessly put to manhood, and the answer would scarcely be doubtful. Knowing all the circumstances of the case, knowing the instruments at work and the issue intended; knowing the pitiless character of her foes, and the fixed desire they had of his captive's

destruction, had her keeper, by a word or hint, conveyed to his captive, as it was in his power to do, a caution of the plot against her, in sheer pity for a helpless woman who was being decoyed into a net from which escape was wellnigh impossible, would such an act have been treason to the sovereign he served? The letter quoted, which is but a sample of many such, shows effectually how Poulet would have regarded such a question. What wonder that Elizabeth should deem a man of this kind a fit subject to whom to propose the getting Mary off her hands by some secret means!

At last the storm burst. Mary's secretaries, Nau and Curle, were seized while riding with her and conveyed to London, where, instead of being sent to the Tower, they were cared for by Walsingham himself. The Babington conspirators were taken in due order. Mary was conveyed to Tixall. All was done by special order from Elizabeth, who wrote a most loving letter of gratitude to "My Amyas." Gifford fled to France on the eve. All Mary's papers and goods were seized at Chartley. She was separated from the body of her attendants. The plot was let loose, piecemeal, upon London, and the popular commotion carefully fomented. From Tixall Mary was taken again to Chartley. The scene of her reëntering Chartley, even as told by Poulet to Walsingham, makes the heart ache, but the reader must consult the letters themselves. Indeed many a scene henceforth in what was left of her life makes the heart ache, the more so that her unexampled courage and greatness of soul rise high above all her evil fortunes, shining down on and beautifying their darkness. Now came the test time. She knew nothing of the seizure of her papers. How would she bear herself when she found that all was lost? Were she guilty of the accusation of abetting at Elizabeth's assassination, surely some inkling of it must have broken through even her courage. She weeps when she meets her old friends, the tenants of Chartley. She is not made of stone. She reënters Chartley to find all her papers gone: surely a terrible blow to a woman who had plotted assassination. Poulet was told to describe all the scenes, and here is his description: "Then this lady, finding that her papers were taken away, said in great choler, that two things could not be taken from her, her English blood and her Catholic religion, which both she would keep until her death." (p. 276.) It is choler at an

insult, not fright at a crime discovered. Such a crime never entered her head:—

“The minutes of Mary’s letter to Babington were not found among her papers at Chartley, neither the French minute by Nau, nor the English one by Curle, nor her own autograph draft, if, as Nau says, she made one. In the letter to Phelippes of the 4th September, Walsingham says again, ‘The minute of her answer is not extant.’ But though the minutes were not found, there was the cipher which Burghley noted was to be taken to Fotheringay, and there was the decipher made by Phelippes for Walsingham as soon as the letter reached his hands; *and neither of these was produced at Mary’s trial or is now forthcoming.* The argument does not need to be strengthened. (p. 281.) It is noteworthy that while in the earlier interrogations Nau swore that he wrote Mary’s letter to Babington from a minute in her own hand, in the examination of September 21, of which we have only an imperfect account drawn up by Phelippes, Nau is made to say that Mary dictated the letter to him by word of mouth, and Curle, for the first time, states that he burnt the English copy by Mary’s order.” (p. 284.)

Nau and Curle, Mary’s secretaries, most important witnesses for her prosecution, are in Walsingham’s hands, and he is resolved to make the best use of them:—

“I pray you take care to find out such minutes as have been drawn by Nau, who is not so deeply charged as Curle is, who wrote the letters to [Sir *erased*] Englefield and to Charles Paget, which by subscription he hath acknowledged to be his; *but that the minutes were first drawn by the Queen, their mistress.* Both he and Nau are determined to lay the burden upon their mistress. *By no means:* they will yet be brought to confess that they were acquainted with the letters that passed between Babington and her. *I would to God those minutes were found.*” (p. 284.)

So writes Walsingham to Phelippes, and the tenor of the despatch materially damages the after confessions of Nau and Curle. But why is he so anxious to obtain the minutes “first drawn by the Queen,” and at the same time prevent the secretaries from laying “the burden upon their mistress”? Clearly, he cannot have sufficient material yet to convict Mary of connivance at or approval of the assassination clause in Babington’s letter. Why not? Because she had never seen it or never approved of it. If the minutes drawn up by her were retained by her and produced at the trial, and if, as Mary alleged when she asked that they be produced (thinking, doubtless, that they were found among her papers), they contained no mention of or hint at a proposed assassination

of Elizabeth, they would be fatal to Walsingham's plan for conviction, as on this very point the whole case turned. It was natural, therefore, on this account that he should so desire the possession of these minutes, either to destroy, manipulate, or hold them as proof positive in Mary's own handwriting that she was guilty of the only crime that could bring her under the Act of Association as conspiring against Elizabeth's life. Failing this, all that he could fall back upon was the confession of her secretaries that they were fully acquainted with the whole Babington affair and wrote from dictation, not from minutes "drawn up" for them in Mary's hand. That is why he would "by no means" allow them to throw the blame on her, as in that case it was necessary that her minutes be produced and compared with what they had written, it being very possible that they had exceeded their instructions. In any case, were the copies made by Phelippes exact, there was neither reason to fear the production of Mary's minutes, nor to be so anxious for their recovery, as they could not fail to correspond with the letters of her secretaries, as deciphered by Phelippes.

On the following day he writes that "Curle doth both testify the receipt of Babington's letter, as also the Queen his mistress' answer to the same, wherein he chargeth Nau to have been a principal instrument:"—unfortunately for the value of this testimony; and even it, as will be seen by those who read this volume, is very lame. Walsingham adds: "I took upon me to put him in comfort of favour in case he would deal plainly, being moved thereto, *for that the minute of her answer is not extant*, and that I saw Nau resolved to confess no more than we were able of ourselves to charge him withal." The conclusion of the letter is in keeping and worth quoting; as, meagre even as Curle's testimony was, it renders that testimony valueless:—

"If it might please her Majesty upon Curle's plain dealing, and in respect of the comfort I have put him in to receive grace for the same, *to extend some extraordinary favour towards him*, considering that he is a stranger, and that which he did was by his Mistress' commandment, I conceive great hope there might be things drawn from him worthy of her Majesty's knowledge, for which purpose I can be content to retain him still with me, if her Majesty shall allow of it." (p. 285.)

Her Majesty did allow of it. Is it surprising that Mary's demand at her trial to see these men, her secretaries, face

to face, was denied? It is needless to ask why such denial was made. They would have been, were their testimony anything worth or to be relied upon, terrible witnesses against her.'

In September, Mary, still under Poulet's charge—for his request to be relieved of her, now that his work was done, had been disregarded—was conveyed to her last prison, Fotheringay Castle, where Poulet makes preparations for the reception of the Commissioners, among them Walsingham, who were to sit upon Mary's case. They assembled on October 11th. The general details of the doings of that memorable Commission will probably be known to the reader. Mary's defence was partly as indicated in the course of this article. "Without counsel or witnesses or papers," says Mr. Hosack, "and armed with nothing but her own clear intellect and heroic spirit, she had answered, point by point, all their allegations." The court was, by Elizabeth's order, which order Walsingham regarded as a special mark of the divine wrath, adjourned to the Star Chamber, without sentence being pronounced. On the 25th they reassembled in the Star Chamber at Westminster, where nothing new, worthy the mention, was produced in evidence, and, with the exception of Lord Zouch, found Mary guilty "of having compassed and imagined, since the 1st of June aforesaid, divers matters tending to the hurt, death, and destruction of the Queen of England." The death-warrant was not signed by Elizabeth until the 1st of February in the following year. Leaving those interested to trace the course of events in London up to this date, we return to Poulet and his prisoner.

Writing, soon after the adjournment of the Commission at Fotheringay, to Walsingham, Poulet prays: "I pray you let me hear from you if it will be expected that I should see my charge often, which as I do not desire to do, I do not see that any good can come of it so long as I stand assured that she is forthcoming." (p. 299.) This is not pity: it is hate, as the sequel will show.

Mary's courage and calm in great trials is such an established fact and wonder of history, that it is superfluous to quote even Poulet's frequent testimony thereto: "I see no change in her from her former quietness and security certified in my last letters," he writes to Walsingham on October 24th. He adds in a postscript: "It seemeth by all circum-

stances that this Queen hath had no intelligence of the prorogation of the late assembly, and that she is utterly void of all fear of harm." (pp. 300, 301.)

Why should she fear harm, as far as harm meant sentence of death, on the evidence that broke down fatally before her single strength? She was not guilty of what she was accused of; and no man in all that Commission, where Walsingham and Burghley sat, could fix guilt upon her. But she was far from being unaware that proof of guilt in England was not always required to provoke sentence of death,—a death that she had long ago expected. "She perfectly comprehended Elizabeth's character," writes Mr. Froude; "that is to say, her irresolution and vacillation."—Perfectly! "Look here, my lords," she exclaimed at the trial, drawing a ring from her finger, "at this pledge of love and protection which I received from your Mistress. Regard it well. Trusting to this pledge, I came amongst you. You all know how it has been kept." Mr. Froude neglects to quote this passage, as did also Lord Burghley's report. Poulet mistook her courage for confidence:—confidence in her own innocence, yes; but confidence in Elizabeth's mercy, clearly no. Burghley writes to Davison, in words already quoted, that the execution of the sentence on Mary "tends to the state of the Church." We are informed of Poulet's gout again, and of Burghley's also. Gout seemed an epidemic with these Puritan courtiers. Then come "our right trusty and well beloved councillor the Lord of Buckhurst, and our servant Beale, to acquaint the Queen, your charge, as well with the proceedings of the Commissioners since their departure from our Castle of Fotheringay, as also what hath been lately done in Parliament." Poulet is directed to see Mary and speak with her, that he may give a report of her behavior to Elizabeth that she may "enjoy the reading." He can only continue to report of her calmness. He grows more and more weary of his service and his captive, but is "much confirmed in this opinion and hope (of the short continuance of this service) by the late repair hither of the Lord of Buckhurst, and now I trust the next messenger will bring your (Walsingham's) last resolution, which God grant, to whose merciful protection I commit you." The story of the taking down of Mary's second Cloth of Estate, and Poulet's setting his hat on and sitting in her presence, is sufficiently known,

and needs no fresh comment. Mary mounted, instead of her own arms, the Cross of her Saviour. Poulet's description of the proceeding, given among these Letters, is quite new. He will not even allow his captive to write to Elizabeth, fearing lest she should thereby shake the resolve of his mistress. Elizabeth, meanwhile, who is sorely puzzled what to do with Mary, as she knows the final guilt of her death will fall upon her head alone, sends more loving messages to her "right trusty" Poulet, who seems to have been unmindful of that very old adage, "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*." Walsingham has retired from court in high dudgeon at not having received what he considered the fitting rewards of his services. Poulet doubles and redoubles his prayers to the Almighty that the happy event of Mary's execution may speedily come to pass, "because," as he writes to Leicester, "the felicity of Queen and country consisteth especially, *next after God*, in the sacrifice of justice to be duly executed upon this lady, my charge, the root and well-spring of all our calamities." (p. 321.)

Mary is not allowed even the consolation of her chaplain. At length he is sent for, and Poulet takes occasion to inform Walsingham that—

"This lady continueth in her former wilful and wicked disposition. No outward sign of repentance, no submission, no acknowledging of her faults (which Elizabeth had so earnestly entreated), no craving of pardon, *no mention of desire of life*; so as it may be feared lest, as she hath lived, so she will die; and I pray God that this Popish ignorant Priest be not admitted unto her by his just judgment to increase her punishment, being very likely that he will rather confirm her in her stubbornness towards her Majesty, and in all her other errors in matters of religion, than seek to reclaim her to a better disposition." (pp. 326, 327.)—And so the story goes on.

There is the account of a most interesting interview between Poulet, Sir Drew Drury, and Mary, which took place on the 17th December, and is given by Poulet himself. It would spoil this not being transferred wholly, and therefore it is left to the reader of the Letters. Nowhere is the contrast between the calm and lofty dignity of Mary, and the narrow, bitter bigotry of her keeper, more forcibly set forth. Her brief questions and close, pithy remarks cut clean to the bone. It is the longest letter in the book, and is in itself a dramatic study. Poulet went there purposely to taunt and

“provoke her to utter her stomach,” to use his own graphic expression. It is left to common judgment to decide whether he retired the victor or the vanquished.

At last the desire of his heart is to be accomplished, and his is to be the hand chosen from the world to destroy from the face of the earth this woman who, in his eyes, blackens and pollutes it. Poulet himself is asked by Elizabeth “some way to shorten the life of that Queen.” (p. 359.) No more of the letter need be quoted.

Father Morris, Jesuit as he is, is of the opinion that, “though Poulet thought in his fanaticism that to put Mary to death would be to do God service, he was not capable of the degradation to which Elizabeth urged him.” So be it. Poulet, in his letters, has drawn his own character for us. Whether the man, whose course has been only partially traced in this article, was not capable of the degradation of a murder, which, judicially, he craved, is left for the reader to decide. For once we are rather inclined to side with Mr. Froude than with Father Morris. The professed admirer of Poulet can only say that “he was *too shrewd* to fall into the snare.” (XII, 349.) He refused to be the scapegoat of Elizabeth; and, as the fall of Davison showed, he was very wise in his generation. “God forbid,” he writes back, “that I should make so foul a shipwreck of my conscience, or leave so great a blot to my poor posterity, to shed blood without law or warrant.”

Yet this pious man never revolts against the service that would put such a task upon him. It never occurs to him, as it has never occurred to Elizabeth’s champions, to remark that, of the crime of which Mary was falsely accused, Elizabeth was actually guilty, and not for the first time. In set terms she urged the assassination of her helpless prisoner, who was already condemned “by law.” What crime ever laid at Mary’s door, had it even the foundation of truth, was to be compared with this? Poulet, like his class, seems not to have realized that the sin of blood-guiltiness is partaken of by some who have never actually spilt a drop of blood. Of such sin were he, his mistress, and her councillors—how often!—guilty, but never so heinously as in the death of Mary Queen of Scots.

The story of Mary’s last moments does not enter here, and even did it, it is so well known that every reader of English

history could write it out from memory. Father Morris very effectually spoils Mr. Froude's "death-scene," by stripping Mary of that famous "blood-red" dress that covered her "from head to foot." The "blood-red" dress happened to be a dark brown, though, had Mary so wished, she might have chosen Mr. Froude's color, as such a dress was entered in the inventory of her property. These letters have been a happy discovery, and have fallen into happy hands in their able editor, whose complete mastery of the subject, arrangement of the missing links, and excellent commentary, given throughout in the best tone possible, tend very much to enhance their value as well as their interest. They cannot fail to be quoted in future works dealing with this most interesting point of English history. A secondary interest will also reward the reader in the side glimpses they exhibit of English life and thought, the advancement of English industries, the social character of the period, and the like. Father Morris has devoted his special attention to the period of the English Reformation. May he long continue a work which, while it enlightens a portion of history that has been studiously darkened, tends not a little to the glory of that great faith that England threw away: the divine corner-stone rejected by the builders whose loss is beginning to be fatally felt in the rapid crumbling of a national edifice built on national apostasy!

ART. V.—*Papal Infallibility.* EX-PREMIER GLADSTONE and
the ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER.

IT would appear from the newspapers that ex-Premier Gladstone, the leader of the English Liberals, has published a pamphlet in which he attacks Papal Infallibility, as declared by the Council of the Vatican, on political grounds, and makes an adroit appeal to the anti-Catholic prejudice of the mass of the English people. We have not seen the pamphlet, which, at the time we are writing (Nov. 19), has not

reached this side of the Atlantic; but, if it is correctly described in the *New York Herald*, it is simply the revival, for political effect, of the old cry of "No Popery."

We are not surprised at this act of Mr. Gladstone. We have never shared the confidence of our Catholic brethren of Great Britain and Ireland in this greatly overrated statesman; and, as long ago as 1854, we classed him with the satanic, or radical and revolutionary leaders of the time. We based our judgment chiefly on his untruthful and revolutionary pamphlet on Naples. That pamphlet showed us his unscrupulousness and the bias of his mind. He is not, never was, and never will be a statesman; and we have, as a Catholic and as an American citizen, always preferred D'Israeli, who is a statesman, as we have always preferred the English Tories to the English and Scotch Whigs. In this we have not had the sympathy of Catholics either at home or abroad; and we have stood nearly alone, as we did in our own country, against the late Emperor of the French, and the policy of Louis Veuillot, the oracle of European Catholics. It is rarely that we find a Catholic in our days that is not a blunderer in politics, that is, in our judgment, which is by no means infallible. "You were right in your judgment of Napoleon III," said an eminent American prelate to us one day in 1864; "and we bishops were wrong, and we were so because we relied on the judgment of the French bishops." "But I did not rely on their judgment at all," was our reply. Time, unhappily, has justified us, and proved that the Church had no worse enemy than the Nephew of his Uncle. "The children of this world are wiser in their generation than the children of light," yet we know not that what, judging with our human wisdom, we call political blunders, really are blunders. Our Lord never intended his Church should stand in human wisdom, human strength, or human virtue; and it is only when, humanly speaking, the Church is weakest, that she is strongest. Those blunders in human policy, as we esteem them, are doubtless permitted for wise and good purposes, and are sure in the end to redound to the glory of the Church, by making it manifest to all the world that it is only the hand of God that upholds her, and preserves her in life and vigor.

Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, according to the telegraphic summary of it published in the *N. Y. Herald* of Sunday the

15th of November last, asserts that the decrees of the Council of the Vatican have changed the relations of the Church to civil governments, so that a man cannot be at once obedient to the pope and loyal to his prince or the state. This charge, it pretends, is warranted by the decree of the Council defining that the pope, when teaching *ex cathedra*, or officially, the Universal Church, is, by divine assistance, infallible, or exempt from error in all matters pertaining to faith and morals. To this the Archbishop of Westminster, a life-long friend of Mr. Gladstone, replies in the following letter, addressed to the Editor of the *N. Y. Herald*, and published in the same number of that popular journal:—

Nov. 10, 1874.

To the Editor of the *Herald*:—

DEAR SIR—I assisted in framing the Vatican Decrees, which have not changed one jot or tittle the obligations and conditions of civil obedience that Catholics bear towards the civil power. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet hangs upon a contrary assumption, and falls with it. In proof of this assertion I assert:

First—That the doctrine of the infallibility of the pope was a divine truth before the Vatican Council was held, and that it was set forth and explained in the second and third parts of the book called *Petri Privilegium*.

Second—I gave sufficient evidence of this assertion in this, that the Vatican Council announced no new dogma, but simply declared an old truth.

Third—That the position of Catholics, in respect to civil allegiance since the Council, is precisely what it was before.

Fourth—That the civil powers of the Christian world hitherto stood in peaceful relations with the infallible Church, and this relation was often recognized and declared in the councils of the Church before the Vatican Council, and, therefore, this is no new matter; and

Fifth—That the Vatican Council made no decrees in regard to the civil powers nor on civil allegiance, this subject being never even proposed.

Civil obedience rests on natural law. Revealed truth is the law of God. Society is founded in nature, and subjects are bound, in all things which are lawful, to obey their rulers. Society, when it is Christian, has higher obligations, and subjects are bound to obey their rulers for conscience' sake, because the powers that be are ordained of God. Of all this the Vatican Decrees changed nothing because they touched nothing.

Mr. Gladstone's argument hangs upon an erroneous assertion. I can only suppose him to have been misled by a misplaced trust in Dr. Döllinger and his friends. On public and private grounds I lament this act of imprudence. But for my belief in Mr. Gladstone's sincerity I should say it was an act of injustice, and lament it as out of all harmony and proportion with the great statesman's life, and the first event to overcast a friendship of forty-five years. His public life

hitherto has consolidated Christian and civil peace in the three kingdoms. This act, unless the providence of God and the good sense of Englishmen avert its evil consequences, may wreck more than the work of Mr. Gladstone's public career, and at the end of a long life tarnish a great name.

I remain your faithful servant,

✠ HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

No member of the Council of the Vatican took a more conspicuous part than did the illustrious Archbishop of Westminster, and no man living is better able to say what this Council did or did not do. When he says the decrees of the Council changed nothing in the relations of the Church and the state, he simply states a fact within his own knowledge, not an opinion, whether his own or another's. The *Schema* touching those relations prepared by the theologians was not acted on by the Council, which was suspended before it was reached, and consequently must be regarded as *non-avenue*. To pretend that the decree of the Council, declaring it of faith that the pope by the divine assistance is infallible as Doctor or Teacher of the Universal Church, has in any respect changed the relation of the Church to the civil powers, is absurd. The Church has always been held to be infallible, and the pope has always been held to have plenary authority to speak and act for the infallible Church in all her relations with the civil powers. Whether he is held to be himself infallible by divine assistance, or simply the official organ of the Church, infallible by the same assistance, can in no respect affect those relations. The question of Papal Infallibility, decided by the Council, is purely an internal question, and in no sense affects the relations of the civil or external powers with the Church; for those relations, whether embodied in concordats or not, had always been through the pope with a Church claiming to be infallible in matters of faith and morals, or matters pertaining to faith and morals. The Church, in the definition of Papal Infallibility, put forth no claim to any infallibility that she had not always asserted; and the definition, that the infallibility is lodged in the pope as well as in the *Ecclesia congregata* and the *Ecclesia dispersa*, could not make any difference in the relations of the Church to the state, or in her authority over individuals, and could by no means abrogate or weaken the

existing concordats between the two powers, for it neither increased nor diminished the infallibility she was always and everywhere understood to claim by virtue of the indwelling Holy Ghost. Mr. Gladstone has been misled by Dr. Döllinger.

So much might be said in answer to Dr. Döllinger, Bismarck, and ex-Premier Gladstone on the supposition that the infallibility of the pope, as defined in the Vatican Council, had never been previously asserted. But such is very far from being the case. All the world knows that it had always been asserted by the whole Church, and never denied except by some civil rulers, who have no authority in the Church, and by their courtiers, lawyers, and courtly prelates, or such theologians who stood more in awe of the temporal prince than of the supreme pontiff. Gallicanism, as we have shown in discussing Döllingerism, was the doctrine of the sovereigns, at least when they wished to oppose the spiritual power, but never the doctrine of the Catholic Church. Of the nearly one thousand bishops assembled in the Council of the Vatican from all quarters of the globe, among whom were the profoundest theologians, the ripest scholars, and the most learned men in the world, not a single one denied or questioned the truth of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, or expressed any doubt of its having been the doctrine of the Church from the first. A small minority of their number opposed the definition, but, if we are correctly informed, not one opposed it on the ground that it is not true. That would be an innovation in Catholic faith, or a departure from the *Semper eadem*. The definition was opposed as inopportune. Some thought the doctrine was already defined with sufficient explicitness by the decree of the Council of Florence, and the action of the sovereign pontiffs; and therefore held that no further definition was called for. Some opposed defining it, because it might irritate the temporal powers, and afford them a pretext for charging the Church with innovating in her faith; some, because it might embarrass the controversy with heretics; and others, from national prejudice; but none, on the ground of the falsity or untenableness in theology of the doctrine itself. These were all overruled by a large majority, who decided, in defining it, that it had always been the faith of the Church, and its denial had always been at least *material* heresy. No body of men, even on the score of human

science, learning, and ability, could be collected from all the courts and universities of the world whose testimony on such a question would equal that of the Council of the Vatican, much less be competent to overrule it.

The Church, in her definitions, does not introduce new matter of faith, or decree simply what henceforth is to be held as Catholic faith, but defines what, on the point in question, is and always has been the faith. The Fathers of the Vatican did not simply decree that the Papal Infallibility, as they defined it, is henceforth *de fide*, and not to be denied without heresy; but they testified with all the weight of their authority, supernaturally protected from error by the Divine Presence, that it had always been the doctrine of the Church from her institution by our Lord himself. So of all the decrees of the Church declaring the faith. They institute no new faith; they simply declare unerringly what is and always has been the faith. This excludes the specious theory of Development. New definitions are not even new developments; they propose no new faith or new development of the primitive faith, but simply, when the faith has been denied, they reassert it, and when it has become confused or obscured in men's understandings they state it more explicitly or distinctly. The Church has authority not only over all questions that bear directly on faith, but over all those that affect it indirectly and remotely; and authority even in scientific theories and speculations to condemn whatever directly, indirectly, or remotely impugns the deposit of faith, but, in condemning them, she only opposes to them the old truth of which she—that is, the pope—is the divinely appointed guardian.

This is a sufficient reply to Mr. Gladstone's charge, that, in defining or declaring the Papal Infallibility, the Church has changed her faith, or introduced a new faith. The court, in defining or declaring what is the law, neither makes nor changes the law. Mr. Gladstone ought to be lawyer enough to understand so much, and ought also to be theologian enough to know that, in defining or declaring the faith, the Church acts in her judicial capacity, as *Ecclesia judicans*, not as the legislature. But leaving this charge of change of faith, or innovation in faith, so foolishly urged by the Döllingerites, we turn to what we understand to be the gist of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, namely: The belief in Papal Infallibility is incompatible with Civil Allegiance, and mental and moral freedom.

Protestantism has almost everywhere thrown off the mask, and no longer pretends to oppose the Church on theological grounds. It abandons its pretences to be a rival religion, and assumes what from the first has been its real character, that of a political movement against the Church, or a movement to effect the independence of the secular order in face of the spiritual or divine government. In its greatest generality it may be defined to be the assertion of the supremacy of the human, and the denial of the sovereignty of God, as is implied in its fundamental principle, private judgment, which is purely human. All the objections Protestants now urge against the Church, may be summed up under two heads: The claims of the Church are incompatible, 1, with the allegiance the citizen or subject owes to the prince or state; and 2, with the rights of the mind, or mental and moral freedom. The state and the mind are both human; and consequently Protestantism simply sets up the human against the divine, and therefore indorses the primitive falsehood with which Satan seduced our first parents: "Your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods knowing good and evil;" that is, knowing them as God knows them, of yourselves without learning them from a master, or the law of a superior. Protestantism, inspired by Satan and obeying the suggestions of human pride, puts the human in the place of the divine, the state in the place of the Church, man in the place of God, and worships, instead of God, the devil, or one's own petty self. Under it man can brook no superior, bow the knee to no master, will be his own teacher and lawgiver, boast of his intelligence, freedom, and dignity, and, without knowing it, be a miserable bondman of Satan. Mr. Gladstone's objections to Catholicity prove it but too conclusively.

Mr. Gladstone contends that a man, in becoming a Catholic, forswears civil allegiance, and surrenders his mental and moral freedom. This, we believe, is the pretence of the whole anti-Catholic party in this country, in Great Britain and Ireland, and on the European continent. The allegation is not, that the Church, being a false Church, as are all Protestant Churches, must therefore be hostile to the state, and to mental and moral freedom, or the rights of the mind, which would be a valid objection to her authority in case it is conceded or proved that she is a false Church; but the objection actually urged is that she must

be hostile to the civil power and the rights of the mind, because she claims to teach all men and nations infallibly the truth which God has revealed and commanded all men and nations to believe and obey. Supposing her claim to be well-founded, which is not denied in the allegation, the objection is very weak and very absurd, even blasphemous; for it assumes that the truth revealed by the Holy Ghost, infallibly declared, denies the rights of the state and of the mind. It is absurd, for neither the state nor the mind has or can have any rights which the truth denies, or which deny the truth; blasphemous, because it denies the divine sovereignty, and assumes that the Holy Ghost can teach what is false, and command what is wrong. The objection, as the lawyers say, is not well taken. It should be, not that the dogma of Papal Infallibility is incompatible with civil allegiance or mental freedom, for, if the pope is really infallible, he can teach as the law of God only what is his law, and as obligatory only what really is obligatory on all men and nations, alike on sovereigns and subjects, the republic and the citizen, if the universal dominion and sovereignty of God is not denied;—but it should be either a denial in form of the dogma of Papal Infallibility, or the universal dominion and sovereignty of God. In either case the objection would be theological, not political.

In fact, no valid or tenable objection to the dogma of Papal Infallibility can be based on political or secular reasons. Mr. Gladstone and the Protestant press, in objecting to the Church or the Papacy on political and secular grounds, show their want of logic, and their utter incapacity to understand the real question at issue. They wish to maintain that the claim of Papal Infallibility renders the Church incompatible with the rights of the civil power and of the mind, which is absurd if the claim be well founded. If the claim be unfounded, that fact should be pleaded, or alleged in the declaration; and the allegation of that transfers the case at once from politics to theology. They are not only inept logicians, but very poor lawyers, and would do well to study Chitty, or some other respectable authority, on Pleading. They lose their case if they are so ill-advised as to interpose a demurrer. If they simply demur to the claim they have no case, for, if the claim be conceded or passed over, no objection can be urged, since an infallible

teacher can teach nothing that is not true, and therefore nothing incompatible with any rights the civil power or the mind has ever had or can have. There are no rights not founded in truth, and truth cannot contradict itself. The case does not come within the jurisdiction of the civil courts, and can be settled only in the court that has cognizance of theological questions.

We are not required in the present aspect of the case to discuss the theological question, for Mr. Gladstone and Protestants do not in their objections set forth that the Papal Infallibility is theologically false, and therefore incompatible with civil allegiance and mental and moral freedom: they object that Papal Infallibility itself cannot be asserted or believed without denying civil allegiance and mental and moral freedom. The objection, therefore, is to infallible authority itself; that whoever admits any infallible authority above or distinct from the state or civil power and the individual reason cannot be a loyal subject or citizen, and is mentally a slave. There is no human infallibility, and there can be no infallible authority except by divine appointment and the supernatural assistance and protection of the Holy Ghost. Papal Infallibility rests on and represents the divine infallibility and sovereignty. In the last analysis, then, the objection is, that the acknowledgment of the divine infallibility and sovereignty is incompatible with mental freedom and civil allegiance. This is the real significance of Mr. Gladstone's objection. We said, in 1854, that he needed only another rubbing to become completely satanized, and this additional rubbing he appears to have received in his late political defeat and loss of office. He now unites with Satan in asserting the authority of the human against the authority of God; for, as we have seen, his objection is no less forcible against Catholicity on the supposition that Papal Infallibility is a truth, than on the supposition that it is an unfounded claim. It says to the state and the human reason, "Ye are as gods," you are your own masters, and have no superior. The principle assumed in all the objections of anti-Catholics to the Church, as far as half a century devoted to the study of the subject has enabled us to ascertain it, is this same satanic lie, which denies the divine sovereignty, and asserts the independence of the human, whether social or individual, as we began by showing.

The real question between the Church and her assailants, stripped of all its disguises and sophistries, is as to the divine sovereignty: Is God the Proprietor and Sovereign of the universe, and is his law supreme for all intelligent and moral agents? Yes, or no? If you say yes, your objections fall to the ground; if you say no, they equally fall to the ground; for then the mind and the state have no rights for Papal Infallibility to impugn. There can be no rights where there is no basis of right; and if the sovereignty of God is denied, there is no basis of rights of any sort. The universal dominion and sovereignty of God denied, how will you be able to assert loyalty as a duty, or the moral obligation of civil allegiance; or maintain that its violation is wrong or criminal? God's sovereignty denied, the authority of the state to bind the individual conscience, to exact obedience even as a civil duty, ceases; each individual is emancipated from all law, from all moral obligation, is free, if he chooses, to lie, steal, rob, murder, without any power having the right to call him to an account; society is dissolved, and the moral order of the universe is a word without meaning. Follow out the principle of your objection to its logical consequences, and you will find that it denies all authority, all law, all right or wrong, the entire moral order of the universe; for all law, all morality, all right, all authority, rests on the universal dominion and sovereignty of God, since, as says the Apostle St. Paul, *Non est potestas nisi a Deo*. The denial of the divine sovereignty is virtually the denial of God himself, is really atheism; and hence the horror with which mankind, in every age prior to our own, have regarded the atheist. Atheism denies all moral order, and leaves the world to be governed by mere force, or identifies right with might, as exemplified in Frederic the Great, Napoleon I, Count Cavour, Kaiser Wilhelm and his chancellor, Prince von Bismarck; as well as in the French Revolution of '93, the expulsion from Spain of Queen Isabella in 1868, the insurrection of the mob and improvisation of the so-called Government of Defence in Paris, September 4, 1870, and the new Reign of Terror, instituted by the Communists in the same city, March 18, 1871.

But reject the satanic denial of the divine sovereignty, and, consequently, the denial of man's dependence and subjection preached by the serpent to our first parents, and

assert with all Jews, Christians, and Mahometans even, the universal dominion and sovereignty of God, and you must accept the law of God as supreme and universally obligatory. It binds both the state and the citizen, the community and the individual. It is the ground and measure of all right, and whatever is contrary to it is wrong, and forbidden to be either believed or done. Under this supreme law the state holds, and this law is the ground and limit of its authority, or of its rights and its obligations. This law is therefore the ground and limit of civil allegiance. The civil power holds all its authority from this supreme law, and, consequently, it has no authority to do or command anything that it forbids, or that is contrary to it. Hence it follows that, if the civil power commands anything contrary to the law of God, its commands do not bind the subject or citizen, are not only not obligatory, but are to be treated as null and void from the beginning, simply because the civil power has no right to issue them, and the law of God forbids them. Here is the limit of civil obedience, or my allegiance to the civil power. My obligation to obey ceases when the prince exceeds his authority, or violates the law under which he holds; and if he commands me to do what the law of God—which is law for him as well as for me, and for me as well as for him—forbids, I am bound to refrain from obedience, let the consequences to me be what they may, for we must obey God rather than men.

But here comes up the question, How am I to know what the law of God prescribes or forbids? How am I to know where the authority of the civil power ends, and my duty of obedience to its commands ceases? Here comes in the Church, professing to be authorized by God himself to declare the divine law. This is what every so-called Church actually professes; but how can the declaration of the Church meet the demands of the case, protect the authority of the prince or state on the one hand, and the individual conscience, or the rights of the citizen, on the other, if, like all Protestant sects, she be fallible, or liable to err in defining what is or is not the Divine Law? The prince could not be sure of the extent or limit of his powers, nor the subject of the extent or limit of his civil allegiance. The prince or state might transcend his or its powers and play the tyrant, as we have seen done in England, and as is done every day before our

very eyes in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain; while, on the other hand, under the plea of conscience, the subject might refuse to yield the obedience the civil power has the right under the law of God to exact, and disobedience, sedition, conspiracies, insurrections, rebellions, and revolutions follow to distract the state, and endanger its very existence. The court to define and declare the law alike for prince and subject, for state and citizen, needs, therefore, to be infallible. How, then, pretend that Papal Infallibility, which declares without error, or the possibility of error, the law of God, is incompatible with civil allegiance or with mental freedom? A fallible court might be so, but an infallible court cannot be. Well, deny Papal Infallibility, and you have only a fallible court, no authority to define the law of God and declare what it prescribes and what it forbids.

Considering that the pope is the Supreme Governor and Head of the Church, and is the Church herself in all her official relations with civil power, papal fallibility would be incompatible with civil allegiance, and mental and moral freedom, as Mr. Gladstone contends, for the pope might misinterpret the relations of the Church with the civil power and human reason as fixed by the law of God, or vary from time to time in his definitions of them; but Papal Infallibility, since the pope does not make the law, but only declares it, is not only not incompatible with civil allegiance or with mental freedom, but is a sure guaranty that in no case can anything be enjoined on the state or the individual, or forbidden to either, that is not enjoined or forbidden by the law of God, which neither has any right to disobey. Papal Infallibility, therefore, protects, with all the authority of the Church, both civil allegiance and mental and moral freedom. Dr. Döllinger, whom Mr. Gladstone and Prince von Bismarck so inconsiderately follow, suffers Satan to obscure and pervert his reason, in fact to deprive him of his senses, when he alleges that the definition of Papal Infallibility by the Fathers of the Vatican threatens danger to the civil power. The danger could be threatened only by a contrary definition. It is only papal fallibility or a fallible Church that could be dangerous.

Some obscurity on this subject has arisen from the practice of theologians of treating the natural law and the revealed law as two distinct laws, not as two distinct parts

of one and the same divine law. Thus the Archbishop of Westminster, in his Letter telegraphed to the *Herald*, says, or is made to say: "Civil obedience rests on natural law: revealed truth is the law of God. Society is founded in nature, and subjects are bound in all things which are lawful to obey their rulers." This is all very true, but it is neither definite nor exact, and leaves it to be inferred that the state does not hold, when society is not Christian, under the law of God; which is not true, and opens the door to the political atheism of our times, which no one more strenuously and effectively resists than the archbishop himself. The illustrious archbishop, who hardly has his equal in the Church, could never have meant that the natural law is not the law of God, or that civil society does not hold from the law of God, because it "rests on natural law," and therefore on an authority independent of the divine sovereignty, or outside of the jurisdiction of the Holy See as the divinely appointed and commissioned interpreter of the law of God: for he knows, as St. Paul says, *Non est potestas nisi a Deo*, and that the Church takes in her confessionals cognizance of offences against the natural law, no less than of offences against the revealed law. So-called natural morality, of which a summary is given us by divine authority in the Decalogue, is conformity to the natural law; and it would be something new to say the Church takes cognizance only of offences against the revealed law, and not also of offences against the natural law.

Society is, no doubt, founded in nature, in natural generation, but it is subject to the moral law, the natural *moral* law, not to *physical* laws only, as the Emersons, the Huxleys, the Tyndalls, etc., foolishly and wickedly maintain in identifying the moral law, the *jus gentium* of the Roman jurists, with the law of gravitation, etc. Now, whence originates this moral law called the natural law, and to which even natural society is subject? Whose will does it express? Who is the Legislator that enacts it? Nature? No, except by a figure of speech; for nature herself is bound by it. Nature is the creature of God, and dependent on his will, and therefore has and can have no legislative power of its own, for we repeat from the Apostle, *Non est potestas nisi a Deo*, there is no power (authority) but from God. Nature is not, and cannot give, the natural or moral law, and can at best

be only the medium through which God, the Universal Sovereign and Lawgiver, promulgates it. It is, therefore, as strictly and as veritably the law of God as the revealed law itself.

The practice of treating the natural law as distinct from the law of God has grown out of the neglect of theologians carefully to mark the important fact, which, so far as we are aware, none of them deny, that the natural and the supernatural are simply two distinct parts of one whole, not two separate and, in some respects, opposing systems.. In some schools of theology the two orders are treated as two separate and unrelated orders: the one, under the natural law; and the other, under the revealed law. It may be convenient to treat them so, in our analytic or scholastic disquisitions, but they are not so separate and unrelated in reality. *Gratia supponit naturam*, and the supernatural order is only the complement or fulfilment of the natural. Each demands the other. Without the natural, the supernatural is a word without meaning, since, if there were no generation, there could be no regeneration or palingenesia; and without the supernatural the natural would have no end, no fulfilment, and would remain always inchoate, or a simple beginning. We do not say natural reason alone could recognize this fact: natural reason, unenlightened by revelation, can go no further than the recognition of the fact that the natural is incomplete, insufficient for itself, and therefore has neither its first cause nor its final cause in itself. The rest depends on revelation, provable by ample historical testimony.

But, if there is any truth in what we have said, the natural and the supernatural are not two dialectically unrelated orders, or, as Calvinists and Jansenists hold, two antagonistic orders, but two parts of a dialectic whole. That is to say, the divine *schema* of creation includes, taken as it exists in the divine decree, the inchoate and its fulfilment,—generation and regeneration, and glorification as the crown of the whole. The natural law is then only a distinct part of the one divine law, and is as much the law of God as is the revealed law itself. Grant, then, that the state holds from the natural law, it, nevertheless, holds strictly from the law of God, which is, as we have said, the ground and measure of its authority, and, therefore, the ground and measure of civil allegiance, as also of the so-called rights of the mind.

The law of God can never be in contradiction with itself; and therefore, whenever the civil power commands any act to be done that contradicts the law of God, whether the natural law or the revealed, obedience is not obligatory, because it is commanded by no legitimate authority.

The whole Gladstone and Döllinger theory, on which is based the objection to Papal Infallibility, rests on the false assumption that nature is not under the law of God, and that what holds from nature holds from an authority independent of that law. The objection assumes that natural morality, and politics, which is only a branch of ethics, are independent of the divine law; and therefore to attempt to subject them to that law is to deny their freedom: the rights of the mind in the case of morality; of the state and the civil order, in politics. But this assumption is atheistic, or, as we said more than twenty years ago of Gallicanism, at least Manichean. There is no morality; no politics, independent of the law of God, as there is no existence independent of the creative act of God. Hence their doctrine, that the rights of the civil power and the rights of the mind do not depend on the law of God, and therefore do not come within the jurisdiction of the Church, is untenable, un-Christian, as well as illogical, as Gallicanism always was. The pope has necessarily jurisdiction under the whole law of God, otherwise the Church, of which he is the visible head, would not be Catholic; therefore he has jurisdiction under the natural law no less than under the revealed, and declares it under either division, infallibly, if infallible, as declared by the Council of the Vatican. This follows necessarily from the fact that the law of nature and the revealed law are not two laws, but two distinct, yet integral parts or sections of one and the same supreme law of God.

There can be no divided allegiance, no antagonism between obedience due to the pope and allegiance due to the civil power, for, if the pope be infallible, he declares as the law of God only what is the law of God; and no civil allegiance not enjoined by that law is or ever can be due the civil power, and that which is due under the divine law, the infallible pope cannot fail to enjoin upon all the faithful. There can therefore be no conflict unless the civil power, as in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain, exacts an obedience not its due, and violates by its acts of tyranny the law of God. Papal

Infallibility is, therefore, dangerous only to tyranny which it resists with all the moral power at its command. Civil rulers may despise moral power, and attempt with their armed legions to ride roughshod over it; but with only transient success, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. The Archbishop of Westminster's assertion, that subjects are bound to obey their rulers in all things not unlawful, means in all things not forbidden by the law of God. This is the doctrine of the Church in all ages. Subjects are bound to obey their rulers, therefore, for conscience' sake.

The *Herald* thinks the archbishop's reservation is that of the "Higher Law" of the abolitionists. Prudentius, in its own columns, has answered the *Herald*; and we have only to add that the abolitionists, in their doctrine of the "Higher Law," erred by appealing from the Constitution, not to the law of God infallibly declared, but simply, as good Protestants, to the individual reason or private judgment, which is below, not above the civil power, and conceals the principle of modern revolutionism. The abolitionists also maintained that a senator, for instance, has the right to use the authority with which the Constitution invests him, and which he has sworn to defend, in contravention of its positive injunctions, without resigning his seat in the senate. The fact is that the law of God is not, strictly speaking, a "higher law," for there is and can be no law that conflicts with it. Acts that contravene it are violences, not laws. The civil courts even refuse to enforce acts of the legislature that are contrary to natural justice, that is, contrary to the natural law; or did so refuse before the doctrine of the supremacy of the civil power came into vogue.

Prudentius has also set the *Herald* right in regard to its assertion, that faith is simply a sentiment; which is pure Beecherism. The *Herald* has latterly had some very able and statesmanlike editorials; but its indifferentism in matters of faith, and its lack of proper theological discipline, prevent it from being a safe guide in theological questions. A man is not necessarily a theologian because born of Catholic parents, or educated in a Catholic college.

Unhappily, what we call the age has lost sight of the spiritual or moral order of the universe. The scientists resolve the moral law into the physical laws of nature, and God the Creator into mere Force or blind Energy. The

politicians emancipate the state from the divine law, and assert its freedom to do whatever it pleases, if able. The limit of its Right is only in the limit of its Might.

Thus far we had written, when we received from the Messrs. Appleton the American reprint of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, with the replies of Archbishop Manning and Lord Acton. After reading the pamphlet, which strikes us as very weak and ill-tempered, we find on the main question nothing to alter in what we had written. Mr. Gladstone utterly fails either to prove that the Church has forfeited her "proud boast of *Semper eadem*" by the decrees of the Vatican, or that Papal Infallibility makes every Catholic a mental and moral slave, or is incompatible with the allegiance due to the civil power. He has only shown that some disclaimers of English Catholics during the struggle for Emancipation are not in accordance with their present claims on the part of the Church or the Papacy: but this is nothing to the purpose, for these claims, as Lord Acton shows, were always made and known to be made by the popes, and never disclaimed by them. The Council of the Vatican has made no change in them, one way or another. The disclaimers of English Catholics, to conciliate the English government, never were of any authority, for they were never confirmed by the pope, and they never deceived the English government which never trusted them, but imposed a special oath on Catholic members of Parliament. Mr. Gladstone has no right to complain if he finds a change in the tone of some English Catholics, or finds them even insisting on claims which he persuaded himself were abandoned, since he knows, or ought to know, that, though the Church may not at all times and under all circumstances exercise all her rights, yet she never abandons a claim she has once made and could not without denying her own infallibility. His real complaint is, not that the Church has changed, but that she has not changed, and really remains, as she alleges, *semper eadem*.

Mr. Gladstone's charge is twofold: 1st, against the Church Universal; and 2d, against the Catholic subjects of Great Britain. To the first we have replied at length, and shown that an *infallible* Church or an infallible Papacy cannot, in the nature of the case, be hostile to civil allegiance, but enjoins obedience to rulers in all things not forbidden by the

supreme law of God, which binds alike the prince and the subject, the state and the citizen. To the second, we have little to say, except that we are glad to find English Catholics speaking out as Catholics, boldly in conformity with their Catholic principles, and no longer speaking as Gallicans, or subordinating their religion to their English prejudices. No good ever came from the Butler policy of trimming, or attempting to explain away certain features of the Church foolishly objected to. We never had any sympathy with that policy. We have little respect for the Catholic who lacks the courage of his principles. Archbishop Manning's influence is great and thoroughly Catholic. He knows not what it is to trim. We are glad to hear, and we hope it is true, that he sent not long since a circular to all his clergy, to be read from the pulpit, declaring, which is true, that no one who denies the Papal Infallibility, as defined by the Council of the Vatican, is a Catholic. It is time to end the senseless babble about Ultramontanes. All Catholics are Ultramontanes, and anybody who is not is not a Catholic, let him call himself what he will. Mr. Gladstone, if he believed in the sovereignty of God, would see the weakness and absurdity of his pamphlet. There is no obedience due to the civil forbidden by the divine law.

ART. VI.—*Gregory VII: Investitures; Simony; and the Deposing Power.*

THE character of St. Gregory VII has been the subject of many contradictory as well as of hostile and unjust criticisms. Protestant and Liberal historians have vied with one another in denouncing the excessive rigor in enforcing ecclesiastical discipline which they impute to this great pontiff; and even where they cannot blame his actions, they impugn his motives. Statesmen, of the stamp of Prince von Bismarck, charge him with unbridled ambition, and the design to subordinate the state to the Church. They are indignant at the disgraceful scene, as they term it, of a German emperor standing for three days, shivering with cold in the garb of a penitent, before the castle of Canossa, and, when admitted to the presence of Gregory, subjected to

the most ignominious and degrading treatment. Thus these so-called Liberal statesmen goad on to frenzy an ignorant people. They search the records of the past, in order to throw odium on the Church of the present; nor are they at all scrupulous in the choice of their instruments, for the end, with them, justifies the means.

By misrepresenting, when not inventing, historical facts, and conjuring up the ghosts of the calumnies of ages gone by, they have succeeded in Prussia, and other parts of Europe, in making the Church appear as unpatriotic, hostile to the state, and especially opposed to a united Germany. They have thus brought about the passage of the infamous May-laws.

The constitution of Prussia, given by Frederic William IV in 1850, provides that, "as before, the Roman Catholic Church, like the other religious communions, administers its own affairs itself, and keeps the possession of its establishments, endowments, and foundations, whether for divine worship, education, or beneficence." Yet the liberty and independence of the Church, guaranteed by the constitution of the empire, have been subverted by the Prussian Reichstag, convened after the late Franco-Prussian war.

"The avowed object," says a distinguished writer, "of this statesman (Bismarck) is to introduce a new order . . . by a series of enactments having for their scope the entire subjugation of the whole domain of religion to the state. . . . The clauses now appended (to the Prussian constitution) state that, nevertheless, all religious societies remain subject to the laws and supervision of the state. . . . The preparation, appointment, and dismissal of the clergy must be regulated by the state, which defines the limits of the disciplinary authority of the Churches."

These clauses, as is apparent, assert the absolute sovereignty of the state over the Church, which is simply constituting the state the source of all authority, or, in other words, asserting the absolutism of the state. They revive the pagan doctrine, that the individual is made for the state, not the state for the individual; that the state is omnipotent—is God.

Another enactment, which has lately passed the Prussian Parliament, provides that "an ecclesiastical office can only be conferred on a German who has accomplished his training

according to the provisions of this law, and against whose appointment no objection shall have been raised by the government of the state." Thus, the appointment of bishops, parish priests, and other dignitaries, is virtually taken out of the hands of the Church, and given to the civil authority. The contest which Henry IV waged against Gregory VII is here renewed, with even more cruel and refined tyranny. But, in order to exclude any interference on the part of the pope, it is decreed "that ecclesiastical disciplinary authority can be exercised by 'German' ecclesiastical authorities only."¹

Here we have the conflict of Church and state renewed. The Church claims freedom, independence, and religious autonomy; she is a society, at once perfect, supreme, and dependent on no temporal power.² For this liberty and independence she struggles to-day in Prussia, as she did formerly in Germany under Gregory VII. As Bismarck at present, so Henry IV then laid claim to the appointment of the pastors of the Church: the latter, under cover of the right of investitures; the former, on the principle of the omnipotence of the state. Henry sold ecclesiastical offices to the highest bidder: hence simony and clerical concubinage became the order of the day.

But this manifest encroachment of the civil power on the ecclesiastical received a salutary check at the hands of Gregory VII, the great Hildebrand. Born of poor parents, the son of a carpenter at Rome, Hildebrand, at an early age, became a monk at Cluny. His extraordinary merit soon recommended him to Henry III, Emperor of Germany, as a fit preceptor for his son (1046), who afterwards, under the name of Henry IV, became Emperor of Germany.* It seems strange that the pupil should afterward become so forgetful of the lessons and example of his holy instructor, as to wage war against him, and to fall into the most infamous debaucheries and cruelties.

¹ See "Essays on Religion," etc., edited by Archbishop Manning, 1874. Essay IV, by Monsig. Patterson.

² See Notes on the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore by Rev. Dr. Smith, p. 8.

[* Our collaborateur follows the German writers; but, strictly speaking, Henry IV of Germany was never emperor; for he was never crowned by the pope. He was crowned only by a false pope created by himself. He was king, not emperor.—Editor.]

Called to Rome by Pope St. Leo IX, Hildebrand soon became chancellor and cardinal-archdeacon of holy Church under Alexander II. His influence in the councils of the pontiffs always remained paramount. He was intrusted by them with the management of the most momentous and intricate affairs; several times, he indicated the pontiff to be chosen, without ever aspiring to be pope himself. But at length, April 19, 1073, his own turn came, and he was unanimously elevated to the supreme pontificate. This great pontiff was destined to stem the tide of immorality of his age, and to crush out the abuses which were corroding the very vitals of the Church. His reign lasted but twelve years (1073-1085), yet is one of the most memorable in the history of the Church. His character is described by Mosheim, the Protestant historian, who certainly will not be suspected of partiality to the Catholic Church or the Roman Pontiffs, as that of "a man of uncommon genius, whose ambition in forming the most arduous projects was equalled by his dexterity in bringing them into execution: sagacious, crafty, and intrepid, nothing could escape his penetration, defeat his stratagems, or daunt his courage."¹

Had Mosheim omitted, in the foregoing, the words, "ambition," "crafty," he would not have been wide of the mark in depicting the character of the saintly pontiff. Unlike the bigoted and fanatic D'Aubigné in his "*History of the Reformation*," Mosheim can at least conceive it possible that members of the Catholic Church may possess some of the elements of moral greatness. But even Mosheim can see in Gregory VII only a haughty and arrogant ruler. He says of him: "Obstinate, impetuous, and intractable, . . . he looked up to the summit of universal empire with a wistful eye, and labored up the steep ascent with uninterrupted ardor and invincible perseverance; void of all principle and destitute of every pious and virtuous feeling, he suffered little restraint in his audacious pursuits, from the dictates of religion or the remonstrances of conscience."²

This is truly a formidable onslaught, and would lead one to imagine that Gregory must have been guilty of great and monstrous crimes in his pursuit of power: yet what are the

¹ Mosheim, "*Eccles. Hist.*," Cent. XI, part ii, ch. 2.

² *Ib.*, l. c. Cent. XI, part ii, ch. 2, p. 477, vol. ii, edit. 1810.

charges urged against him? The answer is: "He labored indefatigably to render the universal Church subject to the despotic government and the arbitrary power of the pontiff alone; to dissolve the jurisdiction which kings and emperors had hitherto exercised over the various orders of the clergy, and to exclude them from all part in the management or distribution of the revenues of the Church."¹

The Protestant historian therefore censures the pontiff, because, forsooth, he maintained the rights of the Papacy; because he defended the freedom and independence of the Church in the election of ecclesiastical dignitaries; because he suppressed simony and investitures. The very blame which Mosheim attempts to fix on the name of Gregory, entitles him to undying veneration and love in the heart of every Catholic. It is the highest praise that could be given him.

But let us enter more fully into the causes which induced the great struggle between Gregory VII and Henry IV. To understand these, and the nature of this contest itself, we must dwell for a moment on the questions at issue, and first on that of investitures. Monsignore Palma writes:—

"To appreciate its nature and importance, it must be borne in mind that, under the feudal system, bishops and abbots, especially in Germany, held not only lands and forests, but even castles and cities, as fiefs of the empire. . . . According to the laws then in force, the vassals of the crown could enter into the possession of a fief only after an oath of fealty and homage made to the emperor. The law was, in all justice, as binding on the ecclesiastical lords as on the other great vassals. But the way too easily led to abuse."²

This is stated in a similar manner by Mosheim:

"According to the laws of those times . . . none were considered possessors of the lands . . . which they derived from the emperors or other rulers, before they repaired to court, took the oath of allegiance to their respective sovereigns as the supreme proprietors, and received from their hands a solemn mark, by which the property of their respective grants was transferred to them."³

The popes were not opposed to this oath of allegiance, as the above-cited writer freely admits. But when rulers assumed the right of bestowing bishoprics and abbaties on

¹ Mosh. l. c.

² Ap. Darras, "Eccl. Hist.," vol. iii, p. 78.

³ Mosh. "Eccl. Hist.," Cent. XI, part ii, ch. 2, p. 495, vol. ii, edit. 1810

whom they pleased, they caused the ring and crosier of a deceased prelate to be brought to them.”¹ In bestowing them by their own authority on appointees or creatures of their own, they failed to distinguish between the temporal possession conferred and the spiritual authority of the holder of the fief or benefice, and assumed the right to confer both, which assumed that the spiritual jurisdiction is a mere appendage of the temporal. This was the meaning of the claim of the emperor to the right to invest with ring and crosier. It made the prelates hold from the state instead of holding, as they do, according to the constitution of the Church, from God through the pope, the Vicar of Christ. This was to subject the spiritual order to the temporal, and reduce the ministers and the administration of religion to the civil magistrate; and to destroy the Church as a spiritual society, and make it a function of the state.

Investiture by ring and crosier was not originally in use, in the instalment of prelates by emperors and civil rulers. The temporal domains were bestowed on bishops and abbots by other solemn marks, as by express agreement in writing; or also by words or verbal pledges. But these ecclesiastical dignitaries soon became, by reason of the large grants settled on them, very powerful in the state. They had come to be not only spiritual, but also temporal, lords and princes. Some of them ruled over great cities, and even not unfrequently determined the election of kings and emperors themselves. It was therefore not altogether surprising that monarchs should be anxious to have some influence in the selection of candidates for bishoprics; nor is the Church, in her love of peace, averse to their having a reasonable and proper share of influence in the appointment of bishops. In fact, Catholic princes, nay, even some Protestant monarchs, have been in the past, and are still at present, allowed by the Church to object to candidates for sacred offices, and, as a general rule, their requests and remonstrances are duly considered.²

In many places, civil rulers still retain what is termed by canonists the right of “*Primæ Preces*,” or the faculty of requesting that, in the selection and appointment, preference should be given to the one whom they favor. These

¹ Mosheim.

² See Notes on the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, by Rev. Dr. Smith, p. 92.

prayers or requests have, in many instances, the force of actual nomination.¹ This was, however, granted by the pope to rulers as a favor, not as a right. By the assuming the right of investiture with ring and crosier, the symbols of spiritual jurisdiction, the emperor claimed it as an exclusive right; and thus, "in defiance of all canonical rules, the choice of bishops was taken out of the hands of the diocesan and of the metropolitan clergy. . . . The emperor, who bestowed the badges of authority, was supposed to confer the authority itself; and the line of demarcation between the spiritual and the temporal power was thus disregarded."²

This assumption of spiritual power on the part of temporal rulers is what the popes chiefly found fault with in the question of investitures.

Mosheim states the matter correctly enough, when he says: "In this method of creating bishops and abbots, by presenting to them the ring and crosier, there were two things that gave particular offence to the Roman Pontiffs. The first was that, by this, the ancient right of election was totally changed, and the power of choosing the rulers of the Church was usurped by the emperors."

Again, another cause of complaint was, to see the ring and the crosier, the venerable badges of spiritual authority, delivered to the bishop-elect by the profane hands of unsanctified laymen.³

There was, however, another reason, perhaps not less powerful than these, that moved the pontiffs to inveigh against investitures. Investiture by the civil authority was always a usurpation; but the fearful abuses that grew out of it became intolerable, and demanded redress. Emperors and rulers came to confer ecclesiastical dignities, not on worthy persons, but on such as had rendered them services, given them money, or were likely to be subservient to their policy. They paid no regard to their moral character; no attention to their aptitude or fitness for the high offices which they lavished on them. Ecclesiastical trusts and dignities became marketable commodities, and at once there arose a great traffic in bishoprics and abbacies. They were sold to the highest bidders.

¹ Reiff., *Jus Can.*, tom. iii, lib. iii, tit. v, §§ 18-20; p. 130, n. 137 seq.

² Ap. Darras, vol. iii, l. c. p. 79.

³ Mosh., "*Eccl. Hist.*," vol. ii, p. 299, Cent. XI, part. ii, ch. 2.

St. Anselm, of Lucca, says of Henry IV: "This prince sells bishoprics without the least scruple. . . . No one is now raised to that dignity, unless he opens the way with bribes, or prostitutes his eloquence and his hand to the service of the master."

No wonder, then, that worldly-minded men, vile courtiers, and even notorious debauchees, filled the highest and most important positions in the Church in Germany and elsewhere.

Among the clergy, simony and concubinage became fearfully prevalent, and almost as a necessary consequence of the usurpation of the right of investiture by the civil authority. Simony, so called from Simon, mentioned in *Acts*, viii, 13-24, who sought to purchase of Peter with money the power of conferring the Holy Ghost, is defined by canonists to be the studied and deliberate will of buying or selling anything that is spiritual, or to which anything spiritual is annexed.

Blackstone, indeed, restricts simony to the obtaining of orders or presentation to an ecclesiastical benefice by money or purchase, but Catholic writers generally include, in their definition of simony, all bargains and corrupt practices in, 1. Things that are spiritual by their very nature, or essentially, such as are all supernatural graces: 2. Those that are spiritual causatively, as the seven sacraments; the sacramentals being causes or instruments of grace: 3. Those which are spiritual by reason of being intimately connected with some spiritual object, or when they proceed from a spiritual thing, as an effect from its cause. Of this latter kind are the election, presentation, nomination, investiture to ecclesiastical offices and dignities.¹

The eminent jurist Reiffenstuel says: "Three things must be considered in simony: the internal will or the intention; the external agreement, *pactio*, expressed by signs or words; and the execution of this agreement."

The malice and enormity of simony consists in comparing with each other, or placing on an equal footing, the spiritual and the temporal, thus esteeming the former, or the Holy Ghost, its author, to be of no greater value than money or other worldly gain.²

¹ Reiff., tom. iv, l. v, tit. i, § iii, p. 80.

² Ib.

Hence this crime is termed *vulnus cancrorum*—*lepra*; a crime compared to which all others are insignificant.¹

Of all the different kinds of simony, none is more productive of evil and immorality than the traffic in ecclesiastical dignities. Moral wolves and hirelings are thus thrust into the Church, and by it the very well-springs of her life are poisoned. Hence, from the earliest ages of Christianity, the severest penalties were inflicted on persons guilty of simony. They were deposed and degraded from their offices. All those, who simoniacally confer any ecclesiastical benefice or office, such as the episcopate, etc., or so procure, for themselves or others, said ecclesiastical office, by presentation or otherwise, incur excommunication *ipso jure et facto*, reserved to the pope.²

In England, even after its separation from Rome, these stringent punishments still obtained. Thus by statute ii, Anne, c. 16, if any man, for money or profit, shall procure in his own name, or the name of any other, the next presentation to any living, and thereon be presented, this is declared to be a simoniacal contract: the party is subjected to the ecclesiastical censures of simony, and is disabled from holding the benefice.³

In this country, no ecclesiastical benefices exist, and, therefore, this sort of simony is impossible. Yet a clear notion of what it is, is necessary in order to understand the rigor with which Gregory VII treated investitures.

Investitures contained two grave abuses: the unlawful assumption of the spiritual power to confer bishoprics; and the glaring simony, which was openly practised in selling and corruptly disposing of ecclesiastical benefices under its cover.

The war of investitures was, therefore, not one of mere words. It was a contest of life and death for the Church. Even Mosheim concedes it:—

“All these things being duly considered, we shall immediately perceive what it was that rendered Gregory VII so averse to the pretensions of the emperors, and so zealous in depriving them of the privilege they had assumed, of investing the bishops with the ceremony of the ring and crosier. In the first council which he assembled at Rome, he made no attempt, indeed, against investitures, nor did he

¹ Reiffenstuel.

² 1b., l. v. tit. iii, § xi, n. 263.

³ Blacketone, Com., Bk. ii, ch. 18, p. 303, edit. London, 1819.

aim at anything further than the abolition of simony, and the restoration of the sacerdotal and monastic orders to their ancient right of electing their respective bishops and abbots.

"But when he afterward came to know that the affair of investitures was inseparably connected with the pretensions of the emperors, and, indeed, supposed them empowered to dispose of the higher ecclesiastical dignities and benefices, he was then persuaded that simony could not be extirpated as long as investitures were in being; and therefore, to pluck up the evil by the root, he opposed the custom of investitures with the utmost vehemence."¹

As has been seen, investiture with the ring and crosier began probably in the tenth century. The precise date, however, is not known. The abuses emanating from this practice were prevalent chiefly at the court of the German emperors. They had been combated by all the pontiffs of those times. Many decrees had been enacted, yet but slight results had been accomplished. The evil had reached its clinax, when Gregory VII was unanimously elevated to the Papacy. Already in 1074, Gregory had convened a synod at Rome, of about fifty bishops and many abbots and clerics. It was decreed that incontinent clerics should be deprived of their offices; that the faithful should not assist at the sacred functions celebrated by those unworthy priests. In fine, a withering decree was issued against all clergymen who had purchased their benefices.²

As will be seen, this law was aimed directly at ecclesiastics, not at laymen. Gregory would not, as yet, openly break with Henry IV. He knew but too well the corrupt practices of the German monarch; he was aware that ecclesiastical dignities were sold by the emperor, or given to licentious courtiers. Yet the pope was not without hopes of changing Henry's mind by kindness.³ Down to the middle of February, 1075, Gregory dissembled his feelings, and endeavored to prevent the impending rupture between Church and state. His entire failure in this regard was owing to Henry's hypocrisy and malice. In the following year (1075), Gregory held another synod at Rome. He now changed his tactics with the emperor. All peaceful efforts had been fruitless. A decree was issued in this council, which was aimed directly at Henry IV. It forbade

¹ Mosheim, "Eccel. Hist." Cent. XI, part ii. ch. 2. p. 501, vol. ii.

² Wouter's "Hist. Eccl.," epoch vii. tom. ii.

³ Gfrörer's "Papst Gregor VII.," vol. vii, p. 397.

"any layman, of what rank soever, whether emperor, marquis, prince, or king, to confer the investiture; and any cleric, priest or bishop, to receive it for benefices, abbacies, bishoprics, and ecclesiastical dignities, of whatsoever nature."

This lenten synod, says the illustrious historian of Gregory VII, proclaimed a new principle of jurisprudence, which echoed throughout the Western Church, and which became a law in this form:

"1. Every cleric, who shall, in future, receive a bishopric or abbey from the hands of a layman, shall not be considered a bishop or abbot, shall have no access to the pope, but shall fall under the ban of excommunication, until he resign the office, simoniacally accepted by him."¹ "2. In like manner, any emperor, king, duke, or count, or temporal ruler, who dares to grant the investiture of an ecclesiastical benefice to clerics, is excommunicated."² This was indeed a bold step on the part of Gregory. War was thus declared between the Empire and the Papacy.

"Thus fell the stroke: the great word, which had been urged by the events of a whole century, had at last become reality."³ Gregory, however, did not content himself with mere words and enactments. He proceeded to acts. In the above-mentioned synod he cited five councillors of the German realm to appear before him by May of the same year (1075), to answer to the charge of selling ecclesiastical offices and dignities. These men had been commissioned by Henry to sell benefices: they acted, therefore, in the name and by command of the emperor. Their citation was therefore a direct blow at the German monarch.⁴

When Gfrörer writes that the law against investitures was a *new* law in the Church, he cannot mean that the election of bishops and abbots by temporal rulers was then for the first time forbidden, or that it had till then been recognized as lawful by the Church. Already in 1062, Pope Alexander II had ordained: "No cleric or priest shall be promoted to the episcopate, whether gratuitously or for a pecuniary consideration, by any secular authority."

That the selection and appointment of the rulers of the Church belong to the Church itself, has always been the tradition and belief of Christendom. The reestablishment

¹ Gfrörer, *Papst Gregor VII*, vol. vii, p. 400.

² *Ib.*

³ *Ib.*

⁴ *Ib.*, l. c. p. 40.

of this right was no new law. Investiture with the ring and crosier was a violation of the ancient rights of the Church, which she holds from God himself. It was only now, it may be, for the first time expressly prohibited, and in this sense only can it be termed a new enactment. The principle on which it rests is as old as the Church herself. Henry was stung to madness by this decree. He remained obstinate. "The severe law," Mosheim writes, "that had been enacted against investitures, by the influence and authority of Gregory, made very little impression upon Henry. He acknowledged, indeed, that, in exposing ecclesiastical benefices to sale, he had done amiss, and he promised amendment in that respect; but he remained inflexible against all attempts that were made to persuade him to resign his power of creating bishops and abbots, and the right of investiture, which was intimately connected with this important privilege."¹

Henry, however, pretended to yield to the demands of the pope. In fact, he sent legates to Rome, in order to restore peaceful relations between himself and the Holy See. His obedience, however, was but a feint to win the pope's favor. He was about to engage in a war with the Saxons (1075). Had he been opposed by the pope, his cause could not have succeeded. Yet Gregory was not thus to be deluded. He dissembled, however, for a time.²

Meanwhile, the emperor kept up his simoniacal practices. The pope now took a resolute step. He cited Henry to appear at Rome, and threatened to excommunicate him unless he complied with the decree against investitures. Henry now threw off the mask. He assembled a council of German bishops at Worms in 1076, in which Gregory was accused of the most infamous crimes, and of illicit intercourse with the Countess Matilda.³ Gregory was deposed by the minions of Henry from the pontificate; and, to crown his insolence, the emperor went so far as to send insulting and abusive letters to Gregory, announcing the decision of the council.

It had become, therefore, a sad, but imperative duty on the part of the pope to repress this audacity. He convoked a

¹ Cent. XI, part ii, ch. 2.

² *Ib.*, l. c. p. 507.

³ Gfrörer, vol. vii, p. 492.

council at Rome (February 22, 1076), in the same year, at which one hundred and ten bishops were present. The acts of the Synod of Worms were discussed, Henry's arrogant letters were read, and all the Fathers unanimously excommunicated the emperor.

Nor was this sentence without its effect. The nobles of the realm met at Tribur, and threatened to depose Henry unless he obtained absolution from the pope within one year from the time of his excommunication.

The cowardly emperor then became thoroughly frightened. He set out at once for Italy, and met Gregory at the castle of Canossa. Here he was absolved by the pope, on condition that he should conform to the laws of the Church, and abstain from the exercise of royalty, until the Diet, which was soon to meet at Augsburg, should have pronounced upon his case. The emperor, however, soon forgot all his promises.

Finally the question of investitures was settled in the Diet of Worms (1122), under Pope Callistus II. Then peace was once more restored between the Papacy and the Empire.

In this Diet, Pope Callistus conceded that bishops and other prelates should be installed by the emperor, by means of the sceptre; but he stipulated that the election should be performed by the clergy; and, though in the presence of the emperor or his legates, the election should be free of any interference on the part of the emperor.

Henry V, on his part, gave up the right of investiture by the ring and the crosier, and granted free election to all the cathedral churches of his empire, according to the prescriptions of the sacred canons.¹ Henceforth the right of election was exercised by the cathedral chapters alone. The people, and the archbishops of the provinces, were excluded from elections. This discipline was sanctioned by the Fourth Lateran Council held under Innocent III in 1215.²

Gregory, it is true, did not live to witness the triumph of the just and holy cause he had so constantly and generously defended. The troops of the German emperor had laid close siege to Rome. Though rescued by the valor of Robert Guiscard, Gregory was compelled to leave the city, to prevent further bloodshed. He died an exile at Salerno (1085). His last words will be forever memorable: "I have

¹ Wonders, n. 22, vol. ii.

² *Ib.*, l. c. vol. ii, p. 23.

loved justice and hated iniquity : therefore do I die in exile." Even D'Aubigné, citing these words, adds : "No man is a hypocrite on the brink of the grave."

No historian, however, can fail to perceive that it was due to Gregory's invincible courage that, in 1122, the rights of the Church were at length recognized by the emperors of Germany. Now we proceed to the law enacted by this great pope against the concubinage of the clergy.

Mosheim appears to maintain that clerical continency, or the celibacy of the clergy, was "first" introduced and made obligatory by Gregory.¹

"It was also decreed in the same council (held by Gregory VII at Rome in 1074), that the sacerdotal orders should abstain from marriage ; and that such of them as had already wives or concubines, should immediately dismiss them, or quit the priestly office."² Mosheim adds:—"The proceedings of Gregory appeared to the wiser part, even of those who approved of the celibacy of the clergy, unjust and criminal in two respects : first, in that his severity fell indiscriminately, and with equal fury, upon the virtuous husband (?) and the licentious rake ; that he dissolved, with a merciless hand, the chastest (!!) bonds of wedlock, and thus involved husbands and wives, with their tender offspring, in disgrace, perplexity, anguish, and want."³ Again : "The second thing criminal in the measures taken by this pontiff was, that, instead of chastising the married priests with wisdom and moderation, and according to the laws of ecclesiastical discipline, whose nature is wholly spiritual, he gave them over to the civil magistrate, to be punished as disobedient and unworthy subjects, with the loss of their substance, and with the most shocking marks of undeserved infamy and disgrace."⁴

These censures assume : 1. That celibacy was made obligatory on the clergy for the first time, by Gregory VII. 2. That the punishments enforced by Gregory were altogether too severe. 3. That the pope's conduct towards married clerics was unjust.

Before giving a direct reply to the first assertion, we will let the Protestant historian, Menzel, speak :—"The second

¹ Ap. Wonders, vol. ii, n. 3, not. 1, p. 4. part. ii, vol. ii, ch. 2, p. 489, edit. 1810.

² Mosh., "Eccl. Hist.," Cent XI,

³ Ib. p. 491.

⁴ Ib.

condition of the sanctity and integrity of the clergy was the celibacy of priests. . . . The laws of Gregory in this regard were indispensable. The holiness of the clergy could alone inspire both the people and the princes, hostile to the Church, with respect. To this angelic sanctity, by which the priest should be above the rest of mankind, virginity was necessary. . . . Gregory therefore fought in a holy and good cause."¹

But we deny that Gregory introduced a new discipline. The celibacy was binding on the clergy long before the times of Gregory VII; in fact, that its origin is traceable to the most remote antiquity of the Church, is beyond doubt or controversy.² This question is learnedly discussed by Palma.³

Wonters writes: "Both Mosheim in his '*Ecclesiastical History*,' and Ranke in his '*History of the Papacy*,' betray either an utter ignorance of ecclesiastical antiquity, or bad faith, when they assert that the secular clergy were first bound by the law of celibacy, by Gregory VII. For, from numerous documents, it is indubitable that, from the earliest ages of the Church, all clerics in sacred orders were obliged to observe continency."⁴

Already in 305, the Council of Elvira (Eliberim) in Spain, presided over by the famous Osius of Corduba, established (can. 33), "that bishops, priests, and deacons shall, under pain of deposition, lead a life of virginity, not only abstaining from marriage after the reception of holy orders, but also separating themselves from the wives, which they had married before their ordination."⁵

The canon reads thus: "Placent in totum prohibere episcopis, presbyteris, et diaconibus vel omnibus clericis, positus in ministerio, abstinere se a conjugibus suis et non generare filios: quicumque vero fecerit, ab honore clericatus exterminetur."⁶

"This celebrated canon," says the historian Hefele, "contains the first law on celibacy, in that it enacts that married men, who enter into the sacred ministry, cannot live with their wives after their ordination."⁷

¹ Menzel, "*Weltgeschichte*," vol. v, bk. ii, p. 73.

² See Fr. Ant. Zaccaria, "*Storia Polemica del celibato sacro*." Edit. Napoli, 1852. Also "*Nuova Giustificazione del celibato sacro*," Foligno, 1785.

³ Prælect. "*Hist. Eccl.*," tom. iii, part i, cap. iv.

⁴ Wonters, "*Hist. Eccl.*," tom. ii, p. 4.

⁵ L. C. vol. i, p. 78, n. 96, Epoch. II.

"*Conciliengesch.*," vol. i, p. 140, bk. i, ch. 3, § 13.

⁶ Ap. Hefele,

⁷ *Ib.*

The expression, "prohibere," . . . "abstinere," . . . et "non generare," as Hefele remarks, is somewhat inaccurate, and expresses just the opposite of what was intended by the synod. As it stands at present, the meaning would be: Ecclesiastics are forbidden to separate from their wives. Yet this mode of speech occurs in several other instances of that age.¹

The continency of the clergy was likewise enjoined in the Council of Carthage, held in 397; in the Council of Turin, celebrated, according to Hefele,² in 401. From the above it may be safely inferred that, from the fourth century at least, the celibacy of the clergy was obligatory throughout the entire Church of the West, by virtue of the decrees of councils and the constitutions of the sovereign pontiffs.³ In fact, Origen speaks of this discipline as already in force in his time.⁴ St. Epiphanius,⁵ St. Jerome,⁶ and other Fathers, trace it back to the apostolic times: which is the true view. At present, it is the generally received opinion of Catholic writers that the celibacy of the clergy is of apostolic institution. Thus Devoti says: "That clerics in sacred orders must lead a life of continence, we know from apostolic tradition itself."⁷

Before the twelfth century, however, "order" was not an annulling impediment of marriage; so that matrimony entered into by clerics in sacred orders, though illicit and sinful, was, nevertheless, valid, and entailed only deposition from ecclesiastical offices.⁸ Hence we find that Gregory VII by no means declares such alliances null and void. He simply "deposed" married clergymen.⁹

But already in the First Lateran Council (1123), and, again, in the Second Lateran Council (1139), the marriages of clerics, from subdeacons upwards, were declared to be not only illicit, but also null and void.¹⁰ The Council of Trent confirmed this discipline, and enacted most stringent laws to enforce the celibacy of the clergy.¹¹

Of late, it has been said by a few that the clergy of the Western Church might be allowed to marry just as

¹ Hefele.³ Walter., Jus Can., p. 409, § 207.⁵ Hæres. 49. 59.⁷ "Inst. Can.," lib. ii, eccl. ix, § 128.⁹ Ib. p. 412.
also Walter., l. c.¹⁰ Soglia, Jus Eccl., lib. ii, ch. ix. § 186, p. 399, vol. ii;¹¹ Sess. XXIV, cap. ix, de Sacram. Matrim.² Concil., vol. ii, p. 72.⁴ Origen. Hom. 23 in e. num.⁶ Lib. contr. Vigilant.⁸ Walter., Jus Can., p. 410.

reasonably as the clergy of the Oriental Church. But what is the prevailing discipline of the Greek Churches on this head? Were Greek clerics allowed to marry in former times? Devoti tells us that up to the seventh century celibacy was incumbent on the Greek clergy no less than on the Latin; so that in the Greek Church, as in the Latin, clerics, who were already in holy orders, were forbidden to marry; and those who had been united in wedlock before being ordained, had to separate from their wives, previous to being admitted to holy orders.¹

In the seventh century the Greeks abated the stringency of this law,² so that, although clerics who had already received sacred orders could not marry, yet subdeacons, deacons, and priests could retain the wives with whom they had been united before ordination.³ But the rigor of the old law was so far kept up, that marriage, contracted by one who was already a subdeacon, deacon, or priest, remained null and void as in the Latin Church.⁴ This is at present the discipline prevalent throughout the Greek Church.

In the Eastern Churches, however, the law of celibacy has virtually lapsed, and with it has gone the dignity, as well as the learning, of the Greek clergy. The Chrysostoms, the Athanasiuses, have long ago passed away from the Eastern Churches.

We think we have disposed of Mosheim's gratuitous assertion, that Gregory was the first pope who made celibacy obligatory on the clergy. We have shown, also, that the Greek Church fell from its primitive purity in this respect; and its present discipline can therefore constitute no precedent for the Latin clergy. Nor was Gregory VII too severe on the married clergy of his time, as Mosheim pretends. The pope, in the year 1074, merely revived and practically enforced the laws already in existence. For he simply enacted that no priest should contract a matrimonial alliance; that incontinent clerics should be suspended from the exercise of all ecclesiastical functions; that a priest, who already had a wife, must put her away, under pain of deposi-

¹ Devoti, "Inst. Can.," tom. i, lect. ix, l. ii, p. 411, nota 2.

² Conc. Trull., A. D. 692, can. 13, 48.

³ Devoti, l. c.

⁴ Bened. XIV, Const. lvii, n. Bullæ, tom. i, p. 159. Hefele, Concil., vol. iii, p. 302.

tion; that no one could be raised to the priesthood, unless he should first promise to observe perpetual continence.¹

This was no greater rigor than had been already made use of by Pope Siricius (385); and Pope Innocent I says: "The obligation of continence is so solidly established . . . that incontinent clerics should at once be excluded from every ecclesiastical dignity."² Gregory's severity, therefore, was not unjust, for it was in accordance with the existing legislation of the Church.

The Church obliges no person to take holy orders; but she does oblige those that freely and of their own accord enter the priesthood, to lead a life of continency. Is this unlawful coercion?³ A less vigorous hand than that of Gregory VII could never have eradicated the evil become great and so general in his time. The concubinage of the clergy, it cannot be denied, was deeply rooted and wide-spread.

Mosheim himself says: "But there was a prodigious number of ecclesiastics throughout Europe, not only of priests and canons, but also of monks, who lived in the bonds of a criminal love, kept, under the title of wives, mistresses . . . and who not only spent, in the most profuse and scandalous manner, the revenues of churches, but even distributed them among their bastards."⁴

He admits, also, in another place, that these decrees of Gregory VII were in part "just and equitable, and in every respect conformable to the notions of religion that prevailed in this age, and were looked upon by the people as highly salutary."⁵

We close this part of our subject by quoting the following letter of the pope to the Countess Matilda, which explains the nature of his friendship with that Catholic princess, and sufficiently refutes Mosheim's absurd calumny:—

"I am desirous," Gregory writes, "beloved daughter of St. Peter, to send you a few words of edification, which may increase your faith, and lead you to strengthen your soul by a daily participation of the sacred body of our Lord Jesus Christ."⁶—Is this the language of a licentious rake?

We reserve the consideration of the discussion of the third point we made, or the Deposing Power, for want of space till our next number.

¹ Ap. Darras, vol. iii, p. 116.

² Walter., p. 414, note a.

487, vol.ii, ed. 1810.

⁵ I. C. p. 489.

³ Epist. ad Exup.

⁴ Cent. XI, part. ii, ch. 2, p.

⁶ Ap. Darras, vol. iii. p. 111.

ART. VII.—LITERARY NOTICES AND CRITICISMS.

- 1.—*Ma Conversion et ma Vocation.* Par LE P. SCHOUVALOFF, Barnabite. Paris: Charles Duniol.

"THE history of a man's moral life," says Father Schouvaloff "can only be the account of his soul's relations with God. And what," he adds, "can be more beautiful than the study of the action of divine intelligence upon the human mind?" It is entirely in this view that he has written the volume before us. It is wholly occupied with the action of grace upon his soul from the days of his petted youth as a gay Russian nobleman, to those later years, when far from young he put on the coarse Barnabite habit, giving his whole soul to God, and offering all that remained of earthly life for the conversion of his beloved country. The book was not at first intended for publication, but was simply the overflowing of a heart full of love and gratitude, in unrestrained communion with its divine benefactor; but at last he surmounted the strong repugnance he felt at laying bare his soul to the world, for no other end, as he says in his preface, "than to show to poor souls, astray as was mine, . . . and, above all, to my dear countrymen, that there is a way, easier than they think, to arrive at the truth and happiness of which we have all such great need. . . . I would that my words should be all impressed with charity and gentleness, and that, in fulfilling what I believe to be a duty, I may give pain to no one whatever. . . . Would that all Russia might know that Catholicity is not contrary to nationality, and that the truth will ever be the firmest support of fidelity and patriotism!"

Of the countless thousands of converts the Church has gathered to her heart, no two, so ever-varying and inconstant is error, have travelled by precisely the same path to that unchangeable truth wherein all meet and are made one, so that the old sweet story of a conversion has always something fresh and new. The charm of this one is that it was made in the midst of no intellectual combat, no great moral convulsion, but through the affections of a most sincere and generous nature. The voice of grace sounded in the simplest incidents of a life marked by few exterior events. His nature was ardent and enthusiastic, craving happiness, sensitive to all noble impulses, and inclined to whatever was right and good. "But like so many other young men," he says (page 11), "I was taken up with myself, and, in my vanity, I made an idol of my own person, endowing it with a thousand imaginary virtues. . . . Man was born to be happy, that is, to love God with all his heart; but when, instead of following this law of his nature, he loves himself, he deprives himself of the felicity for which he was created. He is the cause of his own misfortune. . . . To love himself is hell, to love God is paradise. . . . For me . . . running unceasingly after the dream of my life, I did not perceive that I immolated the very felicity that I so ardently desired. I did not know that he who loves God obtains happiness by sacrificing self, while the egotist, on the contrary, sacrifices his happiness to his caprices. I had received no other religious instruction than some vague ideas, such as are ordinarily given to young noblemen in Russia. Ah! how many men and even women I have known in that nobility, who, under the

appearance of being Christians, are indifferent, or rationalists ! And how can they be otherwise ? With us religion is not made, as in Catholic families in Catholic countries, an inherent part of our existence, it is but one side of life. . . . Brought up in this Church (the Russian), I was ignorant, I repeat, of the holy word. Undoubtedly I was made to attend the holy sacrifice of the Mass on Sunday, and once a year was conducted to the altar to receive the Bread which gives wisdom and faith ; but it was all mechanically done, from habit, without love, without life. . . . It must be admitted that those of my countrymen who are pious, and in good faith in error, are entirely ignorant of the unhappy state of their Church. Like birds born in a cage, in gilded dwellings and rich apartments, they live without fear, believe themselves happy, and do not even suspect the treasures of delight of which error deprives them. They do not know how much happier is the bird which flutters through the air, and warms itself in the sunlight."

When he was twelve years old, our author was sent to a celebrated Protestant college near Berne, Switzerland. Here the only motive of education was that of human respect,—the idea of good founded on a sentiment of honor. Surrounded by men more unbelieving in practice, perhaps, than they were in theory, he drank deeply of the poisoned sources of all religious errors, historical and philosophical. At seventeen a cherished sister, three years older than himself, died, after protracted suffering. She was a Catholic, converted through the instrumentality of her father's sister, also a convert, and now, when dying, had the inexpressible happiness of seeing her mother embrace the faith. The reflections caused by his sister's death, the count afterwards regarded as among the first of those numberless graces which led at last to such happy results. Soon afterwards, the heart, already rich in family affection, was filled with a "new sentiment," and when only twenty years of age he married a young girl, whom he devotedly loved, and who was to prove the instrument of his salvation. "She is to suffer, but her suffering will open heaven for her; she is to die, but her death is to be my ransom." This union, happy in unfailling love, though full of anxieties, and burdened by great griefs, lasted for seventeen years, and during all that time it was a struggle with the count between divine grace and the human will. The struggle was unequal because God is all-powerful. "But, Lord!" the writer sweetly explains, "you so loved your creature, so ardently desired his welfare, that it was your wish, while leaving your power unbounded, to limit it, in a manner, by your love. . . . Now, your love wills that man should be happy. This cannot be except by virtue: all the mystery of virtue is but the free accord of the individual will with your will, O my God! In this accord, in this acquiescence, in this firm resolution to will only what thou wiltest, there is the virtue, there is happiness." (p. 27.)

Through all the changes of years there remained ever the same great tenderness for the good and gentle wife, for whom, in after years, he could never thank God enough. This love, which he blessed God for having preserved so faithfully in his heart, he regarded as the spark which, under the beneficent action of grace, lighted the flame which afterwards burned through all his soul. She had been brought up, like himself, in the Russian Church, and, when trials

came, looked only to her husband for strength and comfort. "I remember," he writes, "the long and sorrowful nights when she demanded her son of me. And what could I answer? I knew well that there was no remedy for her but resignation: but in whose name could I speak? In the name of philosophy, perhaps? Ah! can a despairing mother understand that language; and what argument which, after all, rests on nothing, can answer her who demands for what reason her child was torn from her?" (p. 45.) "Yes, my wife needed truth; she needed something else; she had not suffered enough. . . . But grief, where there is not a firm faith, necessarily gives birth to revolt, for reason questions. Why suffer? she asks; and unable to answer, she becomes unreasonable. . . . One day, in my desire to comfort her, I suddenly comprehended, by instinct, through my love for her, many things which my soul had ever been incapable of seizing. I understood that eternal truth, that for the suffering soul there is no consolation save in Christianity. Yes, in despite of my vitiated reason, I understood that happiness was only there: and I, irreligious and a skeptic, was so struck with the necessity of faith, that, in order to calm the grief of this afflicted soul, I became apparently a believer, and forced myself, in long conversations, to prove to her truths in which I did not believe. I spoke with warmth of the immortality of the soul, of the necessity of that immortality, and of the joy she would one day have in being united to her lost ones in the bosom of God. Oh! the impiety was bad, absurd, and vain. Bad, because I sought to make her believe what I regarded as a falsehood; absurd, because I was vanquished by myself, and did not see it; vain, because I, fallible and stupid, put myself, while believing myself wise, in the ranks of those I called weakminded." (p. 85.) More docile to the voice of grace, the wife was led to find many truths for herself, and in the end most ardently desired to become a Catholic. She deferred her formal abjuration for some time, in hopes that her husband would join her; and then before her desire could be accomplished, her long-failing health left her prostrated in mind and body, and she was never able to carry out her intention. Her husband, heartbroken, instinctively threw himself on his knees by her bedside, when she was dying, and was, in reality, from that moment a believer. At first he believed all religions good, and looked upon the true and logical sentence, "*Out of the Church* there is no salvation," as monstrous and absurd. "Still," he says, "I should have given my preference among all to some one of the Protestant sects. Protestantism appeared to me more *reasonable*, that is to say, exacted less of faith: in a word, was less Christian. But . . . there is something in the Protestant worship so dry and hard that my heart could not content itself; and, later, I saw that not only did my heart revolt against this worship, but that my reason rebelled against its worship and dogma both. For a time I thought the Greek Church possessed the truth, and, once I had decided to become a Christian, I sought most earnestly, and with a sincere desire, to belong in heart to that Church in which I was born." (p. 189.) He had long interviews with a Greek priest, and carefully studied all the reasons in favor of that Church, but the illusion was of short duration: the nearer he approached to God by love and the desire of virtue, the less the practice of the Greeks satisfied him. He asked no miracle to enlighten him; he became

acquainted with priests and devout Catholics; mind and heart were opened at last, and, finally, after listening to a sermon one evening by Father de Ravignan, he felt an irresistible desire to speak with the great preacher. The next morning he attended early Mass at Notre Dame, and afterwards saw F. de Ravignan:—"‘Father,’ I said to him, ‘I do not come to ask you if I ought to be a Catholic; I am one in heart, my conviction is complete, and I am decided to make all sacrifices for the faith. . . . I am decided, but I have children whose existence depends upon me. Our laws are most rigorous as you know: what shall I do? Above all, father, do not think of me, I shall not die of hunger.’”—Father de Ravignan advised him wisely, and on the 6th of January, 1843, he received his abjuration in presence of Madame Swetchine and Prince Theodore Gallitzin. Afterwards, when his invalid daughter was married, he, though well advanced in years, persisted in his desire to join the Barnabite Order in Paris, in which he died in 1859. His love for the country which exiled him grew stronger as he advanced in spiritual life, and animated all with whom he came in contact. There are many passages in his book relating to the Russian Church of the greatest interest, but our space will not permit us to dwell on them.

S. M.

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- 2.—*Manual of Universal Church History.* By the REV. DR. JOHN ALZOG, Professor of Theology at the University of Freiburg. Translated, with additions, from the ninth and the last German edition. By F. J. Pabisch, Doctor of Theology, of Canon and of Civil Law, President of the Provincial Seminary of Mount St. Mary's of the West, Cincinnati, O., and Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, Professor at St. Mary's Seminary. In three volumes. With three Chronological Tables and three Ecclesiastico-geographical Maps. Volume 1, Cincinnati, O.: Robert Clarke & Co. 1874. 8vo, pp. 779.

WE have scrupulously copied the title-page of this goodly volume, with the titles of its author and its translators, although much pressed for room. The Messrs. Clarke & Co. seem to have done their duty conscientiously, and though the volume is too unwieldy for convenience, it is very well printed and got up, and is very creditable to the Cincinnati press.

Dr. Alzog's *Manual of Ecclesiastical History* comes to us with a high reputation, and recommended by authorities to which we owe the greatest respect and deference, but we have never been able to appreciate it in the original German as highly as others, far more competent judges than we, appear to have done; and as far as we have read we do not discover that it is improved in this translation, which, with all deference to the learned and accomplished translators, is in neither elegant nor correct English. We are an indifferent master of our mother-tongue, and rarely venture on verbal criticisms; yet the use of *at* for *in*, as in the phrase Professor *at* the University of Frei-

burg, Professor at St. Mary's Seminary, does not strike us as correct or approved English.

We have not seen the ninth and last edition of Dr. Alzog's work in the original German: the edition we read was the fifth; we know not what improvements the author has made, if any, in his later editions, but, as we found it in that edition, we were not much pleased with it; and, when Dr. Corcoran proposed translating it and making it the basis of a work on ecclesiastical history, we objected to his intended publisher that the Doctor would do better to write a new and original work himself, which he was perfectly able to do. We do not like patched-up works, when we can get new and original works. Dr. Alzog was too weak and timid on the Papal Supremacy to suit us, and leaned too much to the doctrines of the sovereigns and their lawyers as distinguished from the pope. He was not precisely a Gallican, but he did not strike us as a full-hearted and thorough-going Papist, like the noble Abbé Rohrbacher.

We have read only a little of the volume before us, but enough to object to its style as un-English, as cloudy, heavy, and sometimes as incorrect and unintelligible. In running our eye over some of its headings, we find, or think we find, in it the doctrine of Development, or the development and growth of Christian doctrine or Christian faith,—a doctrine which we hold to be as subversive of Revelation, as Evolution is of Creation. We may be wrong, but, if we are, we beg the translators to correct their language. Nevertheless, the work, though heavy, and wanting in high literary merit, is decidedly a learned and elaborate work, and well adapted as a text-book in those seminaries and universities in which ecclesiastical history is taught chiefly by the lectures of the professor, and the students have access to large and well-stocked libraries, such as they have in Germany, but such as we have not in this country, and for long years to come shall not have. The work is rich in its directions of the student to the sources of Church history; but without the great university libraries and the lectures of the living professor, its careful study will do very little towards thoroughly teaching that history itself. We agree so far with the critic of the *New York Tablet*, that for the general reader it is inferior to the modest work of Darras.

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- 3.—*The King's Highway; or, The Catholic Church the Way of Salvation, as revealed in the Holy Scriptures.* By the REV. AUGUSTINE F. HEWIT, C. S. P. New York: The Catholic Publication Society, 1874. 16mo, pp. 292.

ANY work from Father Hewit, not on philosophy, is welcome to us, and, we presume, to the whole Catholic reading public. This new work of his is very able and very elaborate, and proves the author a theologian of no mean order. It is addressed to that class of Lutherans and Calvinists,—not a very numerous class,—who sincerely believe in the divine inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures, and the primary articles of the Christian faith; and its

design is, taking these articles for granted as admitted by both parties, to make them the basis of an argument, supported by the Holy Scriptures, to convince the class of Protestants he addresses of the truth of the other Catholic doctrines which they deny, and to refute the errors they mingle with the truth they profess to hold. The work has something of the old Puritan hardness in its temper, but otherwise strikes us as being as well adapted to its purpose as any work of the sort can be; and we most cordially welcome it as almost a novelty in our English Catholic controversial literature. The author is more recently from the Calvinistic ranks than we are, and he probably understands much better their tone and temper than we do, but we regard them, with individual exceptions, as the Protestants of the Protestants; and Protestantism we regard as apostasy, not as a simple heresy, or collection of heresies. We do not believe that, as a rule, the Lutheran and Calvinistic Protestants hold any Catholic doctrines with sufficient firmness to warrant us in assuming them as the basis of an argument for their conviction, however undeniably supported by the Holy Scriptures. Few, if any, of them, if shown that their so-called Orthodox Protestantism logically demands the Catholic Church as its complement, but will sooner deny Revelation than return to the Church they have so long and so vehemently protested against. The central principle of Protestantism is revolt against the sovereignty of God, and the rejection of all objective authority, or authority independent of the believer. We therefore do not treat Protestants as persons who hold the Christian faith, yet who err grievously as to what that faith teaches or requires, but as persons who do not in reality hold it at all. Father Hewit thinks differently; and we shall rejoice if the success of his book proves that he is right, and that we are wrong.

- 4.—*The International Series, No. XII. History of the Conflict between Religion and Science.* By JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M. D., LL.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1874. 16mo, pp. 373.

THE only thing in Dr. Draper's book that we are disposed to tolerate is its style, which is free, flowing, natural, simple, unaffected, and popular. Aside from its style, the book cannot be too severely censured. It is a tissue of lies from beginning to end. It is crude, superficial, and anything but what it professes to be. It professes to be a history of the conflict between religion and science. It is no such thing. It is a vulgar attack on Christianity and the Christian Church, in which is condensed the substance of all that has been said by anti-Christian writers from the first century to the nineteenth. There is not a profound or original thought in the whole book. Of history and the significance of historical facts the author is profoundly ignorant; of Christianity, its teachings, and influence, he knows as little as the child unborn. Only think of the ignorance or impudence of a writer who presents us Mahometanism as a reformation of Christianity in favor of science! We need say no more.

- 5.—*Lives of the Saints, with a Practical Instruction on the Life of each Saint.* For every day in the year. By REV. F. X. WENINGER, D. D., S. J. New York: P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay Street, and 42 Park Place. 1874.

THIS splendid work will be published in Twelve Monthly Parts. Each Part will contain 150 large octavo pages or more, will have a fine steel engraving, and will be handsomely bound in flexible cloth, at one dollar each Part. The First Part, which will include the Lives of Saints and the Daily and Practical Reflections for the month of January, will be issued early in that month. A Part will be issued each succeeding month until the work is completed.

We copy the author's Introduction:—

"If the usefulness of a book is the true standard of its merit, then, surely, no works are more worthy of being published and read than those which relate the wonders of God in his saints, and teach us how we may, in our own measure, imitate them and follow their footsteps. We have the testimony of all ages in favor of such writings, and of the numberless and inestimable benefits derived from their perusal. By them the faithful have been wonderfully strengthened in their holy faith; sinners have been converted to repentance; the lukewarm excited to fervor; dejected and timid souls have been encouraged; the sick and afflicted consoled; the despairing restored to hope. But nothing proves the usefulness of the lives of the saints more forcibly than the fact, that not a few of the saints themselves, who now adorn the annals of the Church, owe their sanctity to the reading of the lives of other saints who had preceded them. Those glowing pages have warmed many a heart, besides that of St. Augustine, with the encouraging thought which they suggested: 'Why should not you be able to do what so many others have done?' The grace of God made use of those channels to pour itself into the souls of the readers,—that all-powerful grace by which 'God can raise up, even out of stones, children to Abraham.'

"It was, no doubt, for the purpose of producing such effects, that many of the holy Fathers introduced the lives of the saints into their writings, as we find in the works of St. Athanasius, St. Basil, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory of Nyssa, St. Jerome, St. John Chrysostom, St. John of Damascus, St. Bernard, and others. For the same reason, from the earliest days of Christianity, skilful and zealous writers were appointed by the popes and the bishops to record the acts of the saints and martyrs, their glorious confession of the faith, their victories over their persecutors, their torments, their death, and the wonders which the Almighty wrought in them and through their intercession. These authentic relations were then read in the assemblies of the faithful, for their edification and encouragement.

"Let it not be objected that our great model is Jesus Christ alone, and our great duty as Christians is to be made conformable unto him. It is for this very purpose that we study the lives of the saints, who have accomplished that task to perfection; and we learn from their successful efforts, though they were but frail mortals like ourselves, how we too may ascend to the heights of the sanctity proposed to us. Does not St. Paul say to all: 'Be ye therefore fol-

lowers of me, as I also am of Christ'? (1 Cor., iv, 16.) And does he not also say, referring to the examples and miracles of the saints of whom he was speaking: 'Whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation'? (Heb., xiii, 7.)

"Since then the efficacy of these writings is so great, we need not wonder at the efforts made by the enemy of God and man to weaken or destroy our regard and veneration for them. The 'Lives of the Saints' are made to pass for 'pious fictions,' the fruit of Oriental imaginations. We are told that it is folly to give credit to what has been written of the saints. For, how could even strong men, to say nothing of delicate women and children, undergo such tortures without a murmur or a complaint, or a sign of suffering? That they should command the elements and reverse the 'immutable laws' of nature? That they should converse in the flesh with angelic spirits, or with God himself, face to face? That they should be ravished in ecstasies and raised to the very heavens? And to confirm their scoffing incredulity, and to shake our faith more effectually, the malignant critics seize upon the slightest error in names, dates, and other circumstances, as a sufficient reason for branding the entire history as a fiction or a forgery; a crying out against the Catholic Church, which, they say, compels its members to believe such silly tales as 'Divine Revelations.' They forget, first of all, that the acts of the saints have no other basis than that of any other historical narrative, the human testimony of the witnesses; and that no one is ever required to receive even the best authenticated fact in these acts on the authority of divine faith. You may reject them all, if you will; and therefore be an unreasonable man, but not a heretic in the eyes of the Church.

"But let us open the sacred Scriptures, which even our opponents, for the most part, receive as divinely inspired, and therefore to be believed on divine faith. We shall find in them the same miracles, and the same assurance from the mouth of God himself, that the saints would work such wonders as we read in their lives. Thus, if the martyrs rejoiced in their torments, we have the 'apostles rejoicing after they had been scourged, because they had been deemed worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus.' (Acts, v, 41.) If the saints felt not the fire and the sword of their persecutors, we read of the three youths in the furnace of Babylon, walking unhurt amid the flames and singing the praises of God, in company with a fourth person, who must have been an angel of the Lord. (Dan., iii, 49.) The beasts, respecting the holy combatants in the Roman amphitheatre, do no more than the lions had done to which Daniel was thrown to be devoured. (Dan., vi, 14.) The ravens fed Elias in the desert. (3 Kings, xvii,) as they fed Paul in his solitude. Is there anything more strange in the birds and fishes listening to the words of St. Francis than the speaking of Balaam's ass to its master? (Num., xxvii.) Did not angels speak to Moses, Saul, Ananias, and Peter? Are there any wonders related in the lives of the saints greater than those which Moses wrought in Egypt, or Josue in his battle against the Amorrites? (Jos., x.) Surely it is of divine faith that St. Paul was raised to the 'third heaven' (2 Cor. xii), and that the dead rose to life on touching the sacred bones of the Prophet (2 Kings, xiii); that the sick were healed when the shadow of the apostle was cast

on them as he walked through the streets of Jerusalem. (Acts, v.) Are we to believe that the hand of the Lord is shortened, his power and dominion diminished? Did not our Divine Lord himself declare and foretell that his followers would work such miracles as he wrought, and even greater than these? (John, xiv, 12.) Either Christ did not speak the truth, or his saints must have done such things as we read in their lives. But his words can neither be doubted nor explained away: therefore, our conclusion is proof against all cavil.

“These reflections should encourage us to read the *Lives of the Saints*, who are our forefathers in the faith, and whose heroic deeds should fill our hearts with a holy emulation of their excellence. We shall thus also learn to rejoice at our being the children of that Church which alone is the mother of saints, and to thank God for making us their brethren.

“And as the saints are witnesses to the Catholic Church, so are they also one of the strongest arguments against the modern sects, which pretend to have reformed her and purified her of errors and corruption. St. Paul expressly bids Christians to ‘consider the conversation of the saints, and to follow their faith.’ But where will you find a saint in all the three centuries of Protestantism? There is not one, in any of the many sects, whose sanctity God has approved by miracles. If they were what they claim to be, the pure, original Christian Church, the Holy Church; if they enjoyed in truth the communion of the saints which they profess, there would be more evidence of the divine life in them. The sects are barren; there is no fruit on them. Therefore, they are not the true Church; they have not the faith which sanctifies, nor the grace and charity which unite souls to God.

“They tell us that the Catholic Church degenerated from its primitive purity and became corrupt; so that God rejected her and raised up Protestantism to restore his truth and worship. If this were true, would it not follow that a corrupted faith could not produce sanctity in its followers? That a Church, rejected by the Spirit of God, could not be the fruitful mother of saints? ‘By their fruits ye shall know them,’ says our Lord. (Matt., vii, 20.) Now, in the Catholic Church we find saints in all ages, down to our own days; and saints whose merits God approved by numberless and astounding miracles. At the very time of the boasted Reformation, when men accused her of having strayed so far that she was forever abandoned by the spirit of truth, we behold her adorned by a brilliant array of heroic men and women, whose lives must ever be an honor to our race, and a triumphant answer to the slanders of her enemies. There is hardly an epoch, in the entire history of the Church, more fertile of illustrious saints, than that in which Luther raised the standard of revolt to the cry of corruption in doctrine and morals. Luther was born in the year 1483, he died in 1546. Now look at the saints who flourished in those two centuries, many of them coeval with Luther:—

				BORN.				DIED.
St. Francis of Paula	-	-	-	1438	-	-	-	1507
St. Catherine of Genoa	-	-	-	1447	-	-	-	1510
St. Casimir	-	-	-	1458	-	-	-	1484
St. Cajetan	-	-	-	1487	-	-	-	1547

St. Thomas of Villanova	- - -	1488	- -	1555
St. Ignatius Loyola	- - -	1491	- -	1556
St. John of God	- - -	1495	- -	1550
St. Francis Xavier	- - -	1497	- -	1552
St. Peter of Alcantara	- - -	1499	- -	1562
St. Pius V	- - -	1504	- -	1572
St. Francis Borgia	- - -	1510	- -	1572
St. Philip Neri	- - -	1515	- -	1595
St. Felix of Cantalizio	- - -	1515	- -	1582
St. Teresa	- - -	1515	- -	1582
St. Andrew Avellino	- - -	1520	- -	1608
St. Catherine de Ricci	- - -	1522	- -	1589
St. Louis Bertrand	- - -	1526	- -	1581
St. Charles Borromeo	- - -	1538	- -	1590
St. Paschal Baylon	- - -	1540	- -	1592
St. John of the Cross	- - -	1542	- -	1591
St. Francis Solano	- - -	1549	- -	1610
St. Stanislaus Kostka	- - -	1550	- -	1568
St. Camillus de Lellis	- - -	1550	- -	1611
St. Joseph of Leonissa	- - -	1556	- -	1612
St. Magdalen de Pazzi	- - -	1566	- -	1607
St. Francis of Sales	- - -	1567	- -	1622
St. Aloysius Gonzaga	- - -	1568	- -	1591
St. Vincent of Paul	- - -	1575	- -	1660
St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen	- - -	1577	- -	1622
St. Rose of Lima	- - -	1586	- -	1617
St. Francis Regis	- - -	1597	- -	1640

"These are the fruits of that tree, which Luther declared to the world was blighted by the wrath of heaven, and corrupted to its very core. And we might continue the catalogue down to the present century, adding to it the names of those who have illustrated the Church and the world by the splendor of their virtues. Can Protestantism show us a similar array? Where are the men and the women in its ranks whose lives were a perfect fulfilment of what the Gospel teaches? Whose sanctity and truth had the seal of God's power to attest their divine origin? Whose actions were scrutinized as were those of the Catholic saints in the processes of Beatification, and were able to stand the scrutiny? Oh! speak not of sanctity in the same breath with a religion which had Luther, Henry VIII, and Queen Elizabeth for its apostles; but rather draw from what has been said the conclusion, that, if you wish to be ranked among the saints in heaven, you must imitate them on earth, believing as they believed, and living as they lived.

"All of them were the children of the Catholic Church, obedient to her voice and professing to believe whatever she taught. They all believed in the holy sacrifice of the Mass, and either assisted at it or celebrated it devoutly every day, since most of them were priests, bishops, or popes. They believed in the Sacrament of Penance, and confessed their faults and sins to the priests of the Church. They offered prayers and sacrifices for the souls in Purgatory; they invoked the saints of heaven; they put no bounds to their veneration and love for the Immaculate Virgin Mary, Mother of God. Many of them

were members or founders of Religious Orders. All of them regarded the pope as the Vicar of Christ on earth, the Infallible Teacher of the Church in faith and morals. In a word, they were Catholics, not Protestants. Therefore, the Catholic Church is the true Church, since she is the mother of the saints; and they who would, one day, be members of the triumphant Church in heaven, must be, in this life, members of the Catholic Church, in which alone the saints fought their good fight and won their immortal crowns.

"A word has yet to be added for the practical use to be made of this work in Catholic families. To make the 'Lives of the Saints' productive of the surest and most abundant fruit, let them be read aloud in the family circle, every evening. No more useful manner can be thought of for spending a portion of the long winter evenings at home, either in cities or in the country. For this purpose, these lives are written concisely, so that the reading of one of them, with the practical reflections annexed to it, will occupy little more than twenty minutes. In this manner we may be said to converse daily with the great saints who have gone before us; and therefore learn to imitate them. The sweet perfume of their virtues will constantly refresh and encourage us; many idle words, and perhaps sinful conversations, will be prevented, as well as the loss of time; and the whole family will gradually adopt the maxims of the saints, be imbued with their spirit, practise their virtues, and by innocence and fidelity to duty, deserve a similar reward: peace of heart here, and a crown of glory in heaven. May the Queen of the saints and Mother of all the children of God bless this book and its readers!"

6.—*Eagle and Dove*. From the French of MADEMOISELLE FLEUROT, by EMILY BOWLES. New York: O'Shea. 1874. 18mo, pp. 341.

If we are to have novels and romances—and have them we most likely shall, for a long time to come—we know few that we can with less scruple recommend to the Catholic reader than this very interesting romance by Mademoiselle Fleurot, translated by Emily Bowles into pure and idiomatic English. We call it a romance, though perhaps it should be called a novel. It is, however, free from the disgusting realism aimed at by most novelists of the present day. Thackeray was a realist, but he was something more and better, and he lifts his reader, occasionally at least, into the ideal. Dickens was the prince of realists, and, perhaps, has exerted a more malign influence on English popular literature, than any other recent writer that can be named. He was of low, sordid, and vulgar mind, and nothing more clearly indicates the vulgarity and gross materialism of the English and American reading world than the immense popularity of his works. We never could succeed in reading through his "Pickwick Papers." There is nothing in its characters or scenes to lift the reader above the lowest order of every-day life; and none of his characters in any of his works are such as one of refined feelings and noble aspirations would choose for his associates.

The "Eagle and Dove" is not faultless, but it contrasts favorably with the realism of Dickens, and one is elevated in his moral tone by association with its principal characters. One is the better for reading it. It breathes throughout a sentiment of religion, and gives us noble examples of Christian charity, instead of the maudlin philanthropy of Dickens.

- 7.—*Margaret: or, The Chancellor and his Daughter.* By AGNES STEWART. London: Burns & Oates. 1874. 12mo, pp. 272.

WHY is it that the Catholics of our country in literary and intellectual activity and production fall so far below the Catholics of Great Britain? Aside from Ireland, we are far more numerous and even more wealthy, and yet they far excel us in every branch of Catholic literature. Must we attribute it to the depressing influence of Democracy which tends to materialize the mind, to hinder the development of intellectual greatness, and to bring, in every department of life, everything down to a low level? Yet the Church, with her grand ideal, her profoundly intellectual character, her lofty and sublime inspirations, linking earth with heaven, and man with God, ought, one would think, to overcome the deadening effect of Democracy, and call forth into full activity the highest powers of the soul and the intellect. We are obliged to confess that our authors lack both depth and freshness as well as vigor of thought, and our Catholic public cares little about literature except newspapers and sensational novels. We are woefully behindhand in literature. The graduates from our colleges, except when they become priests or religious, are hardly distinguishable from our non-Catholic countrymen, save that they occasionally go to Mass, while non-Catholics, when convenient, go to Meeting. Here is a reproach to us, which it is time for us to wipe out. It is time for us to show that we are neither imbecile nor indolent; and the Catholic public should feel their responsibility as Catholics and as a missionary people.

The book before us is mostly fact eked out with fiction, but it gives us a very interesting and very truthful sketch of the noble character of the Chancellor Sir Thomas More, and his daughter Margaret, married to that worthy man, William Roper. It is true, while we are told much of the extraordinary attainments and rare virtues of Margaret, we see very little of her. The facts of her life and doings could not be recovered, but enough is shown to prove that she answered to the description of the "Valiant Woman" given us in the Holy Scriptures. Of her father, we are told much more; and Sir Thomas More appears in these pages more admirable as a Catholic than in those of any other writer we are acquainted with. As he is presented here, he was unquestionably a martyr to the Catholic faith, notwithstanding the tendency to latitudinarianism of his "Utopia." We like it the best of the works of the authoress, and cordially recommend it to our readers. We have received our copy through the Catholic Publication Society, which has the work for sale.

- 8.—*Grapes and Thorns.* By M. A. T., Author of "The House of York," "A Winged Word," etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1874. 8vo, pp. 286.

M. A. T.—why not give us her full name?—has won a high place, if not indeed the very highest place, among our American female Catholic writers of fiction. She has the eye of a poet for natural scenery, and her pictures of nature are fresh, original, and truthful. She has a remarkable fondness for the pine woods of Maine, and sometimes finds them in parts of New England where no pine trees ever grow. Her descriptive powers are equal to her perception of natural beauty; and if the worship of external nature were the highest form of religion, she would deserve to be installed its high-priestess.

"Grapes and Thorns" is the longest and most ambitious work of the author, but it is not the one that pleases us the most. Never in any part of New England that we know of since we could remember anything, could such a prejudice be raised against a man, because a Jew, as she describes,—a prejudice so strong as to accuse, convict, and sentence an innocent man to be hung for murder, without one particle of real evidence, and hardly a suspicious circumstance against him. The conversion of the Jew is a failure, so far as the reasoning goes; and Honora Pembroke, with whom he was in love, had more to do with it, than Fr. Chevereuse's arguments or preachments. The author understands very little of the Jew nature. Yet the work is one of no little power, and though not exactly to our taste, it has, taken as a whole, rare merits. We shall have occasion to refer to it again in connection with "Brockley Moor," a Puseyite novel, in a critical article on *Women's Novels*.

- 9.—*Théodicée: Thèses de Métaphysique Chrétienne.* Par A. H. H. DUPONT, Chanoine Honoraire de la Cathédral de Liège, Docteur en Théologie et en Philosophie, Professeur à l'Université Catholique. Louvain: Veuve Charles Fonteyn. 1874. 8vo, pp. 275.

WE have not had time to examine this work, since receiving it from the author, with sufficient care to pronounce a critical judgment of its merits. From a glance at a few of its theses, we think it evident that the author avoids the ontologism of the Louvain professors improbated by the Holy See; but whether he equally escapes the opposite extreme of psychologism, we are not so certain. We suppose our friends who claim to follow St. Thomas, as Libertore, Tongiorgi, etc., deny that they are psychologists, but we can make nothing else of them. Yet we are not certain that Professor Dupont does not escape psychologism as well as ontologism. We, our readers know, repudiate both, and claim to be a synthesist. We shall return to these theses, of which we are disposed to think favorably, at our earliest opportunity. In the meantime, we beg the author to accept our thanks for the copy he has been so obliging as to send us.